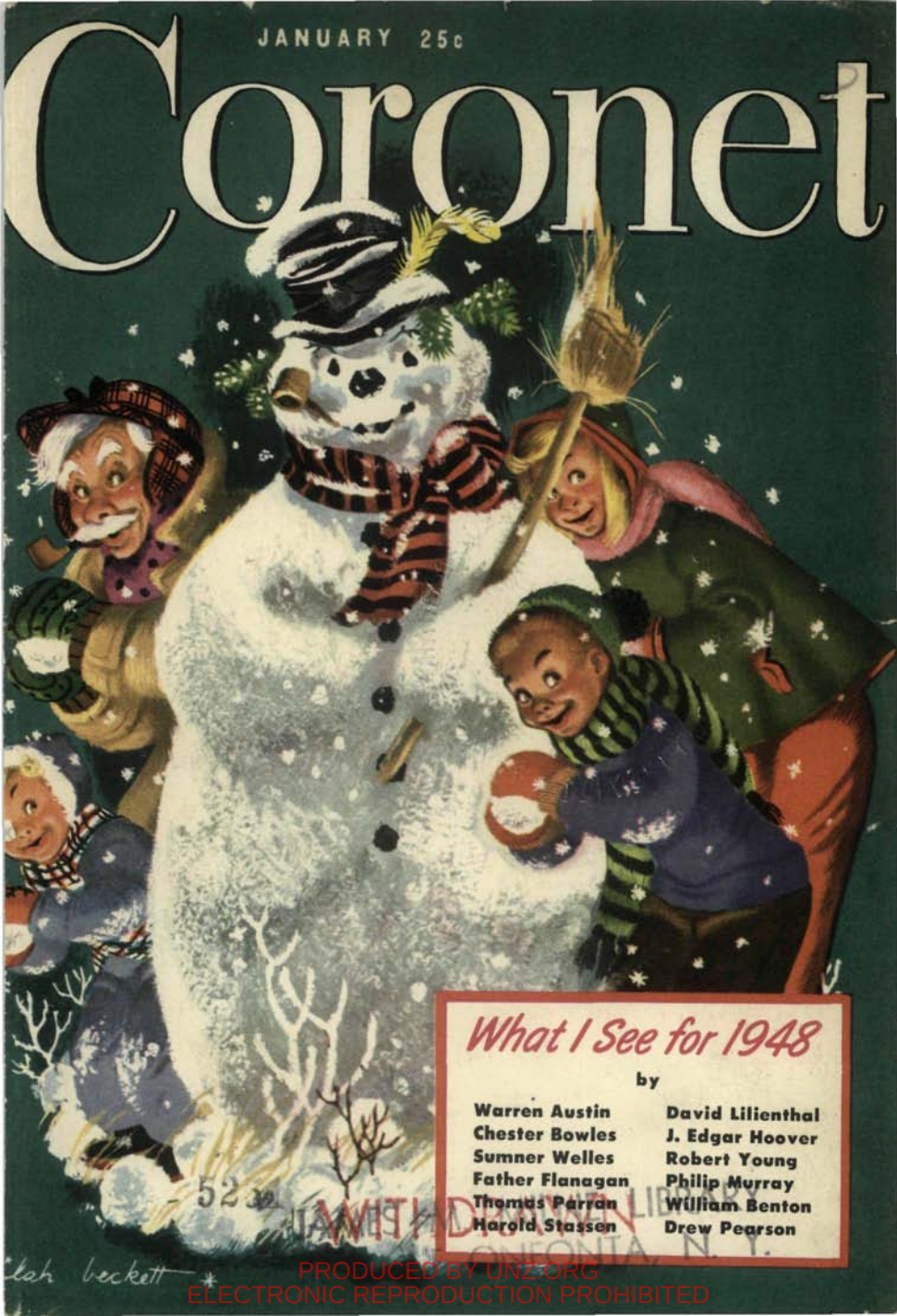

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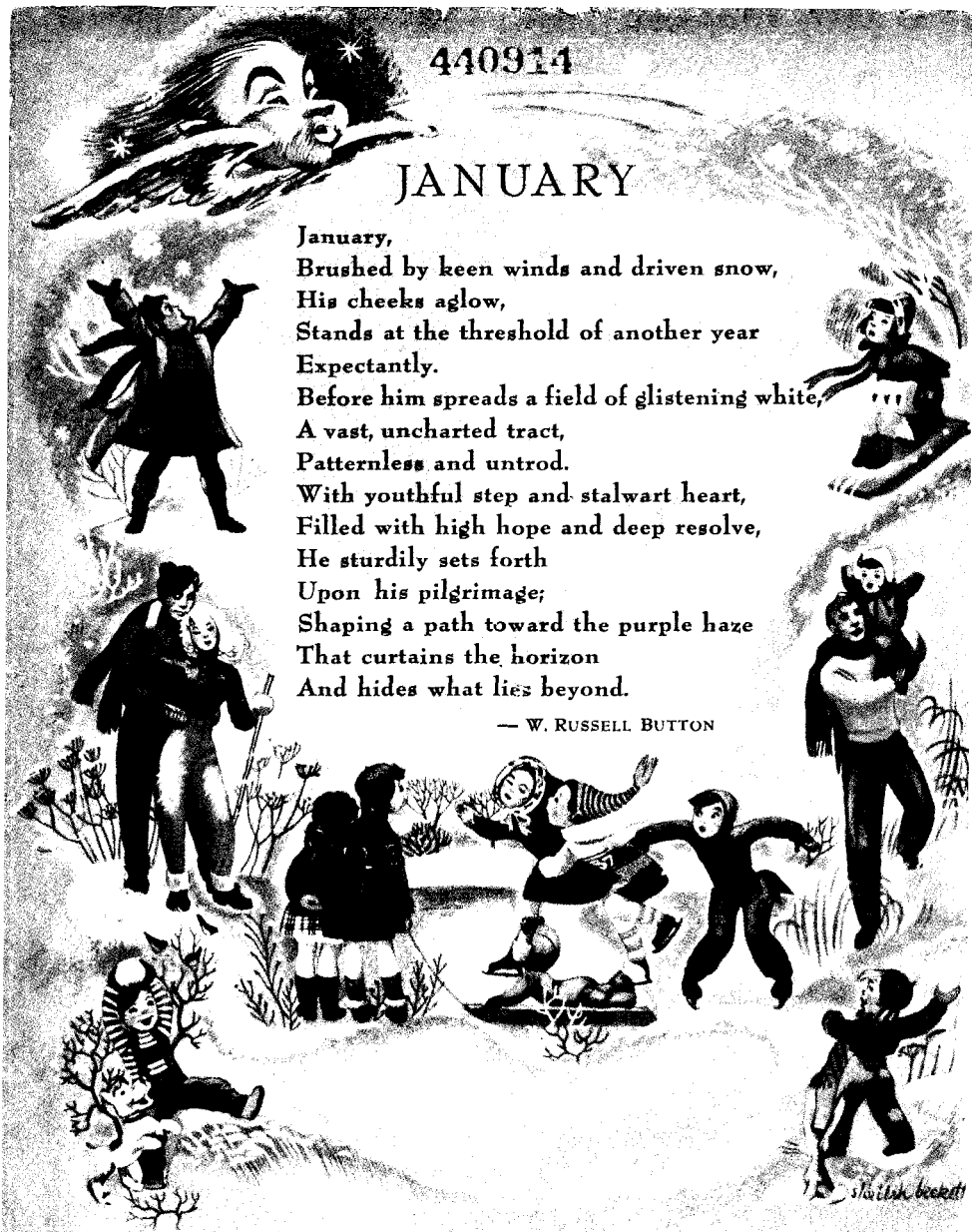
JANUARY

January,
Brushed by keen winds and driven snow,
His cheeks aglow,
Stands at the threshold of another year
Expectantly.
Before him spreads a field of glistening white,
A vast, uncharted tract,
Patternless and untrod.
With youthful step and stalwart heart,
Filled with high hope and deep resolve,
He sturdily sets forth
Upon his pilgrimage;
Shaping a path toward the purple haze
That curtains the horizon
And hides what lies beyond.

— W. RUSSELL BUTTON



In this gay, lighthearted illumination, Sheilah Beckett has caught the joyous spirit of expectancy that comes with the beginning of a new year. The year is young in January, and it is the exuberance and impetuousness of youth that characterizes the figures that Miss Beckett has depicted here.

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Vol. 23, No. 3 Coronet January, 1948
Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

What I See for 1948

As we enter a New Year, millions of our people find the future clouded by inflation, shortages and talk of war. To clarify their doubts and confusions, Coronet invited 12 outstanding Americans to voice their hopes and fears for 1948. Their views, presented here, give a clearer understanding of the issues we must resolve to safeguard our heritage of peace and prosperity.—THE EDITORS

Do not be disheartened by controversies . . .
WARREN R. AUSTIN

THE UNITED Nations is a machine. How well it runs depends on us, the drivers, mechanics and providers of fuel. We can wreck the machine, we can let it stall, or we can use it to go forward.

There are many people who believe that something called the Veto is stalling the engine. They forget that there are many cylinders in the UN engine, and that the Security Council is only one.

There is no veto in the General Assembly. Here, all 55 nations are equal, and decisions are made by a two-thirds vote. There is no veto, either, in the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council or the ten Specialized Agencies.

If one cylinder in an engine does not perform properly, it need not cause a breakdown. Our task is to keep the other cylinders going with all the skill and ingenuity we possess, until sooner or later the Security Council functions as the designers of the machine intended.

Do not be disheartened by controversies during 1948. The deeper the gulf between the Soviet Union

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and ourselves, the greater the need for UN, for it is the one bridge that can span the gulf.

My hopes for 1948 are these:

That the UN moves forward on the road to lasting peace; that action in the General Assembly aimed at peaceful settlement of difficult situations may succeed, that definite steps can be recommended to member nations for setting up Peace Forces; that procedures can be recommended to the Security Council to avoid the veto in cases involving conciliation, arbitration, investigation and the like, under Chapter 6 of the United Nations Charter.

I hope that we shall make definite progress with the Soviet Union on effective, enforceable safeguards against the use of atomic energy for destructive purposes, and that our own country may be truly united with *all* nations in specific acts to abolish war and establish lasting peace.

—WARREN R. AUSTIN

Permanent U.S. representative, UN Security Council

. . . good riddance to 1947!

CHESTER BOWLES

FOR ONE SAY "good riddance to 1947." For the last 12 months the American people have been plagued by fantastic prices, ruthless profiteering, increasing bitterness between labor and management, dismal failure in the housing industry, and gradually worsening relations with Russia.

My hopes for 1948 are many, but I will confine myself to the two fields in which I have had the most experience—prices and housing. Let's take prices first.

Inflation became inevitable when Congress, under pressure of lobbyists, destroyed price control in 1946. Until then, we had been able to maintain relatively stable prices in spite of the greatest inflationary influences in history.

I hope that in 1948 Congress will take steps to bring prices down and save all our people—businessmen as well as farmers and workers—from world-wide economic disaster.

In housing, progress is thwarted by monopoly and by the "scarcity" thinking which says depressions are inevitable. I hope that, in 1948, the housing industry will assume its responsibility to furnish adequate homes at reasonable prices to the millions who so badly need them.

Specifically, I hope that Congress will pass legislation guaranteeing the construction each year for the next ten years of at least 1,300,000 homes. I hope that 500,000 of these will be built by private industry under a government-subsidized program, so that they may be rented at $50 or less a month.

I hope that the remaining 800,000 will be built and sold at reasonable prices by private business. But if business fails to supply the full quota, I hope the government will step in, let the contracts directly and sell the homes to individuals.

If my hopes come true, Christmas of 1948 will find us a more united people, vastly more confident of our future. We will face a dynamic new

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world with increased faith in ourselves and with a greater understanding of the hopes, fears and traditions of other peoples across the seas. —CHESTER BOWLES

Former Director of the OPA

. . . a return to religion is my hope.

FATHER FLANAGAN

MY FONDEST HOPE in 1948 is for a return to religion. Never in history have men been known to turn their faces away from God without having their problems multiplied. And never have they put their faith in religion's great facts without finding the answers to their deepest needs.

Millions of people are badly confused in these unsettled days. Yet shortsightedly they blame economic, political and social conditions —when the real trouble is a false sense of values.

The old-fashioned home with its closely knit family was a place where God was welcomed, where love and mutual helpfulness prevailed, and where marriage was looked upon as a holy institution to preserve the race and the spiritual well-being of children.

Divorce is the result of a breakdown of the home, and the bitter fruits are neuroticism, infidelity, unhappiness and frustration.

In 1948, we need to get back to our religious faiths and once again regard the home as a divine institution. Our people must re-examine their thinking and attempt to do something about the confusion engulfing them.

Already there is a growing interest in the plight of the home, reflected in a welcome drop in juvenile crime last year. And although no similar decrease in divorces has taken place, people are again beginning to realize that divorce is a brutal tragedy. By the end of 1948, I hope that we shall have cut our divorce rate considerably.

Of this much we can be sure: if we cannot make a better world without God's help, neither can we fail to make a better world *with* his help. —FATHER E. J. FLANAGAN

Founder of Boys' Town

. . . may relations with Russia improve.

HAROLD E. STASSEN

MY TWO MAJOR HOPES for 1948 are that prices and living costs in America will level off during the year without a sharp break; and that our relations with Russia will improve.

To achieve the first hope, here are some vital objectives for 1948: high industrial production with a minimum of strikes and stoppages; an excellent food crop; voluntary food saving; buyer-resistance

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against profiteering and high prices; government action against hoarding, excessive inventories and monopolies; improved housing and health; carefully managed foreign aid so the strain on our economy is neither too great nor too sudden; avoidance of detailed compulsory controls and the nationalization or socialization of any industry.

Realizing this first hope will brighten the prospects for the second, because Russia's Politburo rulers believe that our free economic system will crash and fail. I think this belief explains in part their obstructionist tactics.

When they understand that our economy continues to be highly productive even after prices fall, and if at the same time Soviet production is low and their standard of living declines, there is ground for optimism that they will change their attitude toward their own controlled economy and toward the rest of the world.

If our relations with Russia are to improve, it is urgent that our 1948 Presidential campaign be conducted with firm support for a bipartisan foreign policy. If the Republicans have a liberal, humanitarian and constructive program, they will win in 1948. But they have a far greater fight on their hands than a year ago.

The UN's growth in 1948 will be slow and difficult, although unquestionably it holds the best prospects for peace. Overshadowing everything else, however, is the question of atomic energy.

I sincerely hope that 1948 will see the first successful use of atomic energy for industry, and thus shift the attention of Russia and the world towards true international control and essential inspection within all countries. Only thus can we take steps to save, rather than destroy, human civilization on this planet.

—HAROLD E. STASSEN
Former Governor of Minnesota

. . . little cause for optimism in 1948.
SUMNER WELLES

HERE IS LITTLE CAUSE for optimism as 1948 begins. International relations have rapidly gone downhill since the end of World War II. The UN has thus far been crippled by Russia's refusal to cooperate on important issues.

Split into two antagonistic camps, Europe is on the edge of catastrophe. The Marshall Plan may lessen the crisis, but it cannot cure the malady from which Europe suffers: a sharp clash between East and West.

The peace imposed on Italy was unjust and unwise. There is scant prospect in 1948 of agreement between Russia and the West on treaties with Germany and Japan. Civil war continues in China; there is little likelihood of just settlements in Korea and Manchuria; civil war in India and Indonesia threatens to break into anarchy.

The reason for these shocking failures? Mainly, the stubborn conviction of a handful of dictators ruling Russia that if the world can be

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kept in chaos long enough, the U.S. will lack the ability, perseverance or resources to keep communism from dominating the globe.

In 1948 I sincerely hope that the U.S. will avoid penny-wise, pound-foolish measures which inevitably weaken our world influence. If the present rulers of the Soviet police state know that the U.S. is strong, and willing and able to exercise that strength, they will be forced to abandon their aggressive course.

I hope that in 1948 our nation remains mobilized, continues its high production and, united in foreign policy, employs economic policies that will strengthen rather than weaken the other democracies.

Such a policy spells patience, persistence and high taxes. It is neither dramatic nor likely to give quick results. But it is the *only policy* which can prevent war and permit the UN to build a peaceful and better world.

—SUMNER WELLES
Former Under Secretary of State

. . . tuberculosis could be stamped out!
DR. THOMAS PARRAN

MY HOPE IS THAT 1948 will bring equal health opportunities for everyone.

I would like to see every city neighborhood and every rural community with a modern, well-equipped health center through which doctors, dentists, nurses and sanitary engineers could work together to *prevent* as well as cure illness. Everyone, from infant to grandpa, could visit the center for vaccinations, immunizations, chest X rays, cancer-detection examinations, mental-health consultations, and many other preventive services that are not ordinarily provided by private practitioners.

Under this setup, I believe that tuberculosis could soon be stamped out and most other communicable diseases brought under control, while cancer, heart disease, mental illness and other long-term sicknesses could also be greatly reduced.

This center would house a small community hospital where babies could be born and minor illness and surgery cases treated. For more serious cases, a District Hospital would serve several centers.

For difficult cases, most states would have a Medical Center, with medical, dental and nursing schools and research facilities. The Hospital Survey and Construction Act enables us to build many of these desperately needed centers—if states or communities provide two dollars for every Federal dollar.

In 1948, which marks the 150th anniversary of the U. S. Public Health Service, I also hope that every community will have a good health department. Some 40,000,000 Americans living in one-third of our counties have no trained health officers, no public-health nurses, no sanitary engineers.

Today, America is *not* the world's healthiest nation. At its best, our medical care is unsurpassed; but too many areas lack that "best." In 1948, I hope that ways will be

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found to bring the best medical care to those millions of men, women and children who are now denied it because they lack funds to meet the cost.—DR. THOMAS PARRAN
U.S. Surgeon General

. . . higher living standards for all.
PHILIP MURRAY

MY FERVENT HOPE is that, in 1948, our labor unions will be accepted as being as much a part of the American way of life as movies and hot dogs.

Organized labor naturally hopes to get rid of the Taft-Hartley Act and the antiunion measures passed by various state legislatures. But even more, we would like to see a change in the thinking which prompted our legislators to pass such laws. Abuses, real or imaginary, in management-labor relations cannot be cured by laws which cripple free collective bargaining.

In 1948, I also hope that we do not repeat the tragic mistakes of the '20s and '30s. Already there are ominous signs that the same greedy men who prematurely killed price control are leading us down the familiar boom-or-bust path. Let us hope that in the coming year Congress writes laws that will benefit 140,000,000 Americans, thus creating higher standards of living *for the many*, not high profits for the few.

Organized labor's millions of men and women have many other simple hopes for 1948. They would like to see needless occupational accidents reduced. They look forward to better homes, improved health and education, and a reasonable guarantee against poverty in old age. And they are hopeful that in 1948 men will not be fired, demoted, beaten or jailed on unconstitutional charges (as they have been in previous years) because they are union members or organizers.

Above all, let us pray that these advances can be made without costly economic strife. For I would like to be able to say at the end of 1948 that we in the U. S. had so conducted our affairs that the world's troubled millions could look to no other country but ours for guidance. —PHILIP MURRAY
President of the CIO

. . . our greatest prosperity lies ahead.
ROBERT R. YOUNG

I REFUSE TO YIELD to any gloomy prediction by the pessimists in our midst that a depression is just around the corner. On the contrary, I believe that we are about to enjoy the greatest prosperity this country has ever known.

Because I believe this, I hope that in 1948 we can put our economic house in order so that should

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an adjustment (not a depression) come, we will have both government and business reserves to battle the first unemployment symptoms.

World War II's havoc, coupled with 20 billions in foreign loans and gifts, has already caused sharp price rises. No matter how embattled housewives protest, our program of foreign relief, unbalanced by imports, threatens to send prices even higher.

But here, too, I am optimistic if only we use common sense. The wisest foreign relief is a free exchange of what we can make best for what our neighbors can make best. Too long have we been compelled to give away our priceless resources simply because some shortsighted American businessman, agriculturist or labor leader wanted no competition from abroad.

There is no such thing as "overproduction." The finer things in life for most of us are not even yet in production. During 1948, we can—and will—provide for both ourselves and Europe. We can do it by not allowing unscrupulous business, agriculture and labor to control prices and output.

Yet government controls are no cure-all, either. They only slow production and bring about a situation such as now exists in England —where there is price control *but nothing to buy*. Opportunity in this country should not be choked off by monopoly and cartels. Hence I would like to see the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice strengthened during 1948, for this country cannot live by the creed of "Loot Thy Neighbor."

At the same time, I hold no brief for backward-looking labor leaders who disregard laws, contracts and the need for full productivity. Labor, however, has been more farsighted than management in advocating a guaranteed annual wage. During 1948, I hope that this desirable idea makes genuine headway.

—ROBERT R. YOUNG

Chairman of Board, Chesapeake & Ohio R.R.

. . . a golden age in our time.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

EVER SINCE THE FIRST atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, there has been a great deal of uneasy talk that science has gone too fast and should take a holiday while the people catch up.

But the more I think about this, the more certain I am that whether science serves or destroys men *does not depend on science*. For science is neither good nor evil. What makes it good or evil is what men and women do with it.

In a world where ignorance and hatred dominate, science will be used for those ends. In a world where love and knowledge grow increasingly stronger, science can help us to create a golden age, unlocking nature's secrets and opening limitless new health horizons.

In 1948 I have faith that, in the laboratories and plants of the Atomic Energy Commission and its many cooperating universities

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and industries, significant steps will be taken to show how much the world has to gain by using science to improve human well-being. My deepest hope for 1948 is that science will show us how to live with less drudgery, less pain and fear, and above all, without the shadow of atomic war hanging over us.

Not in statesmen and pacts alone lies the hope of the world, but in the inner controls of humankind. This is something each of us can help to bring about, in our own communities. Here is the great task and function of education, the home and religion.

True, it is a long road—but we have been traveling and progressing on that road throughout all our history. —DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Chairman, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission

. . . suspicion and tension will grow.

WILLIAM B. BENTON

A POLITICAL SCIENTIST I know has reduced to four short words the ways in which nations act on each other: by force, by deals, by goods and by words. The fourth instrument — words — offers the noblest, cheapest and, in the long run, surest way to peace. By "words" I mean information and education that will foster international understanding. Yet despite our achievements in communications, the peoples of the world are still grossly and *dangerously* ignorant about each other.

Here are three peace-through-understanding projects on which real progress could be made in 1948:

1. Vigorous action to lower censorship barriers. Nearly 75 per cent of the world's two billion people live under some form of censorship.

2. The UN, with UNESCO, can urge construction of a world-wide broadcasting network. And after that — television! The air waves should not be used to spread international slander.

3. Americans can demand from Congress sufficient funds so that the straight story of our country can be sent abroad.

Yet information is not enough. "Words" also mean education. Here are three important steps for peace education:

1. A ten-year program by UNESCO to eradicate illiteracy everywhere in the world.

2. A student-exchange program. It is perfectly possible for the U. S. to accept 25,000 foreign students in 1948, and 50,000 in 1949. Further, a comparable number of American students could go abroad.

3. Within our own country, I would emphasize *liberal education.* Our greatest need is to understand the millions of words assailing us. This calls for clear thinking. That is the aim of liberal education.

My greatest *fear* for 1948 is that people of the world will become increasingly insulated from each other; and that out of their ignorance, suspicion will grow.

My *prediction* for 1948 is that this fear will be realized; and that—and here I must be perfectly candid—

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partly through our ignorance and inertia, progress toward understanding and peace will be tragically slow. —WILLIAM B. BENTON

Former Assistant Secretary of State

. . . growing lawlessness is alarming.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

SINCE WORLD WAR II, I have been alarmed over the growing lawlessness which reveals itself not only in the committing of crime but in the conditions making crime possible. Hence my hope is that, in 1948, every American will become more duty-conscious than ever before.

We need sharp awakening to the fact that crime lives next door to all of us. The vast majority of our people are law-abiding—but they do little to *prevent* law violations.

In 1948, I would like to see every American eager to wipe out greed, corrupt politics, cesspools of crime, and abuses of the principles of parole and probation.

I hope that in 1948 every adult will pledge himself to aid youth-serving organizations, build up our public-school systems, provide more and better playgrounds, and actively support worth-while programs for occupying youth's leisure time.

I would also like to see parents become more conscious of their children's problems by acting as confidants and companions; they should make it their business to know what their children are doing and with whom they are associating. I hope they will put aside their own selfish interests and strengthen their homes against conditions tending to break them down—divorce, separation and immorality.

If we carry out these duties, we can protect the country we love from criminal enemies. If we become duty-conscious, every American will be alert to expose the destructive disciples of communism who represent an alien way of life, no matter where or in what guise they appear.—J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director of the FBI

. . . our greatest danger since 1776.

DREW PEARSON

THE SOVIET UNION'S great goal in 1948 is to see depression and chaos come to the U. S. A. If the men in the Kremlin can point to a crippled America and tell the people of Europe: "This is what happened to the would-be leader of the capitalistic world," then Moscow will have taken a long step toward fulfillment of its world communist dream.

My hope for 1948, therefore, is that we Americans prevent World War III by making democracy live. No one in the U. S. fears com-

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munism more than businessmen; and no one can do more to block it. Yet their huge increases in profits and prices show that they forget inflation brings depression; and that depression breeds communism.

No U. S. organization hates communism more than the American Legion; and no single U. S. group is more susceptible to communistic propaganda than Negroes, for nothing is more conducive to left-wingism than poverty, slums, high rents, poor housing. Despite this, the Legion at its last convention squelched Negro veterans and walked out on low-cost housing.

Here is a pledge and hope I offer for 1948:

As a businessman, I will keep profits low in order to keep prices low.

As a taxpayer, I will vote for higher taxes for better schools and better-paid teachers, because there is no surer way of building democracy among our youth.

As the head of a household, I will serve less bread and meat, because a hungry Europe creates a cancer that contaminates the U. S.

As a member of a church, club or patriotic organization, I will remember that intolerance toward race and religion is what helps the Kremlin most.

As a voter, I will remember—and tell my Congressman—that wars do not end when peace treaties are signed; that sometimes we must spend as much binding our wounds as in killing people during war.

Finally, as a neighbor, I will carry on in peacetime the thoughtful things I did in wartime: the car pools which helped me get to know my neighbors, the victory gardens, the little things I did to console the mother who lost her son.

These are the things which make our democracy live, but which, in the rush and strain of a materialistic world, we sometimes forget. As 1948 begins, we dare not forget them—if we are to defeat the greatest danger our nation has faced since 1776. —DREW PEARSON

Author of the Washington Merry-Go-Round

In bringing together the 12 distinguished authors of "What I See for 1948," the editors of Coronet were assisted by Jack H. Pollack, Washington political reporter and frequent contributor to Coronet.

By Any Name

THE SMALL ONE WAS being a pest. He had dashed across the aisle of the railway coach, had gazed long and intently into the stout man's red face, and was now engaged in the serious enterprise of counting the buttons on the gentleman's vest.

At last, the unhappy victim turned despairing eyes upon the small one's beaming mother.

"Madam," he asked, "what do you call this dear child?"

"Kenneth," she brightened.

"Then, pray, call him."

—JACK KYTLE

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50,000,000 FRENCHMEN

by JEAN POTTER

Everyday life in postwar Paris would be more difficult without S.V.P., an alert and versatile information agency that has all the answers at its fingertips

THE RADIO REPORT was brief: airplane wrecked en route to Paris. Anxious Parisians, hurrying to their telephones, did not bother to search for numbers. They dialed only three letters: S.V.P. A voice at the other end of the line gave details of the crash.

The French press was caught unawares when President Truman succeeded the late Franklin Roosevelt in office. Newspaper files contained little material about the new Chief Executive of the United States. But Paris editors merely reached for their phones, dialed S.V.P. and received all the information they needed.

There is nothing in America to compare with S.V.P. (*S'il Vous Plait* —If You Please). Functioning with its unique dial arrangement, this alert French agency handles thousands of telephone queries a day, answering most of them in a matter of minutes. Yet spot news coverage is only part of its work.

For one thing, S.V.P. is a kind of telephonic *World Almanac;* France has no such comprehensive volume in print. S.V.P. also runs a travel agency and theater-ticket business, renders legal advice and stenographic aid. It offers a businessmen's service similar to Kiplinger's in Washington, a messenger service like Western Union. And this is not all.

A French child was deathly ill. Penicillin was needed. The mother

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tried pharmacy after pharmacy in vain, until one druggist suggested calling S.V.P. His hunch was right. During the period of penicillin scarcity, S.V.P. had kept a careful day-to-day check of available supplies. It knew the nearest place to find the drug, and rushed an errand boy to deliver it.

A Paris hostess was much distressed when one of her dinner guests phoned his regrets at the last minute. The rest of her company feared to sit down at the table: the crowd numbered 13. To call another friend so late would be awkward. So the hostess phoned S.V.P.

"Certainly, Madame," she was told. "That can be arranged." A fourteenth guest—well-suited to the group—arrived in half an hour.

S.V.P. is in business, according to its slogan, "to make Parisians' daily life easier." This covers anything and everything. Trade-mark of the company is a man's head with one piercing eye and a phone dial for a brain. It looks, appropriately, superhuman.

An astrologist recently phoned to ask the exact year, day, hour and minute that the Communist Party was founded, so that he could predict its fate. He had to know at once, he shouted: a leading politician was waiting for his advice. There was amusement in the S.V.P. office, but the information was furnished without delay.

At the Chatelet Theater, a musical show featured a circus horse. Applause had thundered as the animal went through its tricks; but when the act was over the horse refused to leave the stage. Theater officials wrung their hands. The audience began to whistle, commotion was rising. There seemed no solution but to lower the curtain.

"Why not call S.V.P.?" someone suggested.

At S.V.P.'s offices, an operator listened thoughtfully.

"Perhaps," she said, "the horse is frightened by something it sees ahead. Why not try to lead it off the stage backwards?"

The scheme worked, the show went on, and S.V.P. had made another contribution to French life.

ALTHOUGH MANY a question is eccentric, S.V.P. is a very solid business. Privately owned, it operates on a subscription basis. Monthly rates range from 125 to 1,800 francs—roughly $1 to $15—depending on the amount and type of work involved. Subscribers include Citroën, Dubonnet, Bata, Barclay's of London, Westinghouse and the United Press. Much of the service is quite sober and technical.

When the war ended, the French branch of the Remington typewriter company was stuck with thousands of battered machines returned from Army use. They could not be sold or rented without a new coating of metal. Regular dealers declared they could not handle such a job for months. S.V.P. found Remington a shop which was able to perform it in weeks.

The Chamber of Commerce of France, as peacetime conditions returned, received many queries about trade with England. What could be imported? Exported? The Chamber hired S.V.P. to make a survey. The written report was exhaustive and up to the minute.

A New Jersey drug company decided to open a factory in France—

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and sent a representative to Paris. But promptly he became snarled in red tape. Such a project, he found, must have the separate permissions of a bewildering maze of ministries and other government agencies. He was thoroughly discouraged till someone suggested that he subscribe to S.V.P. Staff members made out the papers, visited the necessary offices and got his clearance swiftly.

In France, land of extensive government ownership and control, S.V.P. serves as a skilled interpreter to corporations and citizens. It leads them through the complexities of State regulation, keeps them posted on everything from ration points to the nationalization of the auto industry. In addition to special company surveys (which cost extra), it issues a weekly bulletin on new laws and trade trends, mailing it free to industrial clients.

S.V.P. WAS FOUNDED in 1935. Oddly enough, it was not a businessman who started it but a government official: Georges Mandel, the brilliant minister of communications who, as a Jew, was shot by Nazi agents during the war. Mandel had two reasons for launching a private information service to operate mostly by telephone. Even before the war, bureaucracy was the rule in France, and government offices were swamped with public inquiry. He hoped to relieve this situation, while boosting revenues of the government-owned phone system, of which he was chief.

His ingenious plan worked from the start. Telephone receipts rose; and the Post Office department alone, during the first year of S.V.P.'s operation, was able to pare 249 needless clerks from its payroll. As government control mounted in war and postwar France, the need for an agency like S.V.P. increased. Hence the company has expanded its staff fivefold, while more than 10,000 ingoing and outgoing calls are now handled every day.

"The most capable outfit in France," an American editor in Paris has called S.V.P. Today it is as much a part of Parisian life as red wine. Political parties from left to right are clients, often calling for information on their opponents. A number of foreign embassies are subscribers. French government officials themselves find S.V.P. a priceless timesaver. Even the official Ministry of Information is a client.

In view of all this, a visit to the S.V.P. offices is something of a shock. The versatile agency, with its 300 employees and 150 telephone lines, is crammed into a ramshackle old house. Unable to find new quarters in crowded, war-depleted Paris, S.V.P. is currently moving some of its staff into the house next door.

"We are crawling through holes and knocking down walls," says Maurice de Turckheim, S.V.P.'s tall, brisk director.

Transportation-wise, S.V.P. operates in the style of Paris—1948. The entrance court, lined with bicycles, has the air of a schoolyard. Messenger service is performed with a fleet of battered lorries, yet all the vehicles are painted a gay blue with yellow stripes, and drivers wear uniform caps.

Secret of S.V.P.'s success is good management—and specialization. The setup is not unlike those of American news weeklies. The staff,

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for the most part young and college-trained, is divided into 22 departments. The operators know Paris sources so well that if the answer to a question is not to be found either in their own heads or in S.V.P. files, they know precisely where to call to find it.

For queries that prove baffling, S.V.P. maintains a special trouble-shooting department. Beyond this, it has a corps of roaming investigators who "work" the French capital like reporters, noting new developments so that timely questions may be answered before they are asked.

IT WAS DURING the war that S.V.P. clinched its reputation with the people of Paris. One day Director de Turckheim saw an ailing old lady jouncing to the hospital aboard a wooden plank which was mounted on a child's cart. It was the worst but not the first such case he had seen. Surface transport was immobilized for lack of gasoline. He decided that S.V.P. should do something about it.

A garage was rented and a crew put to work manufacturing improvised wooden carriages to be drawn by bicycles. Cushions inside the flimsy frameworks made them as comfortable as possible. More than 100 of these "velo-taxis" were built. Clattering rapidly through the streets, they eased many a crisis, saved many a life.

S.V.P. also served notably during the battle for Paris in the last days of the Nazi occupation. As fighting surged through the streets, press and radio were still in enemy hands. Parisians wanted news that they could trust. S.V.P. worked 24 hours a day to fill the need.

Scouts covered the city, dodging gunfire, to gather eye-witness reports. And this was one time that the agency forgot it was a private business. Tirelessly it relayed reports to subscribers and nonsubscribers alike. At the height of the crisis, more than 7,000 calls were received each hour.

Frenchmen have a right to be proud of S.V.P. Yet perhaps they are not proud enough. Recently the manager of a Paris theatrical group asked S.V.P. to find him a jointed woman manikin, a skull, a Louis XIII chair in poor condition, a blue beard and a Bohemian costume—all for rent. The motley collection was delivered complete the same day.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the client. "You're as efficient as they are in the United States!"

Americans could tell him that this versatile French outfit, despite its handicaps, is going the United States one better.

Philosophy Footnote

I have a cure for boredom that never will fail. It is made up of ten rules: go out among the people and perform one kind act . . . ten times. —CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

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We failed as parents

Are *you* to blame if your child becomes a criminal? Before you disclaim any responsibility, read this heartbreaking confession of one American mother

ANONYMOUS

MY OLDEST SON was led off to jail today. Flanked by bailiffs, Bobby turned at the end of the old courtroom corridor, then continued down a stairway to the cell rows. I could almost hear the click of the lock behind him. Now, in my mind's eye, I can see Bobby, sullen and frightened, sitting on his cot, staring wildly about him.

Fifteen years my son must spend in jail. Fifteen years is a long time at any age. At 18 it must stretch out like an eternity. And as the years of Bobby's youth slip by, I will have time aplenty to brood over this terrible thing. For clearly I have failed as a parent. And it is I, rather than Bobby, who deserves to be punished for that failure.

We are not the kind of people who are accustomed to jails. I am not a "swingshift" mother who turns her children loose while she carouses in roadhouses. Neither are we a pitiful case history from some social worker's notebook.

We are a plain middle-class family in an average small town. My husband Clifford and I always did what we thought right for our four youngsters. On the whole, we had a happy household, with no more than the usual number of quarrels and conflicts.

True, Bobby's escapades worried us from time to time, but he was a growing boy, full of energy and curiosity. At other times we were concerned over Sylvia, our younger girl, who was often ill during childhood. And perhaps we made too much fuss over Dicky, the baby. But by and large we considered our family as successful as any family in the neighborhood, until we found our humiliation spelled in headlines.

What went wrong? How did we fail as parents?

Clifford was 30 and I was 26 when we were married, but we felt our maturity would give us wisdom and patience in bringing up children. When Robert arrived, what dreams my husband had for his first-born! At 16, Clifford had had to put aside his ambition to become

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a doctor and go to work to support his widowed mother. His son, he swore, would be a physician, a lawyer or an engineer.

As a boy, Bobby was exceptionally curious and active. But my husband and I, both brought up in strict homes, were determined to use old-fashioned discipline—not because we were tyrants but simply because we loved the child too well to spoil him.

OUR FIRST CLASH came when Bobby was four and Helen, our older girl, just a year old. Bobby's joy was playing with his father's tools, but after he broke a saw I forbade him to go into the cellar. Then one day, when I was busy with the baby, Bobby wandered into the basement and began dumping sorted nails out of their jars.

As punishment for deliberate disobedience, I sent him to bed without dinner. Next morning, when Clifford and I went into Bobby's room, we discovered he had smashed all his toys to bits.

"We'll have to put a stop to this," Clifford said grimly as he gave the boy his first real spanking. Bobby was sullen for weeks, while I alternated between regret at our harshness and certainty that it had been justified.

As I look back, I wonder how I could have been so stupid. Since Bobby was fascinated by tools, why didn't we give him a set and let him assist his father with odd jobs? Why didn't we help the youngster to feel like an important member of the family, instead of burdening him with "Don'ts" and "Nos"? And why didn't we see that Bobby's eventual remorse at destroying his toys would have proved a more memorable punishment than a parental licking, which let him shift the blame to his father?

The incident was soon forgotten as busy days passed. Then came the time when Bobby was seven and wanted a bike. Day and night he coaxed us. Clifford refused, because at that time we needed every cent for family essentials.

"I'll cut grass and run errands to earn the money," Bobby eagerly volunteered.

"No," said Clifford. "You're not going to be a handyman."

Today, that attitude seems foolish. But at the time it was based on our determination to educate the boy for better things.

Six months after the battle of the bicycle had begun, a policeman brought Bobby home, bruised and scratched. The officer also had in tow the remains of a bicycle belonging to a neighbor's son. Bobby had borrowed it without asking and had wrecked the bike.

Clifford promptly bought the neighbor's boy a new bike with money he had been saving to buy me a washing machine. And it was made clear to Bobby, already penitent, that he was to blame for the extra months I must scrub clothes. As further reminder, every night Clifford greeted his son with the question, "Well, boy, did you steal anything today?"

The hurt in Bobby's eyes was too much for me. "But it's now or never, Mary," Clifford told me. "If we don't get him in line now, we'll have trouble later."

Well, we got him in line all right—but we still had trouble. I remembered the bicycle last year

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when Bobby came home after a session in reform school.

Little Dicky was celebrating his seventh birthday, and Clifford bought him a shiny red bike. Bobby gave it a contemptuous kick and said, "That kid doesn't even ask, and look what he gets!" Then he stalked out of the house, after ten years still nursing his resentment over the bicycle denied him.

I am retelling the whole episode of the bicycle to show how Clifford and I, unknowingly, gave our son the feeling that he was unworthy and unloved.

SCHOOL WAS ANOTHER sore point. Bobby was simply not a scholar. Yet every time he brought home a poor report card, we jumped on him. To make matters worse, Helen was an outstanding student, and inevitably we urged Bobby to be more like his younger sister.

When Bobby was 11, he got an "A" in shop—the one subject in which he excelled—and "Cs" in everything else. Clifford was furious. "If you'd rather be a janitor than a surgeon, I'm through with you!" he shouted.

Bobby walked to his room, brought back a package and threw it in the living-room fire. Quickly, Clifford salvaged the package. Inside was a beautiful pair of carved wooden book ends. Intended as a birthday present for his father, the book ends had earned Bobby his "A" in shop.

Clifford and I looked at each other helplessly, while Bobby crept off to bed. We had broken the boy's heart. But we had no words with which to ask forgiveness.

About a year later, Bobby suddenly began getting "A" grades. "That's more like it, son," his father said happily. "You'll get into college yet." Bobby beamed and we thought our problems were over. Then, suddenly, I was summoned to the principal's office.

"I have distressing news," the principal said. "Robert has been tampering with his report cards."

"Are you sure?" I gasped.

"No doubt about it," the principal replied. "Your son has developed skill with ink eradicator. It took us four months to catch him."

"Well, it won't take his father that long," I answered.

The principal looked at me steadily. "You have a serious problem," he said, "but it lies not in your son's academic shortcomings. He is afraid to tell you the simple truth. He is uncertain of your love. Yet only by love, not by violence, can you win him back."

I was enraged. The idea of this man, who knew nothing about our dreams and hopes for Bobby, accusing us of not loving him!

Today, years later, I remember the principal's gentle, tired words. Suppose we had called Bobby in and said: "You've done wrong, son, but so have we. So let's forget this report-card business. We'll love you for what you can do, rather than blame you for what you can't. If long division gets you down, just remember that you can do some things with your hands that many adults would envy."

Would that have helped? . . .

All I know is that the procedure we followed was both different and disastrous. First, his father caned him. Then we threw out his collection of woodworking tools. Finally,

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we forbade him to attend the Boy Scout cook-out which was the big event of the season.

On the night of the cook-out, we found Bobby's bed empty. A rope hung from the window. An hour later we heard Bobby clambering back to the ledge.

Instead of a scene, we decided on the silent treatment. But soon we became aware that Bobby was taking a perverse pleasure in doing things to anger us. His manner seemed to say, "I know I disobeyed. Now I dare you to punish me!"

Usually we did. And when we argued and wrangled, he temporarily held the stage. At other times his needs for attention and affection were ignored, while we heeded our other youngsters' problems. To Bobby we frequently said: "Oh, you're a big boy. Run along and take care of yourself!"

Bobby was indeed a big boy, and as a freshman in high school he took up with a group of older, tougher boys. We urged him to play with his old friends on the block, but he retorted: "A fellow can't have any fun with those goody-goodies."

Then a young hoodlum in Bobby's gang stole a football from a store. When we got word of it, we used every conceivable threat to keep our son away from that crowd. We applied the cane again, but to no avail. Bobby was too exhilarated by his fast companions to give them up. Today, I realize that we had nothing to offer him in exchange except more scolding and a heightened sense of failure.

At 14, Bobby was brought home by an officer, accused of stealing a leather jacket from a store. Clifford managed to have the matter hushed up, on the promise the offense would not be repeated. But how to keep that promise? Finally we reasoned: since severity had failed, why not try kindness? So in our blundering way, we merely refrained from punishing him.

Our conduct astonished and delighted Bobby. His cynical friends, impressed with his ability to "beat the rap," made a hero of him. And three months later he was arrested for shoplifting.

In police court, he was given a suspended sentence as a juvenile first offender. But at home we abandoned kindness. Bobby got the whaling of his life.

"We won't have you around exerting an evil influence on the younger children!" Clifford roared.

In six months, Bobby was back in court for stealing a pair of auto headlights. This time he was sentenced to six months in reform school. In a way it was almost a relief to have him out of the house—no scenes, no fights with brothers and sisters, no apprehension over what-will-he-do-next.

When he came home again, Clifford and I tried a pretend-nothing-has-happened attitude to give him a last chance. But again we failed to make the intensive effort necessary to restore Bobby's feeling of importance as a person and as a member of the family. For when he announced that he intended to quit school and go to work, his father and I were furious.

We had long since abandoned the dream of college and a profession, yet we couldn't face the idea that our son would not even complete his high-school studies. The long, bitter session ended with an

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ultimatum. Either Bobby finished school or he would have to leave home and make his own way.

We won—but we lost, too. Bobby continued in school. Yet he finally decided that we had no real understanding of his problem—and he was right. We failed to comprehend how fiercely he hated school because he was a poor pupil, how desperately he longed to get out into the world to prove his worth.

Once again he took up with his hoodlum friends and soon he was back in reform school. When he got out six months ago, we didn't really want him at home. His presence meant only trouble. Of course, he sensed our hostility, and the atmosphere in the household became tense and suspicious.

Bobby tried to find work, but his record made it impossible. We gave him a small allowance, but he required more money to impress his wild friends. That's why he joined two of them the night they held up Jayson's Drugstore. I'm sure he didn't know about the gun which belonged to Kenneth, an older boy with a jail record. Nor did he know that Jayson had a pistol.

Jayson was killed, Kenneth was badly wounded. The other fellow got away, but was caught next day. Police found Bobby in the drugstore after the shooting, still paralyzed with fear.

Now he is in jail for 15 years and I am left here, outside the bars, to pull my shattered family together and to ponder my guilt as well as my son's. If only I could discover the turning point where I went astray and started my boy on the wrong path—if only I could take the blame for one terrible blunder. But no, my crime is much greater.

Mine is a record of a thousand small, unnoted errors, of a steady, stubborn effort to mold a child into a shape for which he was not fitted, of day-to-day defaults in love and understanding and patience. But it is also a record for other parents to ponder, so that they, too, will not fail in the greatest responsibility that life places upon them—the responsibility of rearing children wisely and well.

The Measure of a Man

ONE NIGHT A NEGRO was walking along 42nd Street in New York from the terminal to his hotel, carrying a heavy suitcase and a heavier valise. Suddenly a hand took hold of the valise and a pleasant voice said, "Pretty heavy, brother. Suppose you let me take one. I'm going your way."

The Negro resisted but finally allowed the young white man to assist him. For several blocks they walked, chatting warmly.

"And that," said Booker T. Washington years later, "was the first time I ever saw Theodore Roosevelt."

—From *Thesaurus of Anecdotes*, edited by EDMUND FULLER, copyright 1942 by Crown Publishers

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Can Man Control the WEATHER?

What used to be a fantastic dream is fast becoming reality as science finds ingenious new ways to harness the elements

by REED MILLARD

OUR LIFE ON THIS PLANET is a never-ending struggle against a brutal and relentless enemy—the weather. Hurricanes slash at coastal regions, tornadoes strike without warning, blizzards grip wide areas in a white strangle hold.

Hailstones destroy crops, lightning rips through the skies, cloud masses blanket the sun, fogs choke off visibility. Not a minute goes by that the weather is not, at some point, attacking our very right to live on this earth.

Although man has dreamed for centuries of controlling the weather, today that dream has become a practical plan giving spectacular evidence of success. No longer is it fantastic to talk of turning aside the hurricane, stopping the blizzard, transforming the thunderstorm into a mild shower, bringing rain and cool winds to sweltering cities. The Army Signal Corps, General Electric, RCA Laboratories and the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey, are among the organizations engaged in all-out efforts to harness nature's titanic forces for the benefit of mankind. Their undertaking is frightening when you consider the immensity of the elements they are attacking.

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On this weather-tortured planet of ours, the weather comes from the sun. Day after day this great atomic furnace hurls prodigious energy into our atmosphere—some 127 trillion horsepower every 24 hours—a bombardment that sets the whole machinery of weather in motion.

Some of these solar short waves are absorbed by the earth, some are returned to the atmosphere as heat. However, parts of the earth's surface send back more heat than others, so that distribution of energy in the atmosphere is uneven, resulting in onslaughts of savage weather. What the scientists propose to do is make that energy expend itself in different ways and at different places than would be the case if nature followed her normal bent.

The first big weapon in our war on weather is a fantastic machine at Princeton, New Jersey, presided over by Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, RCA's genius of electronics, and Dr. John von Neumann of the Institute for Advanced Study. By the time it is completed, the device will fill a room with hundreds of electronic tubes, miles of wiring and batteries of complicated switchboards. Its powers are sheer magic.

If scientists want to stop a snowstorm, create a rain or halt a hurricane, this amazing machine can tell them what to do, and where and when, even if the action is to take place thousands of miles away.

Glance into the future to see how it works. North of the equator, in the glassy-smooth doldrums, a slight movement of air begins. It can be a harmless little swirl, or it may be the start of a hurricane like the deadly one that ripped Miami in 1926, or the one that tore through Florida and Louis[illegible]er.

Peering [illegible] in motion, sizing [illegible]ctronic eye more p[illegible]ny human eye. F[illegible]-flying weather-[illegible]es and records th[illegible] movements. No[illegible]ages flash northward. [illegible]utes later a tape starts to [illegible] silently into that machine at Princeton. Seconds later, scientists peer at needles as they move. A man leaps to a facsimile machine, punches out a message: "ESC (Equatorial Storm Control) No. 18. Apply factor C, sector 14896, at 17.08."

At exactly 17.08 a plane is droning above an expanse of ocean, close to the water. From its fuselage pours a black curtain of oil. The plane climbs and a small rocket races downward in a red streak. In a moment the ocean bursts into flames. A few minutes later comes a torrential tropical rain.

In the plane a weather-control expert taps out a teletype report: "Control operation completed." In Florida, and far to the north, people go to sleep that night, comfortably unaware that lives have been saved and millions in property damage averted.

What, precisely, had halted the hurricane? The burning oil heated the air above, causing it to rise. This left a gap into which rushed the surrounding air, in this case air eddying itself into a hurricane. It too was heated, then pushed upward where it cooled rapidly. Thus the moisture condensed and fell into the sea as harmless rain.

That Princeton machine doesn't do anything about the weather directly. It is an electronic analyzer,

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with pc ...ose of the human ... poured in *from a* ... stations—Dr. Zv ... 3,000-mile chain ... for North Americ ... ıe would take o ... job of analyzing ... ıctors in a matter of se...

Heart of t... is an electronic tube that makes it possible to multiply two numbers up to 12 digits each in one *millionth of a second.* The machine, when ultimately assembled with hundreds of tubes, will be able to solve 100,000 different equations in one minute. A similar electronic computer which Dr. Zworykin designed for the Army could supply in two weeks the answers to problems that would have taken 50 skilled mathematicians 50 years to solve!

Such speed is vital if weather is really to be controlled. With the limited number of weather stations in operation today, the weathermen can't possibly compute data fast enough to regulate the weather. They can only predict—and it is rough predicting at that.

WHEN SCIENCE BEGINS to tamper with the weather, however, it must be sure of what it is doing. A few mistakes could result in a disaster of ghastly proportions. The forces of energy loose in the atmosphere are tremendous, so much greater than all the power that could be produced by all the power plants in the world that even hardened scientists are awed. Storms are the factor that keeps these forces in balance. In stopping one storm, might you not be laying the groundwork for a far worse one?

For safety, scientists will depend on the weather analyzer too, for it will not only compute the data on potential storms but will also present a picture of what will happen elsewhere if Weather Control halts that particular disturbance. In other words, it can be a "probability machine," instantly predicting the results of a given action.

Even without this miraculous electronic brain, science is already off to a brilliant start in one kind of weather control—rain-making. Last spring, Col. Eckley S. Ellison, chief of the Portland, Maine, weather bureau, climbed into a plane. He was going to *make* the weather do just what he had predicted it would—rain.

Above a cloud, Ellison dropped pellets of dry ice. A few moments later rain was falling on a parched countryside below. Before Ellison's man-made rainfall, two scientists had gone up to 23,000 feet above Australia in a four-engine plane. Five minutes after they treated a cloud formation, rain began to fall over a 20-square-mile area.

These spectacular achievements are a direct outgrowth of experiments conducted by Vincent Schaefer* of General Electric who, with Dr. Bernard Vonnegut, made the discovery that dry ice can cause certain kinds of clouds to release moisture. The action is based on the fact that water in some clouds doesn't seem to know that it should freeze at 32 degrees, or even lower. Find a way to make these particles freeze and they will turn into ice or snow and fall, changing to rain if the lower air levels are warm.

*See *Meet the Man Who Can Make It Snow*, Coronet, Nov. 1947

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Dry ice provides nuclei on which the droplets in these super-cooled clouds can collect and freeze. Or silver iodide, which also produces an incredible number of nuclei, can be used. Just 200 pounds of it would be enough to "seed" the entire atmosphere of the United States.

Our new-found ability to bring rain from the skies may enable us to end deadly droughts and to turn desert regions into fertile areas. The effect on other parts of the globe may be even more profound—for example, in the great arid areas of Chile and Australia, where more rainfall would produce more food for a hungry world.

The problem of snow is also being attacked by the weather makers. Envisage a future winter day when angry clouds are moving swiftly toward an American city. All signs indicate a howling blizzard, tying up traffic, blocking railroads and causing hardship for millions. But wait...

Miles away, in a room filled with dials and switchboards, scientists make a decision. A few minutes later a plane marked "Weather Control" takes off, races toward the massive clouds, climbs above them and looses a smoke-like spray.

Almost immediately the clouds stop their march. Out in the open country they begin to drop their snow. An hour later the sun shines peacefully above the city.

How does science make snow? The same way it makes rain, by dropping dry ice into super-cooled clouds. It is the temperature of the atmosphere that makes summertime precipitation fall as rain and wintertime moisture fall as snow.

Yet what we can do with snow and rain is still only part of the story. In those super-cooled clouds lurks a savage killer that in a single year has cost Americans $60,000,000. Look what happened on an ordinary summer day in San Antonio in 1946. With terrible suddenness, a bombardment came from the skies. In just four minutes it cost $5,030,000. The bullets that slashed at the Texas countryside were chunks of ice—hailstones.

Hailstones can cut crops to pieces, kill cattle, smash windows, crush the roofs of cars. Hailstones come as big as hen's eggs, large enough to kill a man. Now scientists believe they can eliminate hail by making super-cooled clouds turn to rain before hailstorms develop.

Can the same technique be applied to destructive thunderstorms? Scientists see no reason why not. Dr. Irving Langmuir of GE thinks the process could be effected from the ground by launching a rocket which would explode into curtains of dry-ice pellets or silver iodide.

Can the technicians control another great weather challenge—the temperature? If so, the boon to human comfort, safety and health would be incalculable, for summer heat is a tangible enemy. Industrial experts say that extreme temperatures cost us at least $100,000,000 a year in lost production alone.

When cloud conditions are just right, the simplest way to bring relief to a heat-stricken city is to have the weatherman conjure up a rainstorm. This was done last summer in several communities, among them Richmond, Virginia; St. Charles, Illinois; and Coleman, Texas. The technique will probably be applied more widely during 1948. But there may be a much

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bolder answer to the challenge of heat. The adventurers into nature's realm aren't publicizing it yet, but what they propose is the air conditioning of whole cities!

With atomic power, it may be possible some day to maintain batteries of gigantic heat pumps—devices that work much like your mechanical refrigerator. The pumps would extract heat from the air, injecting it into the water under the earth. In winter, the process could be reversed to heat the city.

ON THE MILITARY END, the Army Signal Corps is engaged in a secret project that may have sweeping implications. Scientists and military men make no secret of the fact that weather control will likely be a frightful weapon in any super-war—ranking with atom bombs and bacteriological warfare.

They see great weather machines laying siege to the enemy country's rainfall, making clouds drop their moisture in useless areas while crops shrivel and once-fertile land becomes a desert. They see blizzards sent raging against whole countries, wrecking transportation systems. They see violent cloudbursts, launching millions of tons of water into river systems to create raging floods. They see hurricanes diverted to devastate enemy countrysides. They see the diversion of ocean currents to turn warm lands into glacial wilderness and temperate climates into steaming tropics.

The prospect is one more nightmare to haunt the minds of those who talk of super-war. Scientists view it as a problem to be considered along with atomic power, and Vincent Schaefer has told a distinguished body of geophysicists that weather manipulation should be controlled by the United Nations. Meanwhile our military men push ahead into this frontier that is even richer in possibilities for benefiting mankind than in opportunities for destruction.

Surely it is comforting to picture a world in which man would no longer have to fear the violence of the elements. When that happy day arrives, you will be able to read a weather forecast and know that it means what it says, because the people who made the forecast will also be making the weather.

A Polite Reminder

IN THE DAYS of the Old West, a young college graduate inherited a ranch and went out to run it. He soon discovered that his cattle were being rustled and that his neighbor, who was a notorious killer, was the rustler.

Being a timid person, he was at a loss as to the best way to handle the situation. Finally, after much thought, he decided to send the man a letter. The message read:

"Dear Neighbor: I would appreciate it very much if you would be more careful in the future about leaving your hot branding irons lying around where my stupid cattle can lie down on them."

He got results. —W. E. GOLDEN

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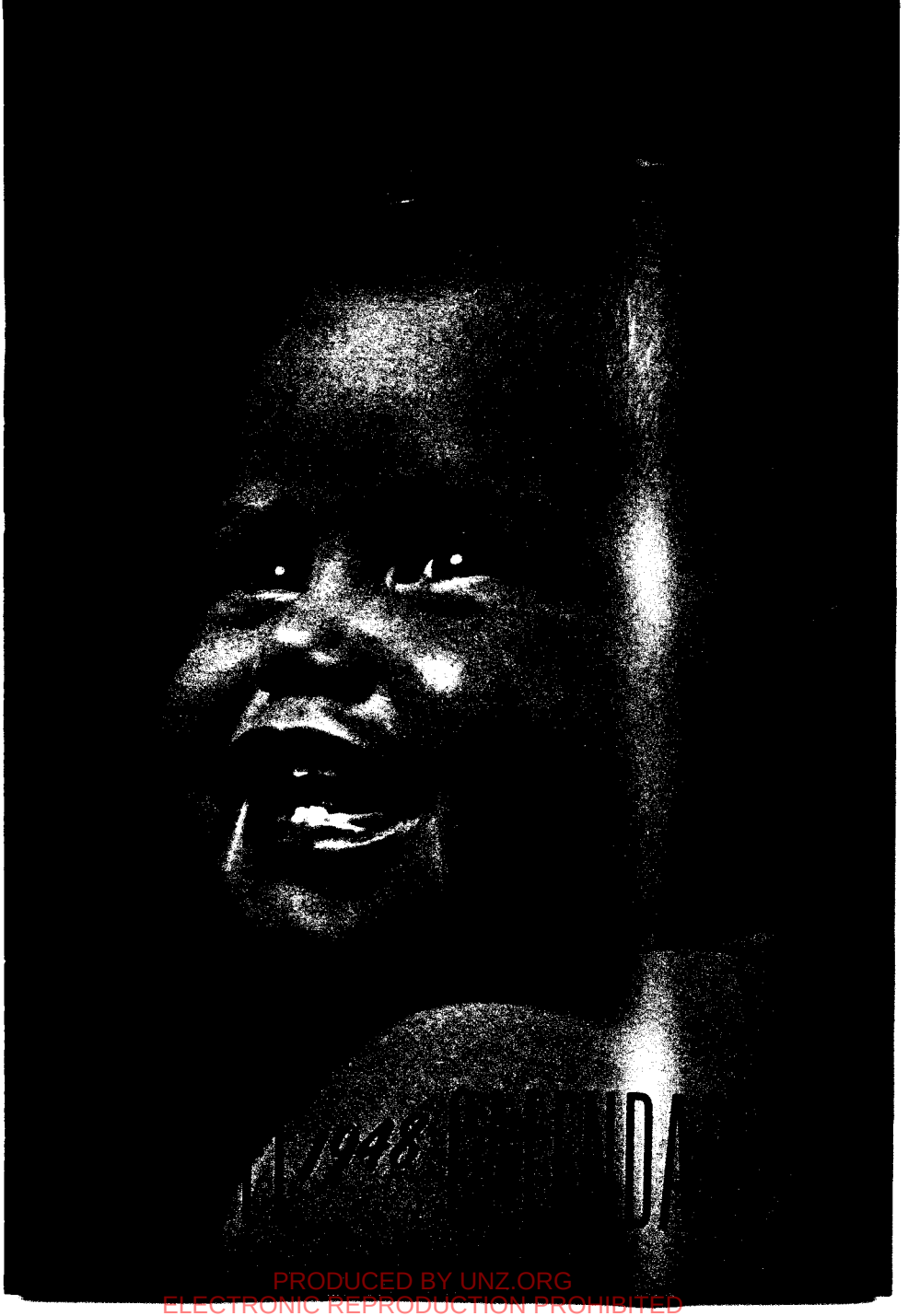

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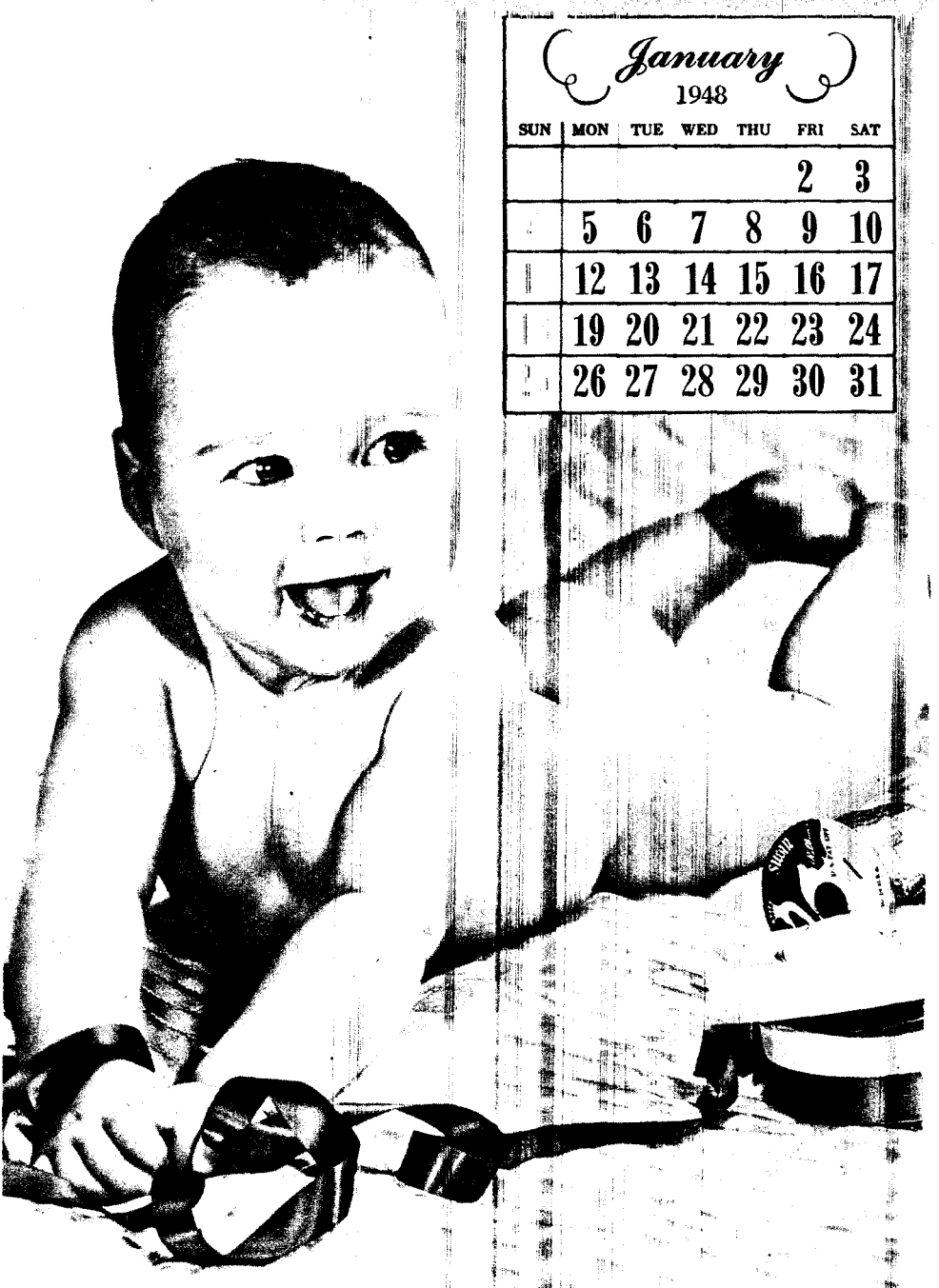

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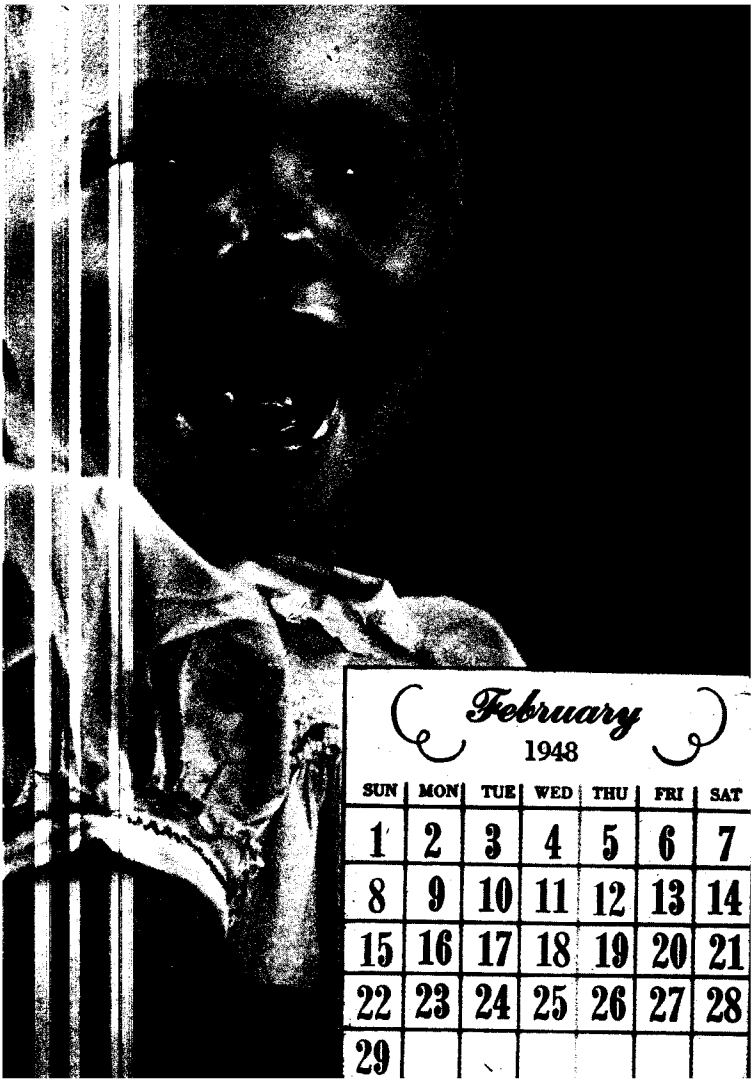

February
1948

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March
1948

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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April
1948

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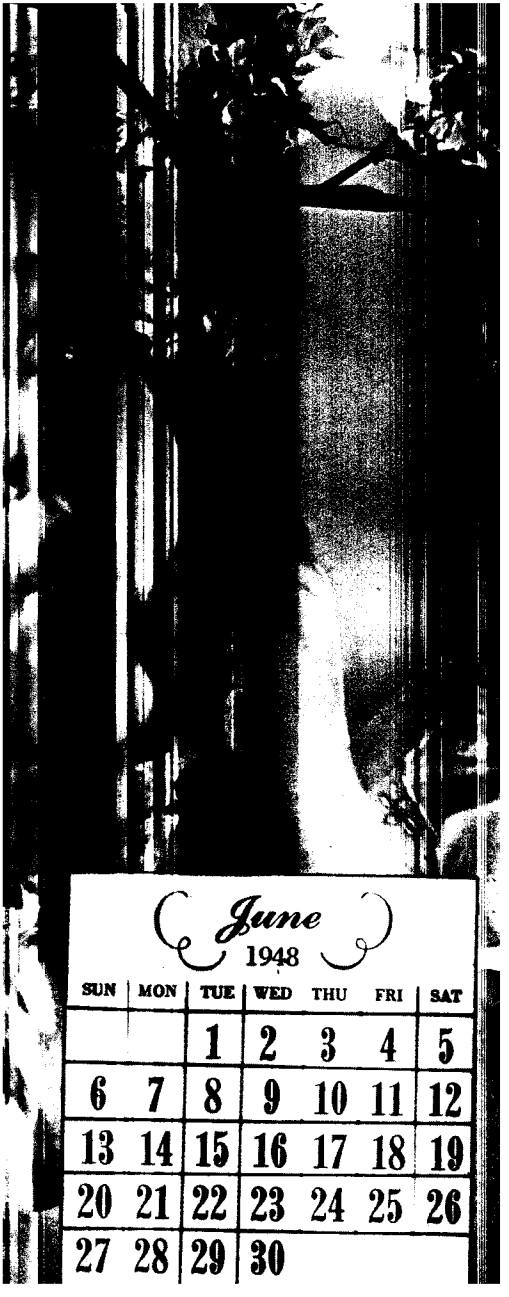

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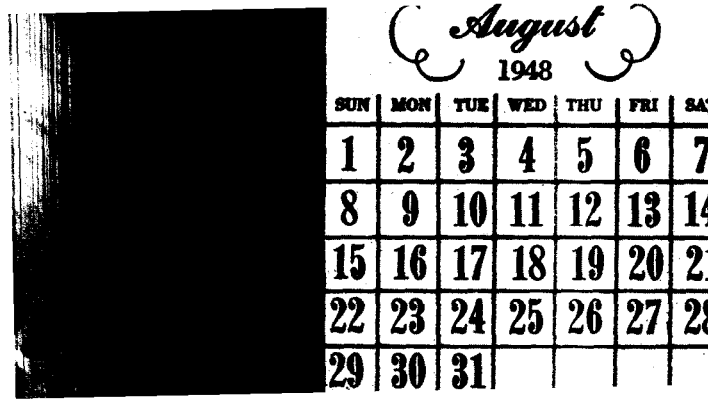

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October
1948

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November

1948

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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ur human comedy

Life without laughter would be dismal, indeed; so to brighten your horizon we have assembled here some lighter bits from the drama of everyday existence

JUST AS A SMALL-TOWN butcher was explaining the merits of a roast to a customer, a woman rushed in and interrupted him.

"Give me half a pound of cat meat—quick!" she ordered. Then she turned to the first customer and said: "I hope you won't mind my being served ahead of you."

"Oh, no," shrugged the first woman, "not if you're as hungry as all that." —WEBB B. GARRISON

IN A RECENT SNOWSTORM a doctor's wife came out of a dancing class with her 3½-year-old daughter. The snow was deep and encircled the little girl's ankles. "Let's call a taxi, mother," the child suggested.

"We can't do that, dear," the mother replied.

After struggling along the sidewalk a short way, the child offered another suggestion: "Let's call daddy to come and get us, mother."

"Daddy is too busy, dear."

They trudged along in silence. The snow became deeper, and then, in a small voice, came this observation: "I saw a lady and she was carrying *her* little girl."

—From JOE HARRINGTON'S *Allsorts* column in The Boston *Post*

A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR—one of the absent-minded variety—was recently awakened by the telephone at 2 A.M. The caller inquired, "Is this one, one, one, one?"

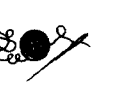
"No," answered the professor. "It is eleven, eleven."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the caller, "wrong number. Sorry I disturbed you."

"That's all right," rejoined the professor, "I had to get up to answer the telephone anyhow." —*Plico*

DURING LAST YEAR'S coal crisis in England, the British Government, which uses advertisements extensively to warn, instruct or pacify the populace, gave this eyebrow-lifting counsel to the nation's businessmen:

"Owing to the shortage of fuel, employers are asked to take advantage of their typists between the hours of 12 and 2." —*Tide*



THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL was trying to make the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence clear to his class.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary but-

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tons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life; the second as representing Liberty, and the third as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Monday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

On Monday the teacher said to the youngest member: "Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," the boy replied, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life, an' here's Liberty, but Mama sewed the Pursuit of Happiness on my pants."

—From *The Best Stories in the World* by THOMAS L. MASSON, copyright by *Doubleday & Co., Inc.*

AT A PARTY ONE DAY violinist Jascha Heifetz was introduced to a prize fighter.

"I see we're in the same business," said Heifetz. "We both earn our living with our hands."

The fighter eyed the violinist with admiration.

"Say, you must be pretty good," he said. "There isn't even a mark on you!" —E. E. EDGAR

SOME TIME AGO, as the train on which I was riding was pulling into Kansas City, the Negro porter came through the car. "Ladies and gentlemen," he called loudly with an air of importance, "please don't forget your hats, coats, suitcases, bundles, umbrellas, scarves, compacts, lipstick, fountain pens, watches, rings, bracelets, brooches, purses, billfolds. . . ."

On and on he went, singing out the list of things passengers carry.

At the end of the car he turned and said, "You leave these things in your seats, on the floor, on the window ledges, on the baggage racks, in the washrooms; then when you miss them the first thing you say is 'I bet that porter got it.' "

And with a little curtsy he was gone, leaving the amused passengers taking a quick inventory of their possessions. —PHIL JOHNSON

"WAITER," SAID the indignant diner, "what does this mean? Yesterday, for the same price, I was served a portion of chicken twice the size of this."

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter. "Where did you sit, sir?"

"Over by the window."

"That accounts for it, sir. We always give people who sit by the window larger portions. It's a good advertisement." —*Sunshine Magazine*

THE TELEGRAPH EDITOR of a Denver newspaper complained to a country correspondent who omitted names in his stories. He warned the man that if he neglected this essential detail in his next yarn he would be discharged.

A few days later the editor got this dispatch:

"Como, Colorado, June 8.—A severe storm passed over this section this afternoon and lightning struck a barbed-wire fence on the ranch of Henry Wilson, killing three cows. Their names are Jessie, Bossie and Buttercup."

—From *10,000 Jokes*, edited by LEWIS and FAYE COPELAND, published by *Halcyon House*

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THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD
PAINTING BY DOUGLASS CROCKWELL

The Greatest GOLD STRIKE in History

by DEAN JENNINGS

ON A ROCKY knoll in the foothills of California's Sierra Nevada range stands a gaunt bronze statue of a bearded man. If you look closely there seems to be a nameless sadness in the strong and silent face. The shadows of gnarled pines darken his sunken eyes and the downward curve of his wide mouth. The crumbling skeleton of a forgotten town lies at his feet, and his left arm points to the river beyond as though to say:

"Look! here's the spot where I changed the world!"

The man was James Wilson

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Marshall, itinerant carpenter; the town was Coloma. Neither belongs to the immortals. Yet in this primitive mountain village on a chill January morning a century ago, James Marshall touched off the greatest gold strike in history—a fabulous bonanza whose impact reached 'round the globe and is still being felt today.

In one amazing and dramatic moment, Marshall loosed a billion-dollar tidal wave that swept men to riches and to death. It built cities and destroyed them. It helped win the Civil War for the North and started a young nation on the road to wealth. It opened shining frontiers and created a wilderness empire. It roused the dormant genius of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and spawned Joaquin Murieta, among the first of the great bandits.

Yet to James Marshall, who released the golden flood, there came nothing but heartbreak and ruin, a monument swallowed by time.

By a curious twist of fate, neither Marshall nor his canny employer, a Swiss pioneer named John Augustus Sutter, was looking for gold. Sutter, a merchant and farmer, arrived in California in July, 1839. A month later, sailing boldly up the unexplored American River, Sutter found a great fertile valley with meadows for cattle and forests for lumber. He named the place New Helvetia in honor of his native land, and built a great adobe fort.

Within ten years Sutter ruled a vast empire with hundreds of white and Indian employees. On the sunny hills his vineyards flourished, the fields were rich in grain, and he began planning a democratic community to be built at the junction of the Sacramento and American Rivers. Then, one day, he sent Marshall about 40 miles Northeast into the foothills to build a sawmill.

In San Francisco, then a crude village called Yerba Buena, the inhabitants scoffed at Sutter's plans. "Sutter's mill, eh?" they said. "We call it Sutter's folly!"

Marshall and his crew finished the mill framework in January, 1848, and converted a dry river bed into a millrace. On the morning of January 24, the sun was bright and tiny flashes of light winked at Marshall as he plodded along the banks of the millrace. Then he spotted a solid chunk of yellow, and a magic word burst from his lips. "Gold!"

He bit the metal, and his teeth marks showed. He pounded it between rocks, and it flattened out. Trembling, he thrust it into his shirt pocket, and began searching in the slippery channel for more.

THAT NIGHT MARSHALL slept a broken sleep of torment. At last, wearied by 40 hours of nervous indecision, he stuffed the gold into a saddle bag and began the long ride back to the Fort. Late the second afternoon he walked into Sutter's neat office. "I've got to see you alone," he panted.

Presently, in the privacy of another room, Sutter gazed in awe at Marshall's hoard of shimmering flakes and nuggets. The two men tested the metal with acid, weighed it on small scales.

"Jim," said Sutter, "this is the finest kind of gold!"

Marshall nodded. "You must come to the mill at once."

Sutter pleaded for time, but the burly carpenter, impatient, flung

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himself on his horse and pounded away in the rain. That night, through sleepless hours, the kindly Sutter worried about Marshall's discovery. "The thought burst upon my mind," he wrote later, "that a curse might rest upon this discovery. I was convinced it would interfere with my plans."

A few days later, the distraught Swiss rode to Coloma and made a survey. To his dismay, he found outcroppings of gold for miles around. Here was fantastic treasure! Yet, wise in the ways of greedy mankind, Sutter vowed to keep his tremendous secret.

He offered bonuses to the mill workers if they would remain and finish the job. He deprecated the value of gold, but quietly bargained with local Indians for land around the mill, paying with shirts, hats, flour and other items. But ironically, Sutter himself was responsible for the first leak.

He allowed his workers to prospect on Sundays, then wrote to General Vallejo at Sonoma: "I have made a discovery of a gold mine which is extraordinarily rich." Finally he sent Charles Bennett to the Mexican authorities at Monterey to validate title to the rich land. Pausing at Benicia, halfway to San Francisco, Bennett heard inhabitants boasting of a coal mine at near-by Monte Diablo.

"Coal?" he snorted, waving a pouch of gold dust. "We have a mineral that makes coal worthless!"

Still later, a Coloma teamster stalked into Sam Brannan's store at Sutter's Fort and offered gold dust for whisky. Brannan, a shrewd opportunist, confronted Sutter with the news and obtained reluctant confirmation of the gold strike.

Brannan hurriedly stocked his store, then rushed to San Francisco. There he weaved up and down Montgomery Street, swinging a bottle of gold dust. "Hey, everybody, look! Gold! Gold from the American River!"

By nightfall the little settlement stirred uneasily. The virus of gold fever raced through the people's blood, wagging tongues. Brannan chuckled and went back to his trading post, to wait in patience.

THE FIRST GOLD-FEVER victims straggled into Sutter's Fort in May, bought their supplies from the canny Brannan and trekked into the hills. Sutter heard the ominous tramp of hurrying feet and tried vainly to halt the march.

He had already lost the first round, for California had now been ceded to the United States and his Coloma leases were worthless. He looked grimly at his acres of grain, his herds of cattle, and knew they were doomed.

Soon the vanguard returned, deliriously scattering nuggets. Some Frenchmen had found a chunk of gold worth $3,500. Two store clerks dug a trench and earned $17,000 the first week. Even those who had no tools were prying out as much as $100 a day. And in San Francisco the plague spread, touching rich and poor alike.

Grain was left to wither in the sun, offices and stores were abandoned. Courts and jails were emptied, because judges, jailers and prisoners all hurried to the hills. The crowded harbor was a forest of bare masts, for captains and crew were gone. Soldiers deserted their

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posts, and cattle bellowed untended in the meadows.

The epidemic roared on through the summer, with boisterous hordes surging up the Sacramento Valley, inundating the already jammed Fort. Every man was a Midas, for the yellow metal tumbled out wherever the earth was touched. One prospector fired a ramrod from his jammed rifle into some bushes. Jerking it loose, he uncovered a vein from which he took $10,000.

In three dizzy months the first arrivals scooped out $600,000, and the rest of the world began to quiver with news of the strike. New steamship lines sprouted on the East coast, fastening on eager passengers willing to pay any price to reach California. Doctors and lawyers quit their practice, hod carriers dumped their bricks, cooks deserted indignant employers, lovingly packing the skillets they would now use for panning gold.

Before the end of 1849, some 32,000 adventurers reached California by boat alone, risking hunger and death to cross the Isthmus of Panama on foot and transfer to Frisco-bound ships. More thousands made the hazardous journey across mountain and plain, and to this day no one knows how many died of disease, thirst, heat or cold.

As winter neared, with invaders now marching ruthlessly through his dying empire, Sutter wept in despair. From the East came gamblers, thieves and bums. Squatters built shacks on Sutter's choicest land and trampled his beloved wheat. His once-trusted Indian scouts and bodyguards forsook him and went after gold themselves. Dust gathered on his mill machinery and fine leather rotted in the tannery vats. Unruly mobs stripped the Fort of everything they could carry away.

By the end of 1849 the foothills quaked under the greatest mass migration this country had ever seen, but it was only the beginning. Before the end of '49, some 75,000 poured in by land and sea. In a few months more the mob would be doubled, then tripled. Forests and meadows were flattened overnight and became towns. Jim Marshall's small ripple became a booming wave that engulfed an area 120 miles long and a mile wide.

In Mokelumne Hill, scene of big strikes, nuggets were so profuse that they could be picked up like pebbles. Inevitably, such intimacy with easy money bred contempt for life, laws and morals, and "Mok Hill," as it was commonly called, became synonymous with crime and sudden death.

Prices soared in unparalleled inflation. Freight charges were $2,000 a ton, sugar cost $5 a pound, flour, molasses and other commodities were hawked like jewelry. The merest clerk in Sacramento was worth $500 a month, and nightly gambling stakes ran into five figures.

Among the early observers in this gold-mad land was a young journalist named Mark Twain, who rented a cabin at Jackass Hill and sat beneath the oaks to write his immortal *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*. Bret Harte found inspiration in the "diggings" too, and from his wanderings came tales like the unforgettable *Luck of Roaring Camp*. Men were judged by their deeds, and thus gunmen

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rubbed shoulders with men who would soon be millionaires.

In Placerville, for example, John Studebaker made miners' wheelbarrows years before there was an automobile; a young butcher named Philip Armour saved his money and built a packing dynasty, and future rail magnate Mark Hopkins sold groceries to a distinguished editor named Horace Greeley.

At Shaw's Flat, John B. Stetson of hat fame opened his first store. The money that built Stanford University and the Central Pacific Railroad was pried from the ground at Sutter Creek by Leland Stanford, then a poor miner. Seemingly there was wealth for everyone but Sutter and Marshall, who started it all.

Before the end of '49, the staunch Fort was in other hands and Sutter's original Mexican grants were destroyed by fire. But the city he inspired was destined to live while other towns withered and died. Sacramento was swept by fire and disease, by floods and crime, but it had a spirit that could not be killed. Today the city is still California's capital, proud memorial to the man who learned democracy in his native Switzerland and brought it to a new land.

Sutter was so crushed by fate that he left California and settled in Pennsylvania. From his new home he made frequent trips to Washington, hoping that the Government would reimburse him for his lost lands. At last, when Congress adjourned in June 1880, without passing a bill to give him $50,000, the great pioneer's heart was broken, and he died 48 hours later.

Jim Marshall likewise met a miserable destiny, and never enjoyed any of the treasure he found. Granted a trifling pension by the State of California, he was a poor man when he died.

And what of the big bonanza—the enchanted vein of gold? It is still there in the pock-marked hills, still giving its yellow blood, though Coloma, Poker Flat and Whisky Slide have long since been peopled by ghosts. Just before the mines were closed down during World War II, the Mother Lode country was still yielding about $50,000,000 a year from some 200 mines.

Even now vacationists wander through the hills, seeking to pan treasure from the streams. They will have no monuments raised to their memory, yet neither will their lives be ruined. John Sutter and Jim Marshall would have preferred to have it that way.

Americanism, Unlimited

Whether one traces his Americanism back three centuries to the Mayflower, or three years to the steerage, is not half so important as whether his Americanism of today is real and genuine. No matter on what various crafts we came here we are all now in the same boat. —CALVIN COOLIDGE

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The End of THE KINGFISH

by ELMER L. IREY AND WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

This inside story of how Huey Long and his political dynasty were smashed in Louisiana is the fourth in a series of articles by Elmer L. Irey, who has revealed for Coronet's readers the ingenious and dramatic ways in which his organization caught up with some of the most notorious crooks of our times.
—THE EDITORS

HUEY LONG LIES BURIED beneath eight feet of steel and concrete in front of the Louisiana State Capitol at Baton Rouge. Each day fresh flowers are set before the mausoleum. Thus Louisiana pays tribute to the memory of the greatest "confidence" man of our century.

Huey Pierce Long was a "con" man, just like any gold-brick peddler. A successful "con" operator must have the trust of his victims. Huey's victims, the people of Louisiana, loved him. Another absolute requirement is cruelty, because bankers won't buy gold bricks but widows will. Huey was extremely gifted in that direction. And, of course, the gift of gab is essential to any swindler. Huey's gab was the finest ever produced in a section of the country where political spellbinders grow like weeds.

Huey became a lawyer at 21, after preparing for only eight months. Although he seldom practiced, his explanation was typical of his unusual frankness: "I studied law because I wanted to be a politician, and I came from the bar

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examination running for office."

At 24, Huey ran for the job of Railroad Commissioner and won with the help of $500 loaned by a friend, O. K. Allen, whom Long later rewarded with the governorship of Louisiana. Huey's brother, Earl, neatly described Allen's talents as a governor when he said:

"A leaf once blew in the window of Allen's office and fell on his desk. He signed it."

In 1923, Huey reached the age of 30 and celebrated his birthday by announcing himself as a candidate for governor. He was beaten—but in 1928 he won, with the campaign slogan, "Every Man a King but No Man Wears a Crown," and a promise of free bridges, paved roads and free textbooks.

Huey promised these things, and he delivered them. He also promised that the people of Louisiana would not have to pay, since the "corporation high muckety-mucks" would bear the cost. But the people paid and paid. The "muckety-mucks" paid too, but they quickly learned that Huey reacted to arguments based on cash.

As governor, Huey ruthlessly fulfilled his political credo that "everybody who ain't with us is against us," and literally fired every office-holder or charwoman over whom he had control and replaced them with his own people. Huey floated a $30,000,000 bond issue for state improvements, and when cement companies naïvely suggested that they present bids to the Highway Department, he bellowed: "Hell, I am the Highway Department!"

He roamed the Legislature floor during debate, giving orders to his "elected" underlings and freely admitting, "I deal with the Legislature like a deck of cards."

The representatives of the people made one attempt to escape Huey's yoke. The lower House impeached Long on 19 charges, including fixing State courts, bribing legislators, misappropriating funds, gross personal misconduct, blackmail, and attempting to bribe a bodyguard to kill a State legislator. The House voted impeachment and turned the case over to the Senate for trial.

But the Senate was blocked by the "Famous Fifteen." The "Famous Fifteen" episode is the blackest mark ever chalked up against American democracy. It consisted of a "round robin" signed by 15 senators, stating that they would not vote to convict Huey, no matter what was proven against him. A two-thirds vote was necessary, and the 15 senators were enough to block it. Huey was not convicted, the "Famous Fifteen" reaped political and business plums, and "The Kingfish" began to fulfill his early promise as a despot and thief.

ALL AMERICA was intrigued by this loud-mouthed dictator. I read of his exploits with unusual interest, because in 1930 and 1931 my mail was heavy with anonymous letters from Louisiana, stating that Huey Long and his crowd were stealing $100,000,000 and what was the Treasury Department going to do about it?

In July, 1932, I asked Archie Burford, our Dallas agent-in-charge, to make a preliminary survey of the Louisiana situation. He and a few men poked around, and then Archie walked into my Washington office.

"Chief," he said, "Long and his

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gang are stealing everything in the state—and they're not paying."

Promptly, I sent Burford and 32 agents into Louisiana and things began to hum, both there and in Washington. Long was now a U. S. Senator, having left his governorship in the perfectly disciplined hands of O. K. Allen. Huey heard of our investigation and called on my boss, David Burnet, Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Dave listened as Long lectured him on the dangers of investigating U. S. senators. But Burnet did not halt the investigation.

Long then sent a message to me through a mutual acquaintance. "Huey told me," the friend said, "that you're in his 'S.O.B. Book'."

That "Book" was getting quite a reputation in Washington. Huey actually kept it, under the pointed title above, and if he put your name there, you were politically dead in Louisiana and in danger of a ruined career in Washington.

Long, a Democrat, was pressuring the Hoover Administration to call me off. When Hoover was defeated in the 1932 election, his Secretary of the Treasury, Ogden Mills, summoned me.

"Have you developed enough evidence to indict Long before March 4 (Roosevelt's Inauguration Day)?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Secretary. We haven't had enough time."

"Very well, then. Suspend your investigation and write a report of what you have done and what you propose doing for my successor. After all, the Senator is one of their (the Democrats') babies. Let them decide what to do."

I called off our agents and had Burford prepare a report, which left no doubt that the Intelligence Unit was confident it could convict Long and his gang. When Roosevelt was inaugurated, the report was handed to William H. Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury. Then we waited—and wondered.

Late in August, Carter Glass, veteran Senator from Virginia, asked me to call at his hotel. The ailing little man was sitting up in bed. In his squeaky voice he said some kind words about my career. Then he snapped: "Irey, haven't you gotten that————from Louisiana yet?"

"No, Senator, I haven't," I said, adding that I was hopefully, but not confidently, awaiting orders.

"I'm going to Europe in a couple of days," said Glass. "Before I go I'll see to it that you get the proper instructions."

Soon I got a call from Guy T. Helvering, Commissioner of Internal Revenue. "The White House wants to know why your Unit is investigating Long," he told me. "Isn't it a job for the FBI?"

"The only thing Long can be convicted of is tax violation, and we're the outfit to handle that job," I told Helvering.

I heard no more. Nor did the FBI. The report was almost a year old when Henry Morgenthau, Jr., succeeded Woodin in the Treasury. Three days later, Morgenthau sent for me, and I met the man who was to be my "Boss" for 13 years.

People have criticized him for various things he did in office—during a period which would have tried the soul of any man charged with supervising American finances. Whether these criticisms were just remains for one more schooled in

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financial matters than I to say. But never once, from a law-enforcement viewpoint, did I know him to "pull his punches."

When I walked into Morgenthau's office, the Secretary was brusque. "Why have you stopped investigating Huey Long, Mr. Irey?" he asked.

I told him that I had been ordered to stop by Ogden Mills and to turn in a report. Now I was "awaiting instructions."

Morgenthau said: "You put Capone in jail, didn't you?"

I replied, "My Unit did."

"Very well, then. Proceed with the investigation of Long as though he were John Doe. And let the chips fall where they may!"

Burford and I then laid down the strategy that we were confident would clean up Louisiana and a portion of the U. S. Senate. We were riding for an awful fall, but our optimism was based on solid grounds. We knew that Long and his gang had collected millions in graft, and we knew that taxes had not been paid.

We set up headquarters in the Masonic Building in New Orleans, guarding it day and night. Here we examined bank statements, forged and unforged checks, questioned contractors who had paid bribes, and generally went about the laborious job of putting thieves in jail with comptometers. We had knocked off Capone's assistants before getting the big man himself, and thus would we work on Huey. And, as in the Capone affair, we wanted to infiltrate one of our operatives into the Long gang.

This meant a call for Pat O'Rourke, the agent we had planted in Capone's hotel. Pat was told to find out about Long's right-hand man, Seymour Weiss, who had earned the Kingfish's affection by getting him out of a jam.

Among the 19 impeachment charges against Long had been one claiming that he had stolen $6,000 voted by the Legislature for the entertainment of distinguished visitors to a governor's convention. It was charged that Huey had taken the $6,000 and bought an automobile, but Long asserted he had turned every penny over to Weiss.

Weiss appeared before the legislators and presented an entertainment account for $4,700. When asked about the remaining $1,300, he said: "I spent it on entertainment for the governors."

The legislators decided not to shame some of the visiting luminaries, and let the charge drop.

O'ROURKE MOVED into Weiss' hotel, posing as a radio executive determined to supply New Orleans with a good radio station. He visited local stations, including one in Weiss' hotel, and soon met the proprietor himself.

O'Rourke grumbled to Weiss about his difficulties in getting an FCC license, and Weiss suggested that he talk it over with Monte Hart, who was right behind Weiss in the Long hierarchy. Hart had hardly shaken O'Rourke's hand when he said: "I can get that radio permit fixed up for $5,000."

O'Rourke begged off, but became friendly with Hart, and soon was sitting in on card games with Hart, Weiss and occasionally the Kingfish himself.

Meanwhile, we had learned that

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practically every contract let in Louisiana under Long's governorship had been graft-ridden. We had investigated 232 individuals, 42 partnerships and 122 corporations covering 1,007 tax years. We were ready to indict, and early in 1935 we started looking for a fearless and honest lawyer to do the indicting. He had to be a Southerner, for we knew we wouldn't have a chance if we brought a "damyankee" lawyer down to prosecute.

I told this to Morgenthau and he said, "Come with me. I want you to tell it to somebody else."

Soon I found myself explaining the Long situation to Franklin D. Roosevelt. When I had finished, he said, "Henry, see that Mr. Irey gets the type of lawyer he wants."

Ex-Governor Dan Moody of Texas was exactly the kind I wanted, but he was reluctant to leave his private practice. Then Morgenthau took Moody and me to see the President. F.D.R. poured on the charm for Moody, and the Texan agreed to go along with us.

We decided to try our evidence first on one of Huey's lesser lieutenants and see how the jury reacted. Then we were going to get a big fish, Abe Shushan, president of the New Orleans Levee Board. We estimated Abe as fourth in the Long setup, right behind the Kingfish, Weiss and Hart.

After Shushan, our plans were uncertain. Maybe Huey himself, maybe Weiss, maybe any one of a half dozen others of Huey's henchmen. In any event, we were going after Shushan because we were prepared to prove he had accepted $525,732 in bribes, on which no taxes had been paid.

We chose State Representative Joseph Fisher as our first victim, got an indictment and prepared for trial, accusing him of failing to pay taxes on "commissions" received from highway projects.

On April 26, 1935, Fisher was found guilty and sentenced to 18 months in Atlanta. The conviction had come easily and certainly Shushan would be easier. On September 7, I sat with Burford and Moody in the latter's office at Austin, Texas, when Burford set before us the evidence on Long as a tax defaulter on vast sums in graft.

"We'll never convict Long before a Louisiana jury by simply proving he cheated on his tax," Moody warned. "Nor because Yankee contractors paid his gang graft. Still, we want a conviction."

Burford and Special Agent Tom Reese had dug up something that might do the job—the story of the "Win or Lose Corporation." The people of Louisiana loved Huey because he "made them big corporations pay through the nose." He made them pay, all right, but he took it for Huey Pierce Long, which made him a tool of the vested interests. If we could prove he was friendly with the oil and gas people, we might induce a Louisiana jury to do its reluctant duty.

"Win or Lose" was formed in 1934. Long owned 31 shares, for which he paid not a penny. Seymour Weiss had 24 free shares and Governor Allen 12; and Long's current and former secretary were written in for a free share each. It all totaled 100 shares and no investment. And the company had earned $347,937.50 in 1935.

"Win or Lose" owned 20 loca-

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tions in gas fields near Monroe, Louisiana, acquired in a bookkeeping transaction. The state rights were acquired for nothing from Governor Allen. Now the corporation offered two gas companies these locations for $25,000 each. The companies said no.

Immediately following this rude "no," Allen announced that Louisiana was going to increase the taxes on natural gas. "Them corporations" thereupon offered $16,000 for each of the 20 locations; "Win or Lose" accepted the $320,000, and the plan to increase taxes was never heard of again. "Win or Lose" promptly declared a dividend of $2,000 a share, giving Huey $62,000 in loot. We thought that little tale would rob Huey of his stature as the poor man's friend.

"I will go before the Grand Jury next month and ask for an indictment against Long," Moody told us.

That conversation was held on September 7, 1935. Then fate intervened. Next day, Huey Long and Dr. Carl Weiss (not to be confused with Seymour Weiss) were killed in the State Capitol. Weiss is generally believed to have assassinated Long. He had a .22 pistol in his hand when Long's bodyguards mowed him down. But Huey Long was killed by a single .45 calibre slug. And as yet, nobody has explained this mystery away.

The death of Long, however, did not stop our plans. Shushan went to trial in October, but the verdict was "not guilty." We Intelligence men were sick as we saw the Long mobsters cheer wildly and then smash the news cameras.

But losing one wasn't losing all. Fifteen gamblers and contractors had already entered pleas of *nolo contendere*, which is legal for "I will not defend myself, but I will not admit my guilt." But the Department of Justice lost stomach for the affair. The next trials were set for May 1936, an election year, and when court convened, U.S. Attorney René A. Viosca made a motion to dismiss the remaining cases.

"The changed atmosphere in Louisiana since Long's death makes convictions very improbable," he explained, "and the cases are weak."

The Grand Jury which brought in the indictments was furious. So was the Justice Department, for I told the press that we in the Treasury did not agree with their decision and wanted the cases tried.

In 1937 a special group from the U.S. Board of Tax Appeals heard the government's civil suits against the Long gang. And every person whose case was "too weak" for Justice prosecution admitted guilt and paid every penny the Treasury claimed they owed, plus penalties. Seymour Weiss paid, the estate of O. K. Allen paid, even the Long estate paid. A jury had already proclaimed Shushan innocent, but he paid too. In all, we collected more than $2,000,000 in taxes and penalties. Thus we won a battle but lost the war.

AT THIS TIME, Rufus W. Fontenot was Collector of Internal Revenue in New Orleans. A soft-spoken Southern gentleman, he had fought valiantly at our side in the humiliating events just described. His duties frequently brought him to Washington, and I asked him once, "How are the politicians behaving down in Louisiana?"

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"They are contemptuous not only of us but of the entire Government," he said. "They're stealing more than ever."

"You are watching their returns?" I asked.

"Yes. All we did was to teach them to cut Uncle Sam in on their graft. Not all their loot, just a little. The favorite trick is to report a lot of money and call it 'gambling winnings.' Dick Leche, now governor, had a return that simply said, 'Other Earnings, $90,000'."

"Somebody's foot will slip," I said hopefully.

A few months later, Fontenot phoned from New Orleans. "One of them has slipped, Elmer. I'm taking the Washington train tonight."

"It's J. Monroe Smith," Fontenot told me in my office. "He's Huey's hand-picked president of Louisiana State University. He never had a nickel, yet he's speculating in whiskey receipts and last year sold more than $130,000 worth of stock under a fictitious name. His salary is $18,000 a year, and his wife probably spends four times that in parties."

"What's he say in his tax returns?" I asked.

"He's never filed any."

Fontenot went on to say that Smith was a ranking member of the gang and that LSU had always been a source of graft. It sounded promising, so after several conferences among Burford, Comissioner Helvering and myself, we decided to try again.

As Burford had been promoted, Frank W. Lohn was put in charge of the investigation, and he assigned Special Agent James M. Crooner of the Dallas office to check on Smith. Crooner promptly discovered that when Smith wanted money, he merely asked the LSU bursar to write a check on any of almost 100 different accounts.

Crooner's report on Smith's brokerage transactions was unbelievable. This undistinguished educator had become president of a great university because he had "the hide of an elephant," to use Huey Long's own explanation.

Crooner wanted to know if all the WPA work done at LSU was resulting in graft, so a young Dallas agent, A. G. Weaver, posed as a student. He hung around the WPA projects to find out if workers were being used on private projects; if they were forced to "kick back" money to politicians; if contractors were paying graft, and if supervisors were getting any. In all cases the answer was yes.

Smith faced a tax charge, but he posed an interesting legal problem. Was the money involved taxable? He had lost it all, plus $75,000 borrowed for himself in the name of LSU. While this matter was being pondered, an old crony of Long's started sending affidavits to Pearson and Allen's "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column, where they attracted much attention.

James A. Noe wrote 500 affidavits, all stating that millions in WPA funds were being stolen by the Long faction; that WPA laborers were building homes and hunting lodges for politicians, and that Louisiana was a hotbed of graft that Noe wanted cleaned up.

Noe was a politician scorned. He thought that he was the Kingfish's successor when Huey died, but Seymour Weiss and the others thought

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differently. After much confusion, they remembered, rather belatedly, that on his deathbed Huey had named as his successor one Richard W. Leche, a practically unknown young lawyer. Noe was bitter, but he went along, taking notes as he went. Leche won the 1936 election for Governor of Louisiana—by playing old records of Huey's speeches.

By 1938, however, Noe had had enough, and Leche was embarrassed. He promised an open hearing, with himself as special prosecutor. Then he called off the hearing, stating that there was nothing unusual about the affair. LSU frequently "sold" material to private contractors. "Big George" Caldwell, LSU's 300-pound building superintendent, solemnly agreed.

"Big George" made $6,000 a year, had a home worth $125,000 and was inordinately proud of his bathroom, which was fitted literally with 14-karat gold fixtures.

While Leche and "Big George" were claiming that all was normal, Smith was off on a vacation. When he returned Doc hit the ceiling. "It is not normal at all," he said, "for LSU to sell anything to private contractors. Leche and Caldwell are mistaken."

The same day, "Affidavit" Noe crashed through with another legal paper claiming that WPA workers and materials had been used in building homes for many Louisiana politicians, including "Big George" and Leche himself. The Governor promptly resigned, effective five days from date.

Four days from date, Leche changed his mind and ordered the arrest of Doc Smith. Once more, the word impeachment was heard at Baton Rouge. Among those who heard it was Leche, and that very evening he resigned. This time it took, and Huey's brother, Earl K. Long, became Governor.

As Leche resigned, Doc Smith fled to Canada. But within a few days he flew back to New Orleans, panting into radio microphones at the airport that "he would not be made the goat." With Smith's surrender, grand juries began indicting him on an average of once every two days for two months, the charges including nearly everything but murder and reckless driving.

"Big George" was also indicted, as was Monte Hart, both charged with WPA frauds and tax evasions.

IN 1936, SEYMOUR WEISS had sold the Hotel Bienville to LSU as a home for nurses at the New Orleans medical school for $575,000, a fair price because LSU needed such a home. The hotel was sold complete, including furniture. But shortly thereafter, LSU paid the National Equipment Company $75,000 for the furniture which it already owned. Hart got the $75,000 as president of the company.

Monte, a generous type, had paid $54,400 in commissions to various cronies, including J. Emory Adams, nephew of Doc Smith, and Louis C. LeSage, Standard Oil Company lobbyist, who got $25,000 each. Everybody, however, had paid taxes on everything.

Agent Crooner pointed out to Adams that his (Adams') financial condition was pretty poor for a man who had just made $25,000. "I loaned $17,000, almost all that was left after taxes, to Doc Smith," he

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explained. "He's been like a father to me." At the time of the loan, Doc had bought $17,000 worth of whiskey warehouse receipts.

Crooner also talked things over with LeSage, who was actually in debt. LeSage explained that he had loaned $16,500 to a friend. Who was the friend? Seymour Weiss!

Because LeSage and Adams had paid taxes on the $25,000, and because all other taxes on the $75,000 steal were in order, there was a legal dilemma. As a fraud against LSU, it would be a case for Louisiana justice, and Seymour Weiss, Smith and Hart would really be among friends under such conditions. As a tax case, it was weak, and we had lost strong cases in that state. But I had once been a Post Office Inspector, and now I had an idea. Had the gentlemen used the mails in the course of the fraud?

There had been a few exchanges of notes and bills, but in each case the envelope was marked "By messenger." The gang had thought of everything! But the $75,000 check on a Baton Rouge bank had been cleared through Hart's New Orleans bank. Had the check gone to Baton Rouge by mail? No, it hadn't. The Federal Reserve expressed all items to Baton Rouge.

It looked as if Weiss had beaten us again. But next day, our agent happened to talk to the Federal Reserve cashier.

"When was the $75,000 check cashed?" asked the cashier.

"In 1936."

"Oh! We've only been using express since 1938. Before that we used the mail. Does that make any difference? . . ."

On July 15, the Grand Jury listened as we claimed that Seymour Weiss, Smith, Hart, LeSage and Adams had used the mails to defraud. The jury promptly returned indictments against all five.

The trial was a scorcher, with Ex-Governor Leche reversing his testimony to agents that he understood the original $575,000 for the Bienville included furniture. The jury found all five guilty. Seymour Weiss, Hart and Smith each received two and a half years for mail fraud, and LeSage and Adams got a year and a day apiece.

After appeals had failed, LeSage grew tired of thinking about 366 days in jail and confessed that he had given the $25,000 to Weiss, and that Weiss had told him to pay taxes on it. This he did, and was reimbursed by Seymour.

At last we had Seymour Weiss on tax fraud. He got four years, to run concurrently with his mail-fraud term. LeSage served his fraud sentence, but won probation on the tax charge. Hart committed suicide before reaching the prison gates.

Caldwell went down next. He got two years on tax violations, plus ten other counts, the total amounting to two years because the sentences ran concurrently.

THE DAY THE JURY indicted Weiss, Agent Lohn was sitting with O. John Rogge, Special Assistant to the U.S. Attorney General, listening to two of New Orleans' leading citizens. They were Arthur C. Waters and Sherman S. Sheppard, respectively president and secretary of the Bureau of Governmental Research of New Orleans, a volunteer organization devoted to exposing local graft. Waters and Sheppard

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were visibly happy as they told Rogge and Lohn, "We think we've got Leche . . . and we know we've caught Shushan."

Shushan was the man who had been freed upon charges of grafting $525,732 three years earlier. Rogge was interested, Lohn was fascinated as Waters and Sheppard described the involved larceny that, they said, Shushan had perpetrated.

Newman and Harris, a New Orleans brokerage firm, had refunded $8,500,000 worth of New Orleans Levee Board bonds at a lower interest rate, claiming a saving of $700,000 for the city and collecting a $496,000 commission. Actually, the Levee Board had lost money on the deal; and the board's minutes showed that Newman and Harris were to get a 25 per cent fee instead of approximately 75 per cent. Shushan had been president of the board when the deal was made, although he had since resigned.

Waters and Sheppard explained that, having no official status, they were unable to issue subpoenas. Would the Intelligence Unit take over? Lohn assured them the Unit would be glad to do so.

Taking it over quickly resulted in what looked like the first perfectly legal swindle in history. Shushan had suggested the refunding to Newman and Harris, and he had received one-third of the fee. The brokers kept a fourth each, and one Henry J. Miller, a city accountant, got a sixth. A partnership agreement covering the transaction had been drawn up and proper taxes paid.

It looked as if Shushan had beaten us again. He claimed that no board member had received a dime, and that his money was only the legitimate reward for a brilliant idea. Then an anonymous letter to Lohn, obviously written by a Newman and Harris employee, said in part: "Waguespack is hanging around the office; he's worried."

H. W. Waguespack was chairman of the finance committee of the Levee Board and, presumably, a citizen beyond reproach. We looked over his returns, however, and noted a report on "The H. N. Partnership," which had only one entry, $37,317. And Henry Miller had turned over $37,317 of his $53,310 share to somebody. That somebody was indeed Waguespack.

Here was the Weiss case all over again. A tax-paid fraud. Again we sought the cooperation of the Post Office inspectors, and in 48 hours had all the evidence needed to prove that the entire gang had used the mails to defraud. In December, 1939, Newman, Harris, Miller, Waguespack and Shushan were sentenced to two and a half years each. The same Unit defeated in 1936 had finally won out.

WHEN ROBERT S. MAESTRI left office after six years as Mayor of New Orleans, the job went to an old pal of Huey Long's, William G. Rankin. His salary, $4,000 a year, came close to paying his tips.

We were intrigued to discover that in 1937 Rankin had made investments totaling $100,000 yet had reported an income of only $24,000. When we got through investigating his sordid deals and grafting as director of Louisiana's Conservation Department, the Long gang was finished, because not only did Rankin and many others go to

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prison, but Huey's deathbed choice for successor picked up the severest prison sentence of the Louisiana scandals.

On December 7, 1938, Rankin beamed proudly as he listened to A. B. Patterson, president of the New Orleans Public Service Corporation, make a speech of presentation to Governor Leche. A bunch of the boys had bought Leche a yacht in appreciation for all the new business he had attracted to Louisiana. Patterson was a trifle embarrassed because he had not contributed toward the yacht. Seymour Weiss whispered in his ear that no contribution was necessary; the boys had already oversubscribed. But he had whispered the same thing in everybody's ear.

What had happened was that somebody—possibly Leche—decided to give Leche a yacht, so the Conservation Department had bought it and Rankin had okayed bills for a nonexistent Diesel engine. Rankin had a business on the side called Boats, Inc., and in his capacity as a salesman, he had gotten the yacht, and in his capacity as Conservation Director, he had paid for it. He had also written a letter, so again it was using the mails to defraud for both Rankin and Leche.

Rankin pleaded guilty and got a year and a day. Leche decided to stand trial, but it was quite a while before the Government could get around to it because of developments resulting from the firing of an employee of the International Harvester Company.

In September, 1939, this ex-employee dropped in to tell us the story. It seemed that back in 1936, Seymour Weiss and another member of the gang had asked him if he was interested in selling 300 trucks to the State of Louisiana. Our visitor was intensely interested, until both men pointed out that he would have to pad the invoices and give them the difference. He offered to split his commission instead, but Weiss and his pal weren't going to soil their hands with honest money.

The next thing our visitor knew, the state had the trucks. A dealer in Alexandria had made the sale, which meant that the state had lost several thousands because International gave State and Federal purchasers a straight 15 per cent discount, but insisted that such discounts be made direct rather than through agents. Our visitor believed there had been a kickback, but even without one there was certainly something to investigate in the loss of International's discount.

Finally, we learned that in 1937 the Alexandria dealer had sold 138 trucks at a profit of $57,931.06, and next year, 95 trucks at a profit of $53,349.50. But when we pointed out that all the figures didn't show on his tax returns, the dealer said he had given $53,000 to James Thomas as commission. Now Thomas had been broke until he became a friend of Long's. Then he turned lobbyist, representing no less than 25 firms. He filed whopping tax returns, but never wrote checks. All his business was conducted in cash.

There then occurred a fast double play, Treasury to Post Office to Treasury, which retired Richard Leche for exactly ten years. We knew we had no tax case on the truck deal. Thomas had carefully paid taxes on the $53,000, but his

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finances indicated he hadn't kept much of what was left, so we turned our information over to the Post Office Inspectors. Thomas decided to talk, saying that he had paid $31,000 to Leche and the rest to legislators. Leche hadn't reported the $31,000 on his tax returns.

IF LECHE HAD STAYED off the stand during his trial, he might have fared better, but he elected to testify and for two days Rogge carved what reputation he had to ribbons by forcing him to explain every item on his returns. All in all, Leche admitted making about a half million dollars as Governor. He was sentenced to ten years in prison.

There were a few more cleaning jobs to be done before Louisiana was turned back to the people. We broke up a flourishing business in state tax reductions and we exposed the vicious "deducts" system in Louisiana. An employee of the state under (or after) Huey Long, had to kick back from two to five per cent of his salary to the Democratic Party. Out of these cash collections, $46,830.50 had been paid to Earl Long; $28,000 to Huey's widow, and a wedding present of $10,000 to Huey's daughter.

Besides cleaning up Louisiana politics and convicting 149 individuals, we brought the Treasury $6,372,360.24 in additional taxes and penalties. Yet I doubt if the whole investigation cost the American people more than $250,000.

The number of thieves we jailed and the millions of dollars we recovered are not, however, the important thing about the Long gang's downfall. I hope this story will destroy for all time one of the blackest libels ever made against our American system of democracy: the libel that, had not Dr. Weiss (or somebody) assassinated Huey Long, our country might have been taken over by the Kingfish as a dictator. In other words, that our system was no match for Huey's genius and ruthlessness.

But let me say this: the bullet that killed Huey did not save us from a dictator. It saved Huey from going to jail. Huey had broken the law and was about to be indicted for it when he was killed. We had the proof, and when we took the proof to court, the estate of Huey P. Long offered no defense and paid every penny we demanded.

Isn't all this conclusive proof that our system had worked perfectly?

At Today's Prices, Too!

A CUSTOMER STORMED into a butcher shop and flung down a piece of brass on the counter.

"Will you please explain that!" he raged. "I found it in the ground round steak I just bought."

The butcher picked up the bit of metal and looked it over carefully. Then he scratched his head.

"Guess I musta forgot to take the collar off!"

—*From Jokes, Gags and Wisecracks*, by TED SHANE, published by Dell Publishing Company

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Picture Story

The American Shopper

DESPITE high prices and scarcities, American shoppers are the world's greatest optimists. Nothing keeps them out of the stores. You will meet them here — unique, exciting and always news—in exclusive photographs made for Coronet by Ruth Orkin.

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FOOD IS FIRST

AMERICAN SHOPPERS TODAY are probably the best recommendation for the American way of living. They have a choice of the greatest array of goods ever assembled for human consumption. The biggest single item in their 100-billion-dollar annual retail budget is food (*above and opposite*). Constant new developments in the preparation of canned, frozen and dehydrated foods mean more groceries for more people and more value for every food-dollar Americans spend.

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FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SHOPPING once came and went with the season. Now efficient shipping is keeping stores supplied with fresh farm products all the year around.

SELF-SERVICE FOOD MARKETS are the top favorites with women, because they like to select their own foods. Self-service saves much time and energy, too.

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CLOTHES FOR MEN

OVER THE PAST TEN YEARS America's men have become almost as style-conscious as any of their female relatives. As shoppers, modern men talk about dress and sport clothes, fabrics and styles. They buy appropriate clothing for every season of the year (*above*), and they no longer choose hats just to keep their heads warm, but to round out a picture of themselves as the best-dressed men in the world. The one-suit man is rapidly becoming as outmoded as the one-horse shay.

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CLOTHES FOR WOMEN

FACED WITH a kaleidoscope of colors and styles and the exciting dream of making themselves ever more beautiful, women take their time about buying clothes. Changing fashions in hats, dresses, handbags and an imposing list of accessories add to the thrill of deciding what to buy (*above*). Aided by efficient manufacturers and smart designers, American women in virtually every income group are maintaining the highest fashion standards in the history of the world.

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SHOPPERS WEIGH VALUE CAREFULLY . . .

. . . AND WORRY ABOUT STYLE AND COLOR.

THE BIG STORES

THE MODERN department store is the giant in the national shopping picture. From fabulous establishments like Macy's in New York and Marshall Field's in Chicago to the smaller stores which dominate the Main streets of almost every town in the country, department stores today attract more than one-tenth of all retail spending in the United States. The development of the modern department store is one of the brightest achievements in the long, exciting record of American business.

For most shoppers, the department store, with the number of things it has to sell, is more dazzling than a world's fair. In big cities men and women form long-standing attachments to their favorite stores. They take pride in announcing that "their" store has more special services, wider aisles, pleasanter clerks, or more attractive displays than any other store in town. To maintain these glowing reputations, department-store managers strive constantly to outdo each other. As a result department stores are serving community needs on a scale unprecedented in shopping history.

Little wonder, then, that American shoppers approach the depart-

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THEY LISTEN TO A GOOD SALESCLERK . . .

. . . BUT THEY BUY ONLY WHEN CONVINCED.

ment store with an air of excitement. Even if they leave home with a list of things to buy, many stores place so many tempting items before them that their own list begins to appear insignificant.

It takes many shoppers quite a few minutes of browsing before they settle down to the serious business of buying (*above*). When they do settle down, though, their basic difficulties become apparent. On the whole, department-store shoppers fall into two groups—those who are looking for specific items they have seen advertised, and the "impulse shoppers" who are not quite sure what they want but who rarely leave a department store without making some kind of a purchase.

Even with a shopping list before her, the average woman comes away from a department store with one or two things she had not planned to buy. These are "impulse" items. They may be inexpensive—a vase too pretty to resist or a pair of gloves which just happened to be on sale. Or they may be large items like a handbag and a hat to go with a new pair of shoes. But they are always bought on the spur of the moment. The American shopper finds few things more exciting than bringing home an unexpected purchase. Department-store counters are full of such unplanned-for surprises. They add pleasant spice to the adventure of shopping.

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DRUGS AND SODAS

THE MODERN PHARMACIST often finds he must be half doctor, half beauty expert.

ICE CREAM AND SANDWICHES make modern drugstores popular meeting places.

ONE OF THE most familiar sights in the country is the big, bustling drugstore which may sell anything from a stick of chewing gum to a moving-picture camera.

The corner pharmacy is one of the few shops in any town which is patronized at least once a week by almost every member of the family. The big chain drugstores and independently owned pharmacies alike now stock a list of items which in value and variety is a virtual cross section of the American standard of living. Almost everything sold in the modern drugstore in some way adds to the comfort, health and general well-being of its customers.

Individual drugstore sales, averaging about 18 cents, make a grand national total of close to $4,000,000,000 a year. Most of these sales are generally made at the soda fountain (*bottom left*). For the rest, a drugstore's greatest business in order of sales consists of cigarettes (*opposite page*), prescriptions, internal drugs like aspirin and cough syrup, cameras and films, candy and magazines, miscellaneous items (*top left*) such as hair brushes, and external drugs like iodine.

Of more than 200,000 drugstore customers interviewed last year by the Homemakers Guild of America, 73 per cent preferred to have prescriptions filled in a store which also carried general merchandise. But the opinion of the great majority was expressed by a woman in Oregon who wrote: "A professional looking prescription department gives me a feeling of confidence."

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WHEN MEN GO SHOPPING in drugstores, they depend largely on standard brands, especially for cigarettes, cigars, pipe tobacco, tooth paste and shaving articles.

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TRAINED DEMONSTRATORS SHOW SHOPPERS THE CORRECT WAY TO BUY AND USE NEW COSMETICS.

THE LURE OF COSMETICS

FROM FACE POWDER to nail polish, romance is the key to the cosmetics business. The woman who shops for the latest lipstick or the perfume with the new, intriguing name usually has only one purpose in mind—to be more alluring to her husband or to the man she hopes someday to marry.

Cosmetics shoppers are strongly influenced by all forms of advertising. The appeal of cosmetics to American women accounts for an average $600,000,000 spent on beauty preparations each year.

To satisfy this great market, cosmetic manufacturers employ some of the nation's best industrial chemists. They develop new scents and more efficient cleansing creams. They create more exciting colors for lipsticks and powders, and produce nail polishes which withstand the most rigorous tests. Besides improving their basic products, cosmetic laboratories are steadily introducing newer and better preparations (*above*) for the woman who wants to keep her beauty. And now they are developing new aftershave lotions and toilet waters to meet the demands of male shoppers.

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IN SHOPPING FOR SHOES, BUYERS ASK FOR NEW STYLES TO FILL SPECIFIC WARDROBE NEEDS.

THE TREND IN SHOES

SHOPPERS HAVE COME a long way since the days when they bought shoes simply for long wear. Today both men and women go shopping for shoes with one eye on the latest fashion. Men, for instance, no longer buy one pair of stout black shoes to wear for every occasion. Now they look for various shades of brown, for winged tips, for moccasins, for buckles instead of laces, and for a host of other sleek-looking styles. Last year American shoppers spent more than $2,500,000,000 on their families' shoes. An average of four pairs of shoes was sold to every man, woman and child.

The average shopper, who long ago learned that a frequent change of shoes is relaxing, will probably purchase even more shoes in 1948, not because he expects them to wear out but because shoes have become important to his wardrobe.

Shoes are among the least expensive items in the clothing budget, yet they can often change a woman's simplest costume into a glamorous ensemble. For men they can often mean the difference between making a plain appearance and a striking one.

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JEWELRY SHOPPERS OFTEN ASK FOR BRAND NAMES WHEN PURCHASING WATCHES OR SILVERWARE.

NOVELTY JEWELRY attracts many shoppers in large department and variety stores.

JEWELRY FOR GIFTS

JEWELRY SHOPPING is primarily gift shopping. According to a survey made for the Jewelry Industry Council, about one-third of all the nation's gift purchases are of the jewelry-store type.

But perhaps the most striking feature of jewelry buying today is that it is not limited to the wealthy. Everybody shops for jewelry, and the majority of jewelry sales are made to the middle-income group.

Americans seem to be getting away from the idea, too, that heirlooms make the most valuable jewelry. As in everything else they buy, they want new products, better values, more modern designs even in such things as bracelets, earrings and wedding rings.

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MEN GO TO HARDWARE STORES FOR TOOLS. WOMEN BUY PAILS AND IRONS, TACKS AND FUSES.

HARDWARE FOR HOMES

OF ALL THE TYPES of stores patronized by the American shopper, hardware stores are probably the most typically American. They deal in products vital to the comfort of the American home—items like cabinet sinks (*below*), ready-mixed paints and electrical appliances, which are becoming more and more necessary to a constantly rising standard of living.

Except for experts (*above*), hardware shoppers who buy tools usually refer to unfamiliar items as "gimmicks" or "what-do-you-call-thems." But modern stores make it easier for customers. They put as many articles as possible on counters where shoppers can find things without having to ask for them.

BY PERSONAL INSPECTION, this customer is weighing the merits of a cabinet sink.

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5-AND-10 AND UP

IN VARIETY STORES, men can buy anything from tire patches to paper and pencils.

PERHAPS THE BEST proof that Americans like to "shop around" is the rise of the "variety" or "five- and ten-cent" stores. Developed by F. W. Woolworth and designed to carry items selling for nickels and dimes only, variety stores now include more expensive articles to meet the increasing demands of American customers. But the original idea has not been lost. Variety stores give the American shopper a place where he can buy a great number of items without having to spend time visiting a dozen or so different stores.

In a "five and ten," shoppers buy what they please. Because they can pick up and handle almost every item on the long, attractive counters, they seldom leave without buying something.

"Five and tens" stock an average of 30,000 items. They make very little attempt to influence the shopper's choice, yet they find at the end of almost every sales period that advertised and brand-name products are usually their best sellers. Most shoppers are faithful to advertised items. Men, for instance, usually refuse to buy unfamiliar brands of shaving cream or razor blades, and many people would rather do without a dentifrice for a day or two than buy one they are not in the habit of using.

This loyalty to brands holds true for buyers of everything from bedding to candy. The American shopper has the greatest confidence in manufacturers who identify products by name or trade-mark.

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SO MANY THINGS crowd the counters in a "five and ten" that customers are often stumped for a choice. Variety counters are a delight to the "impulse buyers."

FAST BUYING and selling is the secret of the variety store. F. W. Woolworth found it was easier for most people to spend five nickels than a single quarter.

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THE AVERAGE AMERICAN WOMAN, WHO SPENDS MORE THAN $2,000 ANNUALLY ON HERSELF AND HER FAMILY, LOOKS FOR VALUE FIRST IN EVERYTHING SHE BUYS. SHE TRIES TO MAKE HER MONEY GO AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.

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His typewriters talk any language

by CLIVE HOWARD

Given a few days, Martin Tytell, an ingenious young New Yorker, can take any machine apart and put it together again to write anything from Cree to Persian

ANYONE WHO HAS taken a screwdriver to a faulty typewriter and sadly contemplated the resulting confusion of small parts will have high regard for the genius of Martin Tytell, who pulls typewriters apart and puts them back together so they will write in any one of 147 foreign languages, including Urdu, Dinka and Sanskrit.

If, for instance, you plan to sell Manhattan Island back to some worthy Indian and require a typewriter to record the bill of sale in authentic Cree, Tytell can solve your problem. By delving into his amazing stockpile of more than a million type faces, Tytell can convert the keyboard of any machine, portable or standard, into Cree in about two days.

Persian takes a little longer. Written like script, all letters must meet, and the position of a letter indicates its sound. Persian may also employ four characters with a single key. Dinka, a language spoken by more than a million natives in the Sudan, is astonishingly simple. But Arabic, Hindustani, Hebrew and Sanskrit, all written backward, call for the utmost in Ty-

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tell's talents as a linguistic scientist.

Martin Tytell, a 34-year-old New Yorker, has built a polyglot mousetrap which attracts people from every corner of the earth. Although American manufacturers have long built machines in the most commonly spoken foreign languages, such as French, German, Spanish and Russian, Tytell is one of the few men specializing in converting new and used American machines into foreign languages.

His customers are professors, language students, foreign shipping lines, export companies, United Nations delegates and even Hollywood film companies interested in translating the word colossal into as many languages as there are countries with movie houses.

Tytell has made some remarkable change-overs. Some years ago, when he was asked to convert a typewriter to Persian, he located an instructor in Persian at an Eastern university who briefed him in the intricacies of the language.

Together they studied many Persian documents to determine the characters recurring most frequently so that those characters could be strategically located on the keyboard. Working with a hand file, Tytell reversed and altered slightly a letter from one language, turned sideways the punctuation mark of another, cut into still others, and in ten days had the Persian keyboard completed.

So unique is Tytell's type collection that while he was a staff sergeant converting for the Army's translation offices, it became a military necessity to return him to his own office. For one 90-day period, to keep secret the work of converting machines into polyglot keyboards which wrote in 16 languages and were parachuted to OSS operatives in occupied countries, he was taken out of uniform.

TYTELL, WHO IS BLOND and fast talking, got into the language business in 1937, when a New York department store wanted a Burmese typewriter for a valuable client. Working with type faces and the copy of a Burmese keyboard provided by a manufacturer, Tytell filled the order in five days. Soon he was filling orders for machines in Malay, Urdu—even phonetic Japanese.

His enterprise now occupies two floors at 123 Fulton Street, where 11 technicians are kept busy filling orders from all over the world. One of them, Max Burstein, a Russian, was a prisoner of war at Dachau for four years. He survived only because the Nazis discovered he could convert captured Russian typewriters into German. After the war Burstein changed the same machines back to Russian.

Although Tytell has become an outstanding authority on the printed word, he does not regard himself as a linguist. His interest in languages extends only to the characters, numerals, punctuation marks and accents of languages which belong on a typewriter keyboard. He calls himself a linguistic scientist.

Tytell's mechanical genius probably would surprise the high-school teacher who witnessed the beginning of his career. While she was absent from the classroom, Tytell, then 13, began experimenting on her typewriter with a pocketknife. By the time she returned, Tytell

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was staring at a disorderly heap of parts. A repairman was called.

The third time this happened, the weary repairman said, "Look, kid, if you're going to keep pulling these things apart, you might as well learn to put them together."

At 15, Tytell was soliciting repair jobs after school. At 16, he shared a small office with the neighborhood plumber, and at 20 he established the business at 206 Broadway. Eight years later he moved to his present location.

Tytell's widely known willingness to perform any typewriter change has led him into strange avenues of business. One man recently asked for a machine with nothing but question marks. Furthermore, the question marks had to fall at different levels above and below the line. The customer refused to divulge the reason for his weird request.

Tytell also makes up typewriters for card players, with the diamond, club, spade and heart symbols on the keyboards. His oldest customer for this type of machine is a syndicated bridge columnist who finds he can now type what he once had to write in longhand.

That people with weird and difficult typewriter problems all seem to find their way to his shop no longer surprises Tytell. He has received several business letters from foreign countries addressed simply, "Tytell, the Typewriter Man, U.S.A." The letters reached him without delay.

A typewriter which has had its insides scrambled in an accident offers a challenge to Tytell. Recently he received 50 machines warped during a fire in a Tennessee warehouse. One machine has already been rebuilt—and looks almost new. This sort of business is sent to Tytell by dealers aware of his belief that the typewriter can rarely be damaged beyond salvage.

Tytell is also currently receiving a stream of foreign typewriters liberated by GIs, including portables designed for the German general staff. But the bulk of his business is converting American machines into foreign keyboards. Because many clients speak no English, the business conferences are conducted mostly in pantomime over six huge albums of keyboard blueprints, for which he has companion type faces in his collection.

An Indian delegate to the U.N. need only gesticulate happily when he has located the right dialect of his native tongue: Tytell has them all — Devanagari, Bengali, Gurmukhi and others. An Egyptian customer must be equally precise, indicating whether he requires a machine to write Egyptian with a French accent or in English, with a curious adaptation of the pound symbol to replace the dollar sign.

This system of business accord via the sign language works with everyone except the Greeks. There is no Greek keyboard, although most other countries long ago standardized arrangements. "Consequently," Tytell explains, "every Greek has a different idea of how the letters should be scrambled on his machine."

Recently, however, Tytell stumbled upon a happy solution to the problem. After advertising for a typewriter apprentice, he discovered among the applicants a young man who could speak Greek. Now,

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George Hadjapoulous frequently leaves his repair bench to deal with Greek clients.

Probably Tytell's best customers are members of the United Nations personnel. A guest book which he has kept since the U.N. convened at Lake Success reads like a roll call of the 55 nations represented. The French delegation is the top client, with Iraq not far behind. Only the Chinese failed to solve their problems at Tytell's.

Five members of the Chinese delegation conferred with Tytell to determine whether a Japanese machine on display in his shop could be converted into their language. Except for the characters, Chinese and Japanese machines are similar, although they are unlike standard typewriters. It was a conversion problem that Tytell would have enjoyed, but the cost of designing and casting 3,000 Chinese characters was prohibitive.

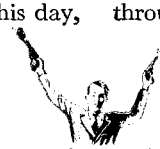
Tytell's most ambitious project was his collaboration with the late blind ex-Senator Robert Owen, who developed a global alphabet which he believed could bring the world closer to oneness. Owen studied the more than 300 known phonetic alphabets and devised 37 symbols which he said would suffice to identify every word in any spoken language.

Unlike Esperanto, which is a language all its own, Owen's alphabet is a master alphabet which combines the key sounds of all alphabets. Tytell has already installed the first global keyboard on a typewriter and hopes soon to present a number of similar machines to the U.N.

Widespread adoption of the global alphabet might conceivably put Tytell out of business. However, his devotion to the cause is absolute, for there are probably few men with a truer understanding of what is meant when a language is called a barrier between peoples.

Trial and Error

TEMPLE HOUSTON, ONE of the great trial lawyers of his day, was once defending a murderer. He realized that the case was going badly and that the jury was against him. Yet there were no grounds upon which Houston could ask for a new trial.



Then, relying on his dramatic skill, he began to describe the incidents that led to the killing. Slowly he built up to the climax, all the while advancing stealthily toward the jurymen. Nerves throughout the courtroom were ready to snap when he reached the fatal moment of the shooting. And at that moment he whipped out two guns and emptied them into the ceiling of the courtroom. The jury joined the panic-stricken mob in a mad stampede for the door.

Because the jurors had mingled with the crowd, Houston requested a new jury. And got it!

—From *How to Hold an Audience Without a Rope* by JOSH LEE, published by Ziff-Davis

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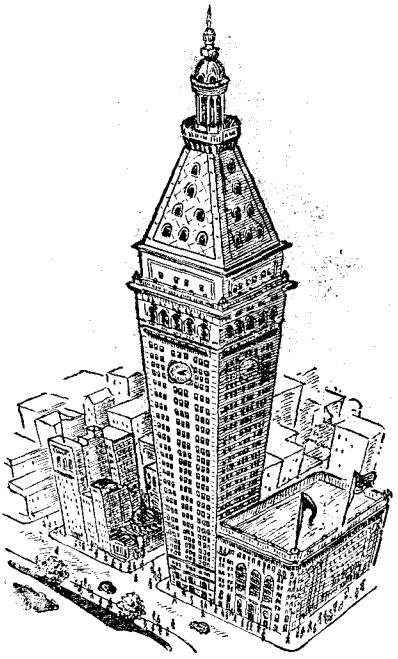

BIGGEST COMPANY in the U.S.A.

by NORMAN CARLISLE

IN A CHICAGO FLAT a doctor bends over the silent figure of a boy. "Good thing the nurse called when she did," he murmurs. "He'll be all right now."

In New York City a man emerges from a subway and walks past green lawns and gardens toward his home in the largest apartment project in the United States.

In Kansas a farmer looks across fertile acres, rippling with a bumper crop. As he turns to his gleaming white house he recalls the time when those same acres were bare and desolate.

In a Colorado mining town a frightened mother listens eagerly as a white-clad nurse gives instructions for tending her sick child.

Across the broad face of America, these things are happening every day. They may seem like isolated events, yet every one is linked to the operations of the incredible enterprise that is the biggest business in America — probably the biggest business in the world.

This colossus of business is the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, whose assets of $8,000,000,000 are larger than the entire budget of the U.S. Government in the fiscal year 1938. There are about 45,000,000 Metropolitan policies in force right now in the United States and Canada, which means that Metropolitan has 10,000,000 more policies in force than there are registered automobiles in the two countries.

At 1 Madison Avenue in New

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York City, beats the heart of this far-flung insurance empire. Beneath the famous clock tower that rises above Manhattan's Madison Square is a fantastic nerve center of activity. Physically, you see it in the form of two huge buildings that cover two city blocks. Within these buildings are 45 acres of floor space, which daily are invaded by 15,000 employees.

From the ten miles of files which keep track of Metropolitan policyholders run the invisible lines that link the home office with most of the towns and cities in the United States and Canada. So vast and scattered is the organization that for every employee in the New York office, there are two people working for the company elsewhere.

Along the miles of corridors at 1 Madison is a dizzying whirl of activity. Look, for instance, into the room where new ordinary policies are written. There sit scores of clerks who type in the names and information supplied by field agents. Flanking them is a brigade of employees who do nothing but read and check the policies that have just been typed. A good day's work ends with a whopping stack of 3,000 new policies, ready to be dropped into the mail.

Yet these policies are merely a small part of the outgoing mail, for the Metropolitan's mailing department is a full-scale post office. It handles as much traffic as passes through the post office of a city with 85,000 inhabitants, sending out 185,000 letters and receiving 167,000 every day.

Every day a golden flood of 32,000 checks pours out of the Metropolitan offices and into the hands of beneficiaries and policyholders. In money, these checks represent nearly $100 a second, $5,772 every minute of the business day. And the recipients are often startled to find them adorned with the illustrious names of Washington and Lincoln—the signatures of Leroy Lincoln, president of the Metropolitan, and Lawrence Washington, the company's assistant treasurer.

"Pay it fast" is the Metropolitan's slogan with death benefits. Most claim checks are on their way in less than 72 hours after claim papers have been received in the home office; some go out in 48. In an emergency, a district manager may make small payments without waiting for home-office action.

This is an old Metropolitan tradition. After the St. Louis tornado in 1896, in which 500 people were killed, the Metropolitan amazed the insurance world by paying on the spot without all of the usual proofs. It repeated the performance after the San Francisco earthquake. A temporary office was set up in a bowling alley where money was handed out to all who seemed to have a valid claim. Records were kept on the backs of tally sheets.

WHATEVER OFFICE you visit at 1 Madison, you will find happy-looking employees. Plainly, they like working for the Metropolitan—and you can't blame them. They get free medical and dental examinations annually. On rainy days, the company provides them with umbrellas. If they are hobby-minded or musical, they may join the camera club, the band, the glee club, the stamp-collecting club, the dramatic club or half a dozen other

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thriving organizations. For those who want exercise, the big company gymnasium is always available.

At mealtime, they can retire to one of the 16 lunchrooms where 3,400,000 meals were served last year. Here hungry employees manage to roll up a few big statistics of their own by eating 1,000,000 pounds of meat and poultry and drinking nearly 1,000,000 quarts of milk a year.

In all its history the Metropolitan has never fired a man without cause. During the Depression, when other companies were laying off workers, the Metropolitan did not let a single employee go for lack of business. All of which probably accounts for the fact that 91 per cent of the Metropolitan men in the home office who entered the services during World War II chose to come back to work. No employee ever forgets that Frederick Ecker, chairman of the board and one-time president, started out as a $4-a-week clerk and ended up with an average salary of $173,000 a year.

Any insurance business is based on statistical knowledge of the inexorable march of death. The Metropolitan has a saying: "We don't know who will die, but we know how many." And they do know, down to the last decimal point.

On the ninth floor of the Metropolitan's famous building is Dr. Louis I. Dublin, second vice-president and statistician, who knows an astonishing number of things about you, the American citizen. His staff of about 100 experts deals with dizzying whirls of figures, somehow translating them into information that finds the Metropolitan answering a daily barrage of questions from health officers, doctors, editors, statesmen, teachers, and just plain citizens who want to settle an argument.

These wizards of information can tell you, for instance, almost anything you want to know about your chances of marrying or of staying married. If you are a bachelor of 20, your chances of marrying are 93 in 100, but if a bachelor of 30, they drop to 72 in 100. If you are a girl of 20, your chances are 92 in 100, but only 55 in 100 if a spinster of 30.

Or they will tell you that if you are in the $10,000-a-year bracket, it will cost you $20,000 to raise each of your children to the age of 18, a figure that drops to $12,750 if your income is $5,000.

The questions that pour in by mail and telephone never cease. How many people in the U.S. have false teeth? Do people in higher income levels grow taller? What is the life expectancy of an alcoholic? Do bachelors live as long as married men? Trivial or serious, the Metropolitan's statisticians almost always have a ready answer, gleaned from thousands of bulging files and intricate tabulating machines.

The skyscraper at 1 Madison draws visitors from every walk of life. Through its ornate lobby pass famous doctors who have come to appraise health problems, important industrialists to talk about investments, noted architects to discuss plans for new Metropolitan building projects. Most numerous of the visitors, of course, are the policyholders who come by the thousands, for reasons ranging from sheer curiosity to the need for help.

The Metropolitan is big because it has been entrusted with the sav-

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ings of millions of people, and has invested its reserves at the highest rate of return obtainable with safety. You may not think of the dollars you pay for insurance premiums as savings, but that is what, in effect, most of these dollars turn out to be.

THE EPIC STORY of Metropolitan began in two crowded rooms at 243 Broadway in 1864. There the National Union Life and Limb Insurance Company set itself up to insure soldiers against Civil War casualties. But after selling only 17 life and 56 casualty policies in five months, the little company went through various reorganizations, finally emerging as the Metropolitan in 1868.

Prophetically, the first benefit was paid on the life of a Mr. Smith, whose heirs received $1,000. The directors, optimistic as they were, could not foresee the day when their struggling little company would grow to a giant that insured the lives of more than 300,000 Smiths.

For a time, all went well with the Metropolitan. Then hard times came and Joseph Knapp, the president, poured his own fortune into the company, for he was consumed with one idea—to make insurance available to the workingman. His field agents preached the gospel by offering policies for 25 cents a week. Then, when prosperity seemed at hand, disaster struck. Claims began to pour in faster than money to pay them off. Was the whole idea of industrial insurance destined to dismal failure?

Knapp hurriedly scraped up more money in the '80s, and somehow the corner was turned. From that time onward, the very name Metropolitan acquired the magic that seemed to insure success.

Then, in 1914, the Metropolitan amazed the world with a startling act of public service. Deciding to turn over the rich and powerful company to the policyholders, they sold their stock at about half its market value. Since 1915, the Metropolitan has been a mutual company, with any funds remaining out of the year's operation going back to policyholders after necessary reserves have been set up. Nobody makes private profit from the operations of this corporate giant.

Most heart-warming part of the Metropolitan's story is its battle to save lives. You will live longer because the Metropolitan dared to fight a long and courageous battle for better public health. Your baby has a better chance for a healthy start in life because the Metropolitan helped to prove that infant mortality could be sensationally reduced. You are more likely to get through this year without an accident, or to halt a disease before it becomes incurable, because the Metropolitan has spent millions to reach the public with vital safety and health lessons.

The crusade was launched early in the century by the Metropolitan vice-president, Haley Fiske, who later became president. In those days the idea of organized health education just hadn't taken hold. There were few nursing services, few clinics, no public crusades. Fiske saw this as a challenge to the Metropolitan, the company that had built its success on industrial policies, sold at low cost to the very workers who needed health services the most.

The job was entrusted to Dr. Lee

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Frankel, chemist who had become a champion of the welfare of the poor. In 1909, Dr. Dublin joined Frankel and together they plunged into the task of making the Metropolitan a fighter for better health.

One question baffled Frankel and Dublin from the start. How healthy was the nation? They wanted an exact summation of all sorts of medical facts that nobody in the insurance business had ever bothered to track down. Did people in certain occupations die younger than those in others? What did your racial background have to do with how long you would live? What were the real killers among the diseases?

The right source for information would seem to be the U.S. Bureau of the Census, but Dr. Dublin found himself stumped. The officials simply didn't know all the answers.

They told him that less than half the states bothered to register deaths. There was no information as to the causes of death among almost one-third of the population! Well, if Dublin and Frankel couldn't get the facts from the government, they would get them as best they could, meanwhile urging states to register vital statistics. One thing was plain from the company's own records: they had a real killer to start with. It was tuberculosis, which accounted for one out of five Metropolitan death claims.

The two crusaders put their heads together and came up with a terse booklet, "A War Upon Consumption." Its facts were rudimentary, yet unknown to vast numbers of people. As 3,500,000 booklets, in ten different languages, poured from the presses, results were electrifying. All over the country people were talking about the dread disease as they had never talked before. Other organizations helped in the fight, and soon the appalling tuberculosis toll began to drop.

Diphtheria, pneumonia, scarlet fever, diabetes, rheumatic fever—one after another the Metropolitan tackled these killers. Magazine advertisements, motion pictures and exhibits played their part, but always the booklets—millions of them—were at the heart of the campaign to save lives.

The company was not stopped by prejudices. In 1928, when syphilis was still mentioned in whispers, the Metropolitan boldly came out with a hard-hitting booklet, "The Great Imitator." It awakened millions to the need for a public onslaught on syphilis.

Only the busy printing presses of the U.S. Government can equal the output of this enterprise which has put nearly 1,500,000,000 booklets into the hands of the American people. But, you ask, what good is a booklet? The Metropolitan has a simple answer: "It saves lives." And amazingly enough, it does!

Glance at some titles and you will see why, for they offer a challenge to every reader. "There Is Something You Can Do About Cancer," "What Do You Know About Colds?" "Be On The Safe Side of Diphtheria," "What's Your Health Score?" "What's Ahead On The Highway?"

By hammering away at the need for safer auto traffic, the Metropolitan along with other organizations saw deaths from motor accidents among its industrial policyholders reduced more than one-

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fourth over a period of ten years.

The Metropolitan, however, didn't stop with booklets. Early in its crusade, it saw the need for nurses who could go into the homes of industrial policyholders. Few cities had any kind of public-health nursing service. Meager public funds were available, no standards had been set up.

Dr. Frankel talked to the Henry Street Nurses of New York, courageous pioneers in the field, and decided to hire them to visit the home of any policyholder in New York City when a member of the family was ill. Soon, in shabby tenements, the white-uniformed nurses became as familiar a sight as the already ever-present Metropolitan agent.

The company's directors had intended only a three-month trial program, but now they voted to spread it to other communities. The plan was to use visiting nurse associations—wherever they existed. But unfortunately, in most cities they didn't even exist.

Metropolitan nursing supervisors became missionaries, touring America, talking to women's clubs and organizations of all kinds, insisting that communities should tackle the job of setting up adequate nursing services. And the Metropolitan would help them to get started. If the services would meet the Metropolitan's high standards, the company would, in effect, subsidize the program by paying for any care given a policyholder.

Today, in thousands of towns and cities, the public-health nurse is going about on her helpful missions. While the Metropolitan still has 500 nurses of its own, it uses primarily the services of 809 nursing associations, serving altogether 7,703 communities. You can trace the fact that she does *good* work—or even that she is there at all—back to the days when the Metropolitan was pointing the way.

ALTHOUGH THE NURSING program was achieving wonders in the fight against tuberculosis, Dr. Frankel thought that something even more spectacular could be done. Gorgas had wiped out yellow fever on the island of Cuba. Suppose the Metropolitan created an "island"—an American community. Frankel made a bold offer to the National Tuberculosis Association. Pick a community, he said, and see if the goal of wiping out tuberculosis could not be achieved in three years. Metropolitan would pay the bills.

The town chosen was a typical industrial community of 17,000—Framingham, Massachusetts. To direct the medical experiment came young Dr. Donald Armstrong, already a leader in public health. Clubs, churches, societies banded together to give Dr. Armstrong every ounce of public backing.

The Framingham health census produced some shocking figures. One person in four had a fairly serious affliction; three in four had an ailment which could be improved by treatment. Instead of the reported 16 cases of tuberculosis, the survey found 96.

Armstrong proceeded to set up clinics and form a corps of full-time nurses and physicians. After three years they were making progress, but this ended the period set for the experiment. Would the Metropolitan keep on supplying money?

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The answer was yes, and six years after its start the experiment came to an official conclusion, with a total expenditure of $200,000.

Framingham now had medical as well as nursing care for school and pre-school children, clinics to combat common diseases. The tuberculosis rate had dropped 56 per cent! And it had gone down elsewhere too, thanks partly to publicity arising from Framingham's experience.

Another experiment was launched in Thetford Mines, Quebec, where a dreadful shadow hung over the modest homes of this asbestos mining town. Here, toward the close of World War I, *one baby in four* was doomed to die. Into this situation stepped the Metropolitan. A maternity center was set up. Specialists were brought in. Nurses preached their endless message of health to the wives of French-Canadian miners.

Somehow these women had to be taught that you can't rear healthy babies on a diet of cornstarch, potatoes and milk, and by treating their ailments with patent medicines. Six years later the Metropolitan was able to announce a startling fact: the death rate had been cut two-thirds!

Throughout the United States and Canada, new hope stirred. The value of public health programs was plain for all communities to see. Hundreds of them were spurred to inaugurate similar plans.

Soon, the programs had made such rapid progress that the great insurance company no longer had to stage these sweeping experiments by itself. The Metropolitan had shown the way—the way to a better and fuller and healthier life for people everywhere.

(In next month's Coronet, the second part of this article will conclude the story of how the Metropolitan and its agents have pioneered in welfare work throughout the nation.)

Sales Talk

IF YOU HAD 200 UMBRELLAS, and every rainy day you loaned one to any person who might walk in and ask for one, leaving a name and address—how many would you have left after six months?

A women's apparel shop in Cincinnati which has been doing just such lending ever since last February, as part of the store's service, offers an interesting answer. After six months, a census of the umbrella stock showed: umbrellas on hand, 197; storm casualties, 1; swiped by public, 2; new accounts opened, many. —*Better Way*

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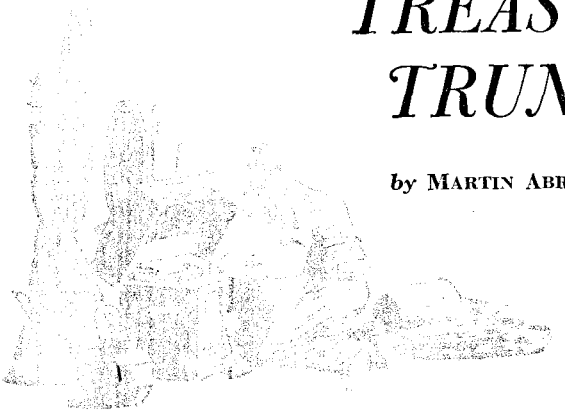
Wizard of the TREASURE TRUNKS

by MARTIN ABRAMSON



THE TELEPHONE at the Airline Luggage Shop in New York City came to life with a jangle. Frank Schrader picked up the receiver, listened intently, then said, "I'll take the night train." Next he dialed his wife's number. "Won't be home tonight," he told her. "I'm going up to Saratoga Springs on a business deal."

Next morning three men and a woman hovered nervously over Schrader in an old Saratoga homestead as he stabbed at an ancient trunk with a pocketknife. From the lid he scraped out a mirror in a rusty frame. Behind the mirror a secret compartment appeared. Back of that, Schrader pried open another compartment. Pearls, diamonds and rubies poured out.

The sudden flood of wealth was enough to topple the woman in a dead faint, while the three men—her brothers—demonstrated sheer delirium in action. The excitement, however, was only mildly interesting to Frank Schrader, who has dredged more lost treasures out of cobweb-covered luggage than Captain Kidd ever dreamed of.

To date the jovial, middle-aged proprietor of the Airline Shop on East 59th Street has unearthed some $3,000,000 worth of cash, jewelry, bonds and valuable documents, undoubtedly establishing him as one of the world's great Discoverers of Missing Fortunes.

Unlike the old-time buccaneers, however, Schrader doesn't pocket the treasures he finds. In the Saratoga case, the lucky parties had inherited an estate which included the battered trunk. Schrader's reward: a fee for uncovering the jewels.

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Schrader's treasure hunts are merely a side line to his regular business of designing, selling and repairing trunks—a business which has occupied him for 35 years. So intimate is his knowledge of luggage that he can tell almost at a glance how any trunk is constructed. Having designed hundreds of trunks with false bottoms and hidden drawers, no secret panel is likely to escape his probing.

Why should fortunes find their way into old trunks in dingy attics, instead of into respectable bank accounts and trust funds? Sometimes it represents a gesture of revenge by a wealthy testator who dislikes his heirs and wishes to conceal their anticipated inheritance. But for the most part, Schrader feels, it can be laid to the idiosyncrasies of old age.

"Some old people," he says, "are victims of strange delusions. Women especially. They get a complex—think somebody is out to steal their money. Banks aren't secure enough. Safes aren't acceptable because of robbers. So why not trunks, which would escape a thief's eye?

"Now these people don't necessarily intend to cheat their heirs. Sometimes they forget where they put their money. Other times they die before they pass on the secret to the rest of the family."

New York police, well aware of Schrader's ability to open any trunk lock ever made within 90 seconds, often enlist his services. One of his most famous treasure cases arose from the sudden death last year of Mrs. Minnie Rosser Weigle, 70-year-old New York eccentric.

Mrs. Weigle had lived a bird-like existence, wearing clothes in the style of 1890, confining her meals to milk and toast, and generally acting like a refugee from a poorhouse. When she was found dead in her hotel apartment, five locked trunks were among her belongings. Police promptly called the Airline Shop.

When Schrader opened the first piece of luggage, he found $89,500 in securities. Then he was called away before scrutinizing the other trunks. Police examined them and found nothing. Later, however, estate lawyers found bank vouchers showing that the recluse had possessed $500,000 in addition to the $89,500 already uncovered.

Immediately they claimed her hotel rooms and paid $100 monthly rental to exclude new tenants. Then for two months they ransacked the apartment. The trunks, of course, were not forgotten, but the lawyers examined them in vain. Then a porter in the hotel remembered Schrader and persuaded the lawyers to call him in again.

Schrader dismissed three of the four trunks without a second glance. "I could tell from their construction," he says, "that they contained no hidden compartments."

With the fourth one, however, out came the penknife. Schrader tore away the lining and found a hidden drawer. Inside was a soggy bundle. A $5,000 greenback lay on top; beneath were $1,000- and $500-bills totaling $469,500, plus a few diamond and emerald rings.

SCHRADER, WHOSE PRIMARY interest is the trunk rather than its contents, specializes in repairing antique luggage handed down to present-day descendants of some of America's first families. He travels to countless estate auctions and

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buys old trunks in order to use their parts for repair purposes.

On one of these auction trips his services were enlisted to locate some priceless letters from the pen of George Washington. The heirs of an 83-year-old woman had been unable to find the correspondence which, they confided with some embarrassment, comprised love letters sent by America's first President to their mother's great-grandmother. But none of the luggage left by the deceased contained the papers. Schrader decided to extend his search to historic paintings which lined the walls of the mansion.

"I didn't really think there was anything hidden behind them," he says, "but my daughter Cecelia is such an art fan that I thought I might be able to get one of the paintings for her."

One portrait was of Washington himself. This seemed the logical hideout for the gentleman's correspondence, so Schrader took it down from the wall. It was like rolling dice and having a seven come up. The papers—"and they were certainly mash notes," says Schrader — were stuffed between the canvas and the frame. Collectors reckon their value at $25,000. To the family involved, it was worth much more. But to the trunk detective, it all added up to one free painting—which he received as a present from his grateful clients.

Schrader is often hired to prowl through trunks for purposes far removed from treasure or document hunting. Hotels, for instance, use him to help guests who lose luggage keys. Sometimes the hostelries slip him a more discreet task, as when they are harboring a guest who poses as a captain of industry but who is behind in his rent. In order not to embarrass the visitor should he turn out to be as advertised, Schrader opens his trunk. Then the manager goes through the private effects to determine whether the guest is an impostor.

During the war, the FBI likewise made use of Schrader's talents. When searching the quarters of a supposed enemy agent, they called on the trunk detective. If important evidence was uncovered, they closed in on their quarry.

Since Frank Schrader has found so much hidden wealth for others, it is logical to assume that he longs to uncover a million in some moth-encrusted suitcase to which he can lay undisputed claim. Such, however, is not the case.

"People who inherit fortunes usually wind up with unhappy, broken lives," Schrader points out. "They lose all sense of proportion, become hopelessly neurotic.

"I don't want that to happen to me. So if I were ever to discover a fortune for myself, I'd contribute every cent to cancer research. Then I could live at peace with myself and the rest of the world."

Every kind and good deed is in itself a press agent for God.
—CARDINAL FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN

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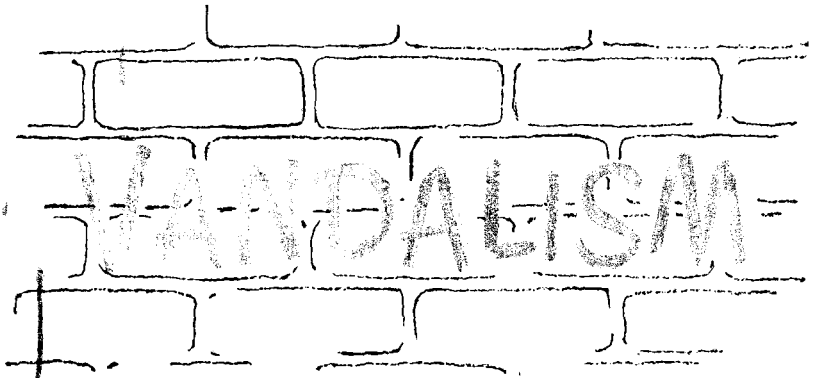

a National Disgrace

by MADELYN WOOD

INSIDE THE LITTLE white church that I had remembered since my childhood, I stopped to stare in amazement. The place was a shambles. Every window in the church had been smashed, the door hung by one twisted hinge. The pews were thrown in a wild heap, the pulpit was splintered, and on the walls were scrawled obscene words.

Here are shocking facts about the ugly wave of wanton destruction that is endangering lives and costing millions of dollars in property damage

These were not the ravages of abandonment, not the imprints of passing years that had turned the yard into a tangle of weeds. These were the marks of human beings.

I walked out into the clean Wisconsin sunlight with a sense of shame, for I had thought I lived in a land where churches were respected. Then my mind jumped to a seemingly unrelated incident that I had witnessed not far from my home in New Jersey.

An old man was crying in the street, after his vegetable wagon had been sideswiped by a car. Silently he began to collect his scattered produce. A group of boys stared for a moment, then picked up the vegetables and hurled them at passing cars. Neither the old man's cries—nor the tears in his eyes — gave them pause. It took adult intervention to end this shocking display of selfish inconsideration.

There is a connection between these events, a link that symbolizes something ugly and frightening in American life. Here was senseless, unreasoning destruction of property, done in the first instance with no regard for an institution that we regard as sacred, and in the second

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with none for the welfare or feelings of a helpless human being.

There is a word for this ugly and frightening thing—vandalism. Today, it is appearing with alarming frequency in our newspapers, for vandalism is a force that has now reached sinister proportions. It is corroding something fine in our traditional way of life.

But don't make the mistake of thinking that vandalism is practiced only by juvenile delinquents, or that it is exemplified only by wanton destruction. Adults are equally to blame—the tourist who defaces property with inané scribblings, the parent who "collects" souvenirs in public places, the teacher who fails to impress upon youngsters a high regard for the property of others.

These adults, unwittingly or not, encourage the spread of vandalism by setting bad examples for younger minds to follow. Hence they must share responsibility for deepening a national disgrace that costs us millions a year and wreaks irreparable harm to private and public property everywhere. In fact, vandalism sometimes takes human lives. Witness what happened on the railroad tracks near Walton, Indiana, when a couple of boys decided to have a little "fun."

A Chicago-bound train was speeding along when suddenly the locomotive lurched off the tracks, pulling five coaches with it. There were screams of fear and pain as passengers fought to get free of the wreckage. While doctors worked over the injured, two boys watched with wide-eyed interest.

Four people died in that wreck. And what had caused it? The two boys—10 and 12 years old—who confessed that they had rolled a bale of fence wire onto the tracks and then calmly waited around to "see what would happen."

Five Brooklyn boys, ranging in age from 10 to 14, felt in need of a little "fun" too. They decided to wreck a school building. Using fire axes from the walls, they smashed the science laboratories into a mass of shattered glass. They attacked the commercial department, hurling typewriters to the floor, hammering the keyboards of adding machines, breaking desks.

In the art rooms, they slashed tubes of oil paint and threw thousands of drawings into trampled heaps. In the domestic science room they pulled sewing machines to pieces and ripped fabrics.

In the halls, they went after the statues of great Americans, disdainfully smashing the visage of Lincoln. As a final gesture, they turned their attention to the band instruments, joyously destroying 55 of them. Of the 70 rooms in the five-story high school, 60 were wrecked.

WHAT KIND OF INSANITY urged these boys on? They were not pupils of the school, they were not consciously mad at anybody. It was all done "just for fun."

Talk to police chiefs and social workers and they will tell you that those three words, "just for fun," run like a weird refrain through reports on vandalism cases. No matter how savage the act, most vandals use that phrase as an excuse. Purposeful crime is understandable, but it is hard to fathom the kind of thinking that permits one to commit the most shocking act of de-

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struction without the slightest thought of consequences.

Psychologists, however, offer an explanation. Inherent in all of us is an urge to destroy, though most of us have created mental barriers against this primitive desire. But in some minds these barriers have never been properly established, or can easily be broken under pressure. Take a normal exuberant boy and repress him at home, deprive him of proper outlets for his energies, and he may express his resentment by being destructive.

When the five boys who wrecked the high school said they were having "fun," they really meant that they were achieving "satisfaction" of a very real desire. They had not received a proper education, they had not been taught respect for property, they had never learned that wanton destruction is the same as hurting people.

Hardly a city in the country has escaped vandalism aimed at the schools. In Springfield, Massachusetts, a group of boys smashed every window in a school, broke mirrors, tore up books, battered radios, and for good measure sprayed the wreckage with chemicals.

In Newark, New Jersey, three schools were raided on a holiday. Using umbrella stands as battering rams, the vandals ruined clocks, smashed windows, broke doors. The contents of desks were strewn through the buildings and books were pulled from shelves.

To educators, this sort of vandalism is a frightening phenomenon that can't be written off as merely a rebellion against school authority. The sheer destructiveness of the attacks on schools shows that here is something quite different from the wastebasket-upsetting and initial-carving of the past.

The housing shortage has virtually done away with a favorite target of vandals, the deserted house. But there are still many summer cottages which stand unprotected. If you should want to insure such an unoccupied dwelling against vandalism, you will pay an enormous premium—conclusive proof of the risk involved.

A veterans' organization in Roselle, New Jersey, bought a vacant mansion for use as a war-memorial home. Before it could be developed, however, it was visited by vandals. A mahogany staircase was chopped with an ax, stained-glass windows were shattered, gaping holes were knocked in the walls.

In a resort area near Minneapolis, a community recreation home met a similar fate. In Maine, a hunting and fishing club, owned by a Boston civic organization, was raided by three youngsters. They broke every window, smashed all the furniture, ripped curtains, and for good measure cut holes in the roof so that rain would complete the damage they had done.

Do these vandals come only from the slums, which lack decent homes and adequate playgrounds for their children? Not at all. A startling percentage of youngsters booked on vandalism charges come from what we like to call the "best" homes. Ask the police of Atlanta, Georgia, about that fact and they will tell you what happened on the North Side, the city's finest residential section.

A virtual reign of terror made it dangerous to leave a home un-

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guarded. Young vandals broke windows, shattered mirrors, chopped up radios and pianos, threw eggs and catsup onto walls and draperies. An hour's visit by a gang could turn a beautiful residence into a shambles. Why? The answer was always the same: "Just for fun."

NOTHING ESCAPES the savagery of the vandal, as the U. S. Navy learned when it invited a "proud and respectful" citizenry to inspect the battleship *Missouri* at anchor in New York harbor. After the tour was over, an officer said: "We can take the Kamikaze attacks, but deliver us from the public."

He had good reason for that statement, for the "Mighty Mo," which had fought gallantly through the war and was finally the scene of the historic Japanese surrender, suffered humiliating defeat at the hands of her own people.

Thousands of New Yorkers swarmed aboard. On one day alone, 60,000 school children inspected the famous battlecraft. By nightfall the ship bore the marks of her young visitors from stem to stern. Turrets were scratched by countless initials, cut with penknives. Dozens of objects small enough to be concealed in a pocket had been removed, obviously with screwdrivers and pliers.

A life raft was cut loose and crashed to the deck. Fire nozzles disappeared. Name plates and identifying tags on doors were taken. Even the metal plaque commemorating the Tokyo surrender was battered in efforts to pry it loose. And all this had been done in spite of doubled guards and vigilance by teachers who were shepherding the youngsters through the ship.

But this sordid story of vandalism cannot be charged off to juvenile delinquency, for many of the *Missouri* visitors were supposedly adult people—the same kind of people who make destructive onslaughts on our parks and national shrines. Only eternal vigilance by officials keeps the damage from being even worse than it is.

At the Statue of Liberty, a losing battle has been waged for years to save its inner walls from defacement by knives, pens, pencils and lipstick. Drive through the Shenandoah National Park, and high above Skyline Drive you can see the scrawled writings of vandals who have no greater respect for natural beauty than for man-made monuments.

In Yellowstone and other national parks, trail markers are torn up almost as fast as they are replaced. Still other American tourists have left some ugly records of their visit to the Washington Monument, Valley Forge, Independence Hall, Lee's Mansion and Arlington National Cemetery.

At Charlotte Courthouse in Virginia, markers over the graves of Patrick Henry and his daughter were pried up and damaged. In Fall River, Massachusetts, a Civil War monument was recently attacked by vandals, who threw the bronze statue of a Union soldier from its pedestal.

No one knows just how much the various forms of vandalism in our parks may cost, but responsible officials willing to hazard a guess say the figure is way up in the millions; it includes not only the damage done, but also the cost of

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maintaining a veritable army of guards to protect public property.

Although most of our occupation troops in Europe were orderly enough, there has been an appalling amount of wanton vandalism overseas. The shenanigans of our soldiers have cost us well over $10,000,000 so far, and may cost us many times that amount before we're through paying claims to outraged citizens of foreign lands.

There was, for instance, the case of the beautiful French chateau. It survived the war without damage until some Yanks came along and pumped it full of tracer bullets. The Army paid $12,000 damages. And in Belgium, a priest reported that American vandals had run off with the golden chalice of his church. In a French town, the fire department vainly fought a blaze that completely gutted a house. The fire had been set by a couple of American soldiers whose only excuse was that they hadn't seen a good fire in a long time.

Still another form of vandalism is practiced by people who get their hands on firearms. Wherever hunters gather, they try out their guns in a form of adult vandalism that is as dangerous as it is destructive. A Wisconsin farmer reports that every year hunters shoot out the windows in his barn. The owner of a West Virginia gas station watched helplessly while hunters shot the bulbs from above his pumps. In Michigan, "sportsmen" actually plugged bullets into the lights of a dance hall.

In every state, highway departments report that road markers are regularly shot to pieces. Colorado loses 3,000 signs annually. In fact, the situation there is so bad that the highway department has erected bull's-eye posts beside curve signs, in the hope that the original markers will thus be spared by trigger-happy marksmen.

IT IS PARTICULARLY shocking to see the consequences of vandalism in houses of worship. In a Brooklyn synagogue, furniture was chopped to pieces, windows were smashed, sacred writings were torn apart. The whole edifice was strewn with wreckage. When three youngsters were apprehended, they cheerfully admitted that they had simply decided "to wreck the place." But they held nothing against the Jewish faith. As far as they were concerned, the church might have been of any denomination.

In New York City, a Catholic church was repeatedly sacked. At one time the gang of boys set a fire behind the altar. The most shocking act of all was the outrage perpetrated on a lifesize crucifix. An arm from the figure of Christ lay shattered on the floor, a symbol of unthinking profanation.

In New England, five youthful church vandals centered their attack on the expensive organ, shattering the pipes with an axe and chopping the keyboard into pieces. They also smashed stained-glass windows and pushed over the baptismal font.

An ugly business, isn't it? And who is to blame? Parents? Schools? Law-enforcement agencies? No matter with whom the chief fault lies, it is clear that somehow we are failing to instill into youngsters a correct regard for the property of other individuals and the public;

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somehow a lot of adults fail to realize the stark fact that by their own conduct they are setting glaringly bad examples.

Yet there *are* some answers to the serious problems presented by the growing menace of vandalism. There is an answer in your own home, where you have the chance not only to teach your children respect for property but also to give them constructive outlets for energy.

There is an answer in the schools, where teachers can recognize the problem and deal with it wisely. In Denver schools, making the youngsters personally repair the damage worked wonders, especially when accompanied by a campaign to teach respect for property.

There is an answer in the community, which can do what Kansas City has done by providing more playgrounds and directing recreational activities.

And finally, there is an answer in your own conduct, for vandalism thrives on example. Would you smash a church? Of course not! But have you ever carved your initials on a park tree? Actually they are both acts of vandalism, differing only in degree.

There are no pat and easy solutions to the problem of vandalism, yet it is time we recognized it as a growing danger. A grim incident that happened in New York City can happen in any town that fails to recognize the problem.

A group of youngsters gathered one day in an abandoned ice house. "Let's start a fire," one said. The other boys fell in with the suggestion—and then left the building without extinguishing the embers.

Relentlessly the flames ate through the floor. Finally, during the night, the heavy structure collapsed, crashing against a nearby tenement. In the crumbled ruins that were a monument to "just-for-fun" vandalism, 38 men, women and children died.

Pattern for Prosperity

A TRANSCONTINENTAL motorist got off the road in the "lost" part of the Ozarks. Luckily, he managed to discover a lonely farmhouse just as night was falling. The farmer who answered his knock gave the motorist permission to spend the night.

After supper, the motorist settled down for a talk with his host. "Looks pretty tough to make a farm pay in this part of the country," he said. "How do you manage to make a go of things?"

The host scratched his thin beard, pointed to the hired man eating silently at the end of the table, and said: "See that fellow down there? Well, he works for me, and I can't pay him. So in two years he gets the farm. Then I work for him till I get it back. We've been doing that now for 22 years, and things are so prosperous that we're thinking of getting a partner!"

—From *Jokes, Gags and Wisecracks*, by TED SHANE, published by Dell Publishing Company

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The Town That Students Saved

Worn and tired, Holtville, Alabama, was a dreary village until its young people worked a miracle to revive it

by CAROL HUGHES

SOME 15 YEARS AGO, Holtville, Alabama, was just another farm village—a dull little spot with one filling station and a highway running through the middle. Populated mostly by poor, uninspired folk, its 125 families were bound by chains of habit: work by day, to bed early, same crop, no amusements.

The land was worn, bare, tired—so were its people. There was no community life. The nearest city, Montgomery, was 25 miles away. In 1938 a stolid old-timer said: "Holtville is a dying duck." But within the past eight years, a miracle has been wrought in this little farm community.

Today, its once weather-beaten homes are shining inside and out. Trim tidiness, white picket fences and excellent landscaping make it a place of prosperity and beauty. All this new life has been breathed into the village because of the far-sighted students of Holtville Consolidated High School.

Student-run enterprises, ranging from helping a farmer slaughter meat to running a bank, have made Holtville one of the busiest rural communities in the South and one of the most progressive. Wells have been replaced with running water, kerosene lamps have given way to electricity, all because some 400 students rebelled at the idea of winding up as "sharecroppers" after finishing school.

"Boys and girls can work miracles under their own power," says Principal James Chrietzberg in revealing the story of his Holtville school. "They may need a little help in the beginning, but after that, you'd better watch out or you'll get run over."

The remaking of Holtville began one day when a group of students were sitting in front of the old wooden schoolhouse. Their limitations weighed heavily on their spirits as they talked about the drab life that stretched ahead. Embittered by poverty, hardships and solitude, one girl said: "I'd like to

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go somewhere besides the well and the woodpile before I die."

Then a boy spoke up: "I guess I'll be a plow mule all my life."

Another girl, turning the pages of a magazine, pointed to a shining modern home. "Gee," she said, "I wish we could live like that!"

Suddenly one of her friends said: "Those houses in the magazine are just pretty because they're painted and have trees. There are 400 of us here in school. Why don't we do the same thing?"

There was a stunned silence. The girl with the magazine looked up. "Yes," she said thoughtfully, "why don't we?"

The boys stared. Then like an electric shock the idea began to penetrate all at once. Why not? After all, they were 400 strong—they could do anything.

In this inspired atmosphere, they appointed a committee to acquaint the principal and the agricultural teacher, J. R. Fremby, with their plans. In a blanket indictment of the unkempt village, they asked Fremby to help them in a landscaping program. Both Chrietzberg and Fremby were enthusiastic. Then things began to happen.

Next day, armed with rakes, hoes and shrubbery, the agricultural class descended on the village. Parents were justifiably bewildered at first—and then delighted.

THE NEXT STAGE of student cooperation was an ambitious one. Fremby spoke to the assembled group, pointing out that financially the community was ailing, due to neglect. Farmers, he said, were losing 25 to 50 per cent of their meat from spoilage. What the community needed badly was a quick-freeze plant.

A few minutes after the speech, Chrietzberg was approached by a group of boys. "Why can't we slaughter the meat here and build our own quick-freeze plant?" they wanted to know.

"Do you know what hard work it is?" the principal asked with a smile. Being farm boys, they smiled back. "Let's get the money," they said.

At the next board meeting, Chrietzberg put the idea before trustees C. J. Brown, B. E. Myrick and Wesley Curlee. Promptly it was approved. Then a group of local farmers who were taking night courses at the school agreed to teach the boys the art of slaughtering. A cooperative of 12 men was formed, and with the aid of Brown, a construction man, the school borrowed $13,500 from the Farm Security Administration. Then Brown chose 15 boys as a construction crew.

It was back-breaking work, but the youngsters never let up. While the crew of 15 did the building, the others carried lumber and bricks. When the plant was finished, the students turned to killing hogs, salting down hams, shoulders and sides. They even learned to make lard and sausage.

Quick-freeze lockers were rented to farmers for storage. By 1944 the plant, valued at $50,000, had paid for itself. And during that year alone, the students earned $3,880 in labor pay, all of which went into a school pool.

The success of the plant spread enthusiasm among the townspeople, but it made the school a beehive of activity. The youngsters now had

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the answer to their problems—the rest was just a matter of planning and hard work.

The girls went to Chrietzberg with their idea for a cannery. Again the principal beamed. He hired Mrs. Margaret Holt, who had visited Georgia canneries, to help.

"At least $300 a year can be saved by housewives with proper canning," she told the girls.

Again the principal went to the school board. He knew of a cannery owned by Tuskegee Institute that could be bought. The Board agreed, so did FSA. Once more, the boys went to work at building.

The first canning group in 1939 had to explain operations to the parents. Housewives watched in awe as their daughters went about the business of canning with efficient ease. Then, in the summer of 1942, community enthusiasm knew no bounds when the school opened a hatchery. Now Holtville had the basis for continued prosperity.

THE FIRST FRUITS of their labors were satisfying to the students, but only a beginning of their dreams. Their urge to better themselves took a new turn. Why couldn't they bring modern conveniences to Holtville—lights and water?

"You can," was Principal Chrietzberg's reply.

All agreed to take $5,000 from their profit pool and buy the essentials for a water-supply system. Hacking, sawing, digging, the boys developed and connected the seven springs of the community into an 18,000-gallon reservoir. At the same time another group was helping to wire houses for current to be bought from the Alabama Power Company. Then, just as the community was preparing for a giant celebration, tragedy struck.

A giant glow lit up the skies of Holtville and horrified cries ran through the homes. "The quick-freeze plant is on fire!" In the bleak night, hundreds of students watched all their efforts come to an inglorious end. With no fire-fighting equipment available, the refrigeration plant, the cannery and the hatchery went up in flames. And there was not a dime of insurance.

Despair filled the students as they stood silently by. Then one of the boys spoke up. "You know, that darn plant wasn't nearly big enough for this community. Let's make the next one a humdinger, big enough to take care of the county!"

And that's exactly what they did.

It wasn't easy to start all over, but the faith of the Holtville students never wavered. In those war years, there was a shortage of farm labor, so every pupil put himself up "for hire." Working as peanut pickers, corn shuckers, plowmen—anything a farmer needed—they pooled their money to buy farm machinery. Then they rented both machines and the manpower to operate them.

Each day between classes, after school, in the evening, they rode forth on their vehicles like conquerors. They cut hay at $2 an acre, baled it at $3 a ton, and banked thousands of dollars in profits.

Purchase of the farm machinery affected agriculture around Holtville in more than one way. Through the use of the school tractors, thousands of acres have been saved from erosion by terracing projects. Another group of students planted

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65,000 trees on soil donated by the Alabama Power Company. Agricultural experiments have introduced many new crops, the most profitable being peach trees, of which 50,000 have been planted.

The girls, who have kept pace with the boys, no longer have to trek 25 miles to get a permanent or shampoo. A dozen of them put their heads together, borrowed funds and organized their own beauty shop right in Holtville. Not only has the shop turned out to be a money-maker but the girls have added a new course—beauty culture—to their amazing high school.

Having won state-wide esteem for their valor, the students decided to add a little fun to their diet of work and study. Dipping into the profit pool, they purchased a movie projector. Now, each Friday and Saturday night the auditorium is turned into a theater where, for ten cents admission, the latest pictures are shown.

Today, Holtville Consolidated has become the "big farm school" of the state. In contrast to the old building, the 500 students now have 22 buildings spread across a campus of 45 acres. The girls enjoy their own private "home," a one-story building containing every type of room needed for the teaching of home economics. The boys' machine shop, valued at more than $50,000, is a mechanics' dream.

Consolidated students are now building three dams in the state, adding $961 a month to the cooperative school treasury for improvements. New projects, such as a museum, a photography department and a dental clinic, are under consideration, too.

"What we have done can be done by any school, anywhere," says Principal Chrietzberg, "if the ideals are high and the spirit of cooperation is unselfish. Here, each student has worked devotedly for the good of the whole—and they have become the undisputed leaders of their little domain."

Conversation Stoppers

THE WIFE APPEARED before the police-court judge and told what seemed an endless account of her errant husband, who stood forlornly by. The judge sighed with relief when at last he thought the woman's tale of woe had ended. His relief was short-lived, for she went on to say, "That's my side of the story; now I'll tell you his."

THE LITTLE GIRL WENT to church for the first time. Afterward, the minister asked her how she enjoyed the service.

"Well," she said, "I thought the music was very nice, but your commercial was too long."

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Looking South

Oscar Sweet; New York, N. Y.

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O. Pfeifer; Lucerne, S

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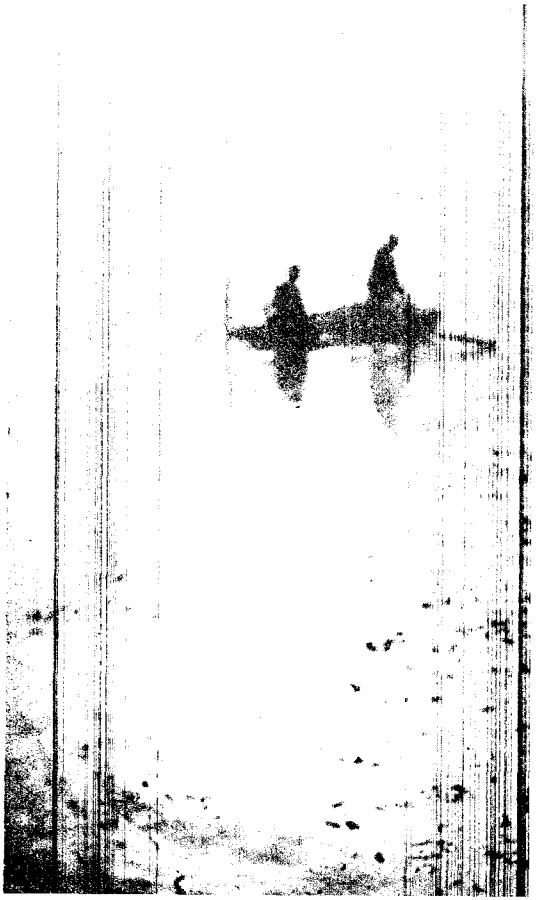

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ıuld break." Louis Douthat; Cincinnati, Ohio

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Ambush in a Green Hell

by A. B. GENUNG

Here is the story of the gallant death of General Braddock in a dramatic chapter of American history

WHEN YOU VISIT Mount Vernon you will see, in a corner of the little museum on the grounds, a large maroon scarf such as English officers used to wear. Today it hangs peacefully in its glass case. But when that crimson sash came into the hands of young George Washington some 190 years ago, it was wet with the blood of one of England's best generals.

In the summer of 1755, Braddock's Expedition was marching against Fort Duquesne, key French post at the Forks of the Ohio. Some day it would be called Fort Pitt, later Pittsburgh. While the English army rested at Fort Cumberland on the upper Potomac, a band of white men, painted like Indians, came into camp. Their leader was Captain Jack, the Black Rifle of border fame.

"There's 500 redskins at the Forks," Captain Jack warned. "Pontiac's there with his Ottawas. Ye better let us—an' the Oneidas, too—range well ahead."

The general coldly eyed the unmilitary crew. "I will take that log fort and all the Ohio Valley before frost," he snapped. Then added, "And without the help of savages."

Captain Jack and his wild band stared at the general, then stalked away as silently as they had come. Border veterans in camp shook their heads ominously as these backwoods sharpshooters vanished.

Maj. Gen. Edward Braddock, with 45 years' service in the Coldstream Guards, was the embodiment of British military virtues and ineptitude. He was brave, honest, imperious, bullheaded. He considered English troops invincible, and despised American arms, Indian and provincial alike, with the arrogance of British high-rankers.

Yet it wasn't long after the powerful expedition had left Fort Cumberland, plunging westward into

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wilderness, that the Indians and frontiersmen with the army began to be grimly critical. Hadn't the general ever heard of an ambuscade? The Indian chiefs asked for a council with Braddock.

The general's neck reddened to the hue of his gold-laced coat as he listened to this effrontery from naked savages. He dismissed them, coldly refusing to waste time discussing his military technique. What had 1,460 of His Majesty's regulars to fear from a handful of Canadian habitants and aborigines?

But one of his aides, who did not share the general's contempt for the enemy, persuaded some Iroquois who were his personal friends to stand by. The aide was Lieut. Col. George Washington, who at 23 commanded 450 bluecoats, the Virginia militia.

WONDERFUL WAS the spectacle of that red-uniformed army pushing its way, yard by yard, through primeval forest; 250 axemen led the way, cutting trees, leveling hummocks, bridging brooks for that 12-foot road which was to become Braddock's one enduring monument. For miles back along its leafy tunnel twisted the column of soldiers, cannon, wagons and packhorses. All too many of the horses were loaded with officers' baggage —boots, hams, cheese, sugar, chocolate, biscuit, rum and many other indispensables, without which British general and subaltern alike had refused to brave the wilderness.

When they reached Great Meadows, men were sick and horses played out. Braddock, on Washington's advice, decided to leave these and the heavy baggage under Colonel Dunbar and push ahead with picked troops, since Indian runners told of reinforcements on the way to Duquesne. Some 1,200 soldiers, plus officers, artillery, wagons and horses comprised the force that pushed on.

On July 9, 1755, they forded the Monongahela, shrouded in morning mist. Then, at 1 o'clock that fateful day, they came to the place lower down the river where they would ford again. Here, only seven miles from Duquesne, was a likely spot for attack.

A strong party was sent across to reconnoiter, but all was quiet. Then slowly the cavalcade splashed through the shallows, halting at a deserted cabin on the east bank. Washington, sick with fever and barely able to sit his horse, knew this place well. He had slept in that cabin two winters before.

There, winding down-river, ran the path to Duquesne. After halting to eat, the army started up again. Suddenly, commotion ahead. Guides and a few horsemen came running back. The woods were swarming with Indians!

Promptly the terrible war whoop shrilled through the forest. Guns blazed, bullets pelting the English advance files. They had walked blindly into ambush. So began that battle of Braddock Field.

At once Colonel Gage's disciplined column wheeled into line and fired neatly spaced volleys into the trees. Among the attackers, most of the Indians fighting with them broke and fled—but returned to battle, inspired by the courage of the French and Canadians.

Gage got his cannon unlimbered and banged away into the forest.

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Redcoats in close ranks moved forward shouting "God save the King!" as they had been trained to do. But those brave Englishmen were under murderous fire. A hail of lead was coming from every tree and log on both flanks. On the left lay the Western Indians, led by the great Pontiac. In the woods up on the hill were Mingoes, Shawnees, and Northern tribesmen responsive to a Seneca chief named Kiashuta.

Here, then, in deadly action were those American savages that Braddock had held in such contempt. This was not Flanders, where the enemy formed in solid ranks to shoot and be shot at. How was a man to aim at a foe as elusive as drifting smoke in the forest? Yet the fire from those unseen marksmen was terrible.

WHEN BRADDOCK HEARD the firing he pushed forward along the narrow trail with the main body. But Gage's soldiers had abandoned their cannon and begun to fall back, redcoated figures strewing the ground. Already these men were touched by panic. They tried to find cover behind advancing units. The regiments mixed in confusion. Soon these British regulars were a mob of bewildered men standing in the open, some facing one way, some another, firing blindly into the trees.

Braddock plunged back and forth on his gray horse, fiercely ordering the men into ranks, attempting to create a solid front of the only kind he knew. Suddenly his splendid dappled horse went down in a welter of blood. The general picked himself up and mounted another horse.

Meanwhile the veteran Virginia militia had taken cover behind logs and trees, fighting back against the Indians in the effective way of frontiersmen. Braddock was outraged at what he considered cowardice. With curses seasoned in years of barracks, he ordered them to stand up and form ranks.

A half-crazed redcoat lurched by, his arm dripping blood. "Wot is a man to shoot at? I 'aven't seen a single bloody Frencher since this began!" he cried.

The general struck him and others with the flat of his sword. "Get back in ranks!" he thundered. "Shoot at their smoke!"

But smoke was everywhere.

On his side the crafty Pontiac was slowly working toward the British rear. Better than any other enemy leader, he sensed the magnitude of the victory he was shaping. Incredible that any commander would herd his men in the open and hold them to be butchered. Even the poorest Indian shot could lay his rifle across a tree trunk and hit a living target huddled in the brilliant sunshine.

The demoralized English army was melting away like wheat in a hailstorm. "The artillerymen stood for some time by their guns, which did great damage to the trees and little to the enemy. The soldiers, stupefied with terror, stood panting, loading and firing mechanically, sometimes into the air, sometimes among their own comrades, many of whom they killed."

So runs Parkman's graphic account of the battle. . . . "Braddock on horseback dashed to and fro like a madman. Four horses were shot under him and he mounted a

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fifth. Washington seconded his chief with equal courage; he, too, no doubt used strong language, for he did not measure words when the fit was on him. He escaped as by a miracle. Two horses were killed under him, and four bullets tore his clothes."

Some 700 redcoated men lay like cardinal flowers among the bushes and trees. In places the bodies were piled in heaps. Of 86 officers, 63 were killed or disabled. A trained European army had been beaten by half its number of American redskins.

Braddock saw that all was lost. To save his force from annihilation, he at last commanded a retreat. As he and those officers who were left strove to withdraw the half-frenzied crew, a bullet struck him down. The gallant bulldog fell from his horse, shot through the lungs. He lay among the bushes, bleeding, gasping, unable even to curse. He demanded to be left where he was. Captain Stewart and another provincial bore him to the rear.

THE 23-YEAR-OLD lieutenant-colonel of Virginia militia now took command. His own blue-coated Virginians had also suffered heavily; out of three companies scarcely 30 men were left alive. But no one could now control the English soldiers, maddened as they were by fear. For three hours they had sweated and bled in that green hell. Now the ultimate stage of panic was on them.

Many managed to catch horses which were lunging all about; they galloped back along the trail as though the devil were prodding them. Others cast away packs, guns, canteens, and with glazed eyes ran for life back toward the ford.

The young, half-sick Washington saved that mob from extinction. His few Virginia soldiers still responded to his commands. The few Iroquois scouts stayed close, fighting courageously. One decimated company of redcoats rose to the courage of that young leader with something like a cheer. A few even managed to yell hoarse defiance at the enemy.

Never did British courage show itself more superbly than in that final fight by regulars and provincials against great odds. They had seen English military might humbled and ruined in that bloody afternoon; they were desperately tired. But they were brave. All they wanted was a leader. They rallied round Washington with the gallant abandon of brave men ready to fight to a finish.

The little force made a stand for some minutes on the bank of the river, just long enough to check the enemy and cover the redcoats' retreat. Back toward the upper ford, back toward Great Meadows and the sanctuary of Dunbar's forces, streamed that crazed procession of weary soldiers, wagoners and woodsmen. All night they struggled on and all next day, until finally they met a detachment sent out by Dunbar.

But even at Great Meadows, panic had already asserted itself. Dunbar, with evidence of rout and ruin pouring into camp, with his dying general carried in on a litter, himself caught the contagion and ordered an immediate retreat to Fort Cumberland, 60 miles away. But at that very moment the

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French commandant was sitting in Fort Duquesne, gray with anxiety, expecting to be attacked by Dunbar's reserves.

Braddock was near his end. Frequently choking with blood, he was either unable or unwilling to talk. Washington spoke reassuring words to his fallen commander; but Braddock at last knew the full measure of disaster which his own folly had brought.

One of his last acts was to loosen his officer's maroon scarf and with faltering fingers press it into the capable hands of his young aide. Washington took the scarf, murmuring thanks. Soon the British bulldog closed his eyes forever.

Iroquois scouts watched stoically while a great general from over the salt sea was buried unceremoniously in the middle of a wilderness highway. Then men, horses and wagons passed over the grave, obliterating all trace of it so that the savage enemy could not dishonor his body. The bloody scarf, symbolic of Braddock's defeat, was carried eastward by a young, blue-eyed Virginian who later would find an honored place to display it in a great white mansion called Mount Vernon.

The Death of Fifteen Million Dollars

MY FRIEND AND I were on a sightseeing tour in Miami. As we passed "millionaire's row," the guide pointed out a huge, boarded-up, bleak-looking mansion.

"That's the old James Deering mansion," said our guide. "Cost $15,000,000. After Deering died none of his heirs wanted to live there. The upkeep on the place was tremendous, so the executors opened it to the public for sightseeing at $1.85 admission. But even then they couldn't break even. So they finally just boarded it up—and there it sits."

The guide continued his spiel, but my friend seemed suddenly to have lost all interest in the tour. He was quiet for a long time, but at last he turned to me.

"I've just been trying to figure out what James Deering could have done with that $15,000,000," he said. "Let's see—he could have sent 1,000 missionaries into the foreign field for 15 years. He could have placed 20 surgeons in a like number of hospitals for more than 150 years. Or he could, perhaps, have endowed a half-dozen research foundations to discover cures for diseases like cancer and tuberculosis. Yes, James Deering's $15,000,000 could have lived on and on instead of crumbling away."

The guide's insistent chatter as he described the skyline couldn't entirely drown out my friend's quiet conclusion: "What we give away lasts longer than what we keep for ourselves."

—ROSCOE BROWN FISHER

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by RICHARD RATHJE

Criminals have been trapped and frauds exposed by the photographer's versatile, all-seeing lens

How the Camera Fights Crime

AT THE KENTUCKY DERBY several years ago, a photographer snapped that "once-in-a-lifetime" shot of a thrilling finish. The picture had all the elements of drama—crowds, background, action, celebrities. In fact, it was such an outstanding photograph that a Kentucky brewery bought it for advertising purposes.

But when the enlarged print was handed to the brewery's advertising manager, he took one startled look and called the police. In the foreground the camera had caught a woman in the act of stealing a man's wallet. Police identified her as a notorious pickpocket against whom they had been trying to get evidence for years.

Recently a California couple, celebrating their wedding anniversary, invited a soldier at the bar to join them in a drink. When he accepted, a "candid" photographer who plied his trade in the cocktail lounge snapped the happy trio. Soon the soldier arose, thanked his host and hostess, and departed.

Later, when the photographer returned to the table with a print of his picture, the wife glanced at it, then fumbled in her handbag. Her purse was gone. Again the camera had caught a thief in the act, this time as the soldier's hand was making off with $26.

Cases like these have occurred often enough to prove beyond a doubt that the camera, even in the hands of an innocent bystander, frequently turns out to be a first-rate detective. In the hands of trained law-enforcement officers, the lens can be as effective as a gun in bringing criminals to justice, since no stronger evidence can be presented in court than incriminating photographs. Unlike human witnesses, the camera remembers

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every detail with a devastating clarity. And often it sees things that elude the human eye.

That was what happened when police in a Midwestern city, seeking the cause of a mysterious bomb explosion, had reason to suspect a workman who lived in a town 30 miles away. But they could find no evidence to place him at the scene of the explosion.

During the investigation, however, a wood fragment was found, bearing a faint imprint of what looked like newsprint. Police, knowing that explosive force often imprints one object upon another, decided to photograph the fragment with red filters.

The newsprint was clearly readable in the enlarged photo, and proved to be part of a story published in the workman's home-town newspaper 12 hours before the explosion. Police had their link with the suspect who, confronted with this evidence, confessed.

ALTHOUGH THE CAMERA often convicts the guilty, it also defends the innocent. One woman, on trial charged with murdering her husband, claimed that he had been killed accidentally. He had come home drunk, she said, and when she had met him on the lawn, he had threatened her with a revolver. In the ensuing struggle the gun had gone off and killed him.

The prosecution ridiculed this defense, asserting she had waited on the porch for her husband, then shot him through a screen door as he crossed the lawn.

Things looked black for the defendant until her attorney handed the jury a packet of photographs. They were pictures of spent bullets, and only one failed to show criss-cross markings on the lead. This was the bullet taken from the husband's body. The others were identified as bullets that had been fired through a screen into an oak door—which, though more resistant than a body, still had not obliterated the marks left by the screen.

The photographs established the woman's innocence—the unmarked bullet could not have passed through a screen.

The motion-picture camera has also served as chief witness in innumerable cases, giving evidence just as effective and often more spectacular than the ordinary camera. For example, in 1942, when the Attorney General of Massachusetts wanted evidence against the operators of Boston's gambling rackets, he equipped his investigators with movie cameras and stationed them near the entrance of the gang's headquarters. When the case went to trial, a courtroom screen was set up and the prosecution showed a pictorial record of the daily comings and goings of the gang. All 33 of the racketeers being tried were convicted.

Insurance companies have found the motion-picture camera a powerful weapon in combating attempted frauds by people hopeful of getting something for nothing. A California salesman suffered a leg injury while at work, and claimed it was so crippling that he could walk only with a crutch. Insurance investigators were sure he was faking, but they needed evidence to prove it.

Learning that he watered his lawn every afternoon (all the while making a great show of leaning on

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his crutch), the investigators parked a car containing a movie camera near his home. Then they sent a boy to ask the "crippled" salesman if he could take a turn with the hose. Promptly the youngster turned the hose on the salesman—then dropped it and ran towards the car. Furious, the salesman forgot his crutch and set out in pursuit. The camera caught a complete pictorial record of the chase and the salesman's claim was thrown out of court.

Another insurance firm, anticipating a suit for damages when a woman was slightly injured in a streetcar accident, sent investigators with cameras to film her daily life not long after the mishap. Sure enough, a year later the woman did sue, claiming the accident had left her an invalid, but the movies taken months earlier were shown in court, proving that the "confirmed invalid" was able to drive a car, carry bundles and walk without assistance.

These are not isolated incidents. There are scores more that illustrate the effectiveness of the camera in thwarting the best-laid "get-rich-quick" plans of unscrupulous claimants.

With such a formidable record as detective, witness and prosecutor, the camera is regarded today as one of the criminal's worst enemies. Take the amusing case that was reported a few years ago: when a metropolitan newspaper launched a crusade against local racketeers, one reporter was so successful in gathering evidence that the gang imported killers from another city to liquidate him. Tipped off, the paper sent a swarm of reporters to the street where the killers were waiting for their intended victim. But the reporters were armed with cameras, not guns.

Immediately they began photographing everyone in sight. The street emptied in record time. Gangsters who would have taken their chance against guns were so terrified at the thought of a camera record that they not only left the street but left town, their mission unfulfilled.

Case of Mistaken Identity

EARLY IN 1945, A FAMOUS motion-picture actress attended the theater in Washington, D.C. She sat in the front seat of one of the boxes; directly behind her sat a quiet, unassuming man and his wife.

During the intermission, scores of visitors and friends came to pay their respects to the actress, brushing by the couple in the rear seats. Then one woman looked sharply at the man and gasped: "Goodness, aren't you the Vice-President?"

To which our present President, Mr. Truman, dryly replied, "No, I just look like him."

—MARITA JOEL

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Game Book Section

FANNY BRICE, GUEST EDITOR

WHY, DADDY?

Fanny Brice, the guest editor of this month's Game Book, is an old hand at asking questions. As "Baby Snooks" on her Friday night radio show for the Columbia Broadcasting System, she drives Daddy to distraction. Now she has some problems for Coronet's readers, too. See if you can solve them.

Baby Snooks' Birthday Party

Daddy thinks I'm the dumbest kid who ever rode on an air wave. He says that I never get anything right in school, and that my report cards look like World Series baseball scores! The other day I brought home the examination below and proudly told Daddy that I hadn't answered one question correctly. He threatened to spank me, but on studying the quiz he found that no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't answer more than seven questions *wrong!* I doubt if one person in a hundred can get them *all* wrong, like I did. Can you? I dare you to answer more than nine of the questions *wrong.* If you manage it, you're wonderful—or you're as dumb as I am. A perfect score on this is *zero!* (See page 119 for the *wrong* answers.)

1. How many stars are there in the American flag: 64 or 48?
2. Which was the first day of the 20th Century: January 1, 1900, or January 1, 1901?
3. Which is nearer the earth—the sun or the moon?
4. Which city is nearer Rio de Janeiro, South America—El Paso, Texas, or Montreal, Canada?
5. Who was the first Emperor of Rome—Caesar or Augustus?
6. Is Tegucigalpa a tropical city or a tropical plant?
7. Is there such a thing as a solid chunk of metal that will float for a time on water? Yes or no.
8. Which President served more than two terms — Theodore Roosevelt or Franklin D. Roosevelt?
9. Is Panama City in the Canal Zone or outside the Canal Zone?
10. Which city is further west than Los Angeles—Carson City, Nevada, or San Bernardino, California?
11. Is a blind worm another name for a mole? Yes or no.
12. What date did the calendar show when George Washington was born —February 11, 1732, or February 22, 1732?
13. Which do you give a druggist—a prescription or a perscription?
14. Is a half a dozen dozen the same as six dozen dozen? Yes or no.

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A Legal Gem

One day not long ago, three attorneys had lunch together in a New York restaurant, A treating B and C. They all ordered oysters and B gave one of his to C, saying: "I know you like oysters more than I do." C removed the oyster B gave him and found a beautiful pearl attached to the shell.

"Thanks," he said to B, "for this valuable gem."

Now B, being a capable lawyer, argued as follows: "I gave you the oyster to eat and you have done so. The shell is mine and is a means of conveying the oyster to you, just as my china plate would convey fried eggs to you if you were a guest in my home. The shell was given to me by the waiter and is still rightfully my property."

At this point A piped up: "I invited you fellows to eat with me and I am paying for the meal. Everything that you don't eat is therefore mine, since I am paying for it. Unless C eats the shell, that shell belongs to me."

Of course, C claimed that the pearl belonged to him, since B had stated no conditions when he gave the oyster to him.

Now the attorney for the restaurant owner, hearing all the commotion, came over and said, "Sorry, gentlemen, but all these oyster shells belong to my client, who is under contract to sell them to a road-making firm. He is in the food business, not the jewelry business, and if a gem is discovered in one of his oyster shells it is his good fortune, not that of the customer."

To whom does the pearl belong? (If this has you stumped, you'll find the answer on page 119.)

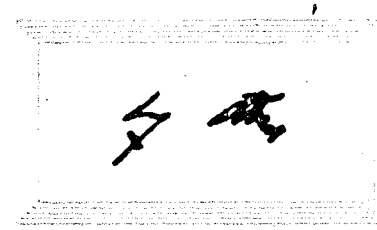
Two Neat Tricks

When You Know How

1. Can you pick up an empty beer or pop bottle with an ordinary soda straw? Try it and if you give up, look at the diagram on page 119.

2. How can you make paper or playing cards stick to a smooth wall without the use of any kind of adhesive, glue, paste, or rubber cement, and without using any kind of tacks, nails or pins, either?

(The solution to both problems appears on page 119.)



Though it looks harmless enough, the mark shown above is really the mark of evil. Few people would recognize it as such, yet it is the symbol of murder and terror. Millions have died for it and other millions have died because of it. Can you tell what it is? (If not, look for the answer on page 119.)

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Each question here is a trick question, so be on your guard before answering—and don't be too disappointed if you find the going a little tough. (Before peeking at the answers on page 119, at least *try* to answer the questions.)

1. Just what does a battleship weigh when it leaves port?
2. How many birthdays have you had so far?
3. What state has the greatest gold deposits?
4. On only one match, which would you light first—a gas stove or an oil lamp?
5. If you are an unmarried man, what will your future wife's name be?
6. In a fist fight Bill knocked Jim down. When Jim fell, what did he fall against?
7. Starting with any day of the week, can you designate six consecutive days without naming Wednesday, Thursday or Friday?
8. If an airplane could fly 5,000 feet directly above a train all the way from New York to Chicago, which would travel farther, plane or train?

How to Read a Mind

Pass around slips of paper, telling each guest to write a question and fold the slip several times. Now put all the slips in a hat and, as you take out each folded slip, press it against your forehead, slowly answering the question on the paper. After you have answered each question, look at the slip "to make sure you got it right" and go on to the next slip. (To learn how it's done, see page 119.)

Oh! Oh!

Here is a nice little puzzle for you. The diagram shows a column of five different words of four letters each. Oddly enough all these words are made up of the *same* four letters; the letter O, which is one of the four, has been placed in its proper position in each word. Can you fill in the other three letters and produce the five different words? (See page 119.)

— O — —
— — O —
— O — —
— — O —
— O — —

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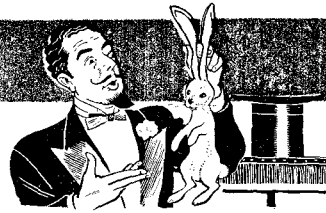

Game of Magic

A magician I know puts water and confetti into his hat, waves his wand —and presto, out comes a rabbit! This game is something like that. Only you don't need a hat and you needn't be a magician. For instance, I'll ask: "Can you add a small insect to the edge of your handkerchief and get a song?" The answer is ANT + HEM: Anthem. Get it? Okay. From now on you're on your own. Five is a good score, six is very good and seven or eight is excellent. (Answers on page 119.)

1. He combined his chum with the highest card in a pack and produced a mansion fit for a king!
2. With a baby seal and a household dog he made a kind of doll.
3. He added a certain kind of tree to rock containing iron and put us on dry land.
4. From a flying mammal and a number he got a strip of wood.
5. To an army bed he added a heavy weight and got a Southern plant.
6. He placed his male child into an object important to the tennis court and a kind of poetry was produced.
7. In his automobile he placed his Maltese cat and produced a commonly used floor covering.
8. On a Spanish nobleman he put a locking device to get an animal.
9. He put the fan-like part of a fish into what looked and tasted like beer and, lo! it was the end.

Maybe We're All Criminals

No wonder the world is in such an unsettled condition. With millions and millions of people in the act of pandiculation every day, while other millions are cachinnating and going through phases of sternutation, it is enough to make some folks lachrymose. Do you agree? If not, why not? (See page 119 for answer.)

Cellementary, Watson!

A prisoner on a ship traveling from Rio de Janeiro to New York was kept in his cell three decks below the main deck during the entire voyage. In his cell was a wash basin with running water, an army cot and a small ventilator in the ceiling. Not knowing anything about navigation and not being able to go on deck, how was this prisoner able to tell when the ship had crossed the equator and was in the Northern Hemisphere? (Answer on page 119.)

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ANSWERS

Baby Snooks' Party

Here are the *wrong* answers: 1. 64; 2. January 1, 1900; 3. The sun; 4. El Paso, Texas; 5. Caesar; 6. Tropical Plant; 7. No; 8. Theodore Roosevelt; 9. In the Canal Zone; 10. San Bernardino, California; 11. Yes; 12. February 22, 1732; 13. A perscription; 14. Yes.

Cellementary, Watson!

The way the water went down the drain gave the answer. In the Southern Hemisphere it ran down in a little spiral whirlpool going counterclockwise, while in the Northern Hemisphere this spiral whirlpool went clockwise. This was due to the motion of the earth.

The Mark of Evil

This is Adolf Hitler's signature.

A Legal Gem

Thirteen lawyers questioned about this agreed that C was entitled to the pearl.

Oh! Oh!

POST; STOP; POTS; SPOT; TOPS.

How to Read a Mind

Pick out one slip unnoticed by anyone. Go off somewhere and memorize the question on it, then hide it at the bottom of the pile. Now take slip number 2 and apply the answer to slip number 1 to it. Next, open slip number 2, read it, throw it away and take out slip number 3, applying the answer to slip number 2. You will be one ahead of yourself, and your audience will probably never catch on.

Two Neat Tricks

1. Bend the straw so that the bend is a little longer than the diameter of the bottle and push it carefully into the bottle to make the bend catch inside. Then pull the bottle up gently with the straw. 2. Rub the papers briskly with your hand or a comb, static electricity will stick them to the wall.

Game of Magic

1. Palace. 2. Puppet. 3. Ashore. 4. Batten. 5. Cotton. 6. Sonnet. 7. Carpet. 8. Donkey. 9. Finale.

Maybe We're All Criminals!

This says millions are yawning and stretching, other millions are laughing loud and sneezing, and this is cause for crying. Which, of course, is nonsense.

That's Right, You're Wrong!

1. It weighs anchor. 2. One. The rest are anniversaries. 3. Kentucky (Fort Knox). 4. The match. 5. Your name preceded by Mrs. 6. Against his will. 7. The day before the day before yesterday, the day before yesterday, yesterday, today, tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. 8. The airplane; it flies in a greater arc.

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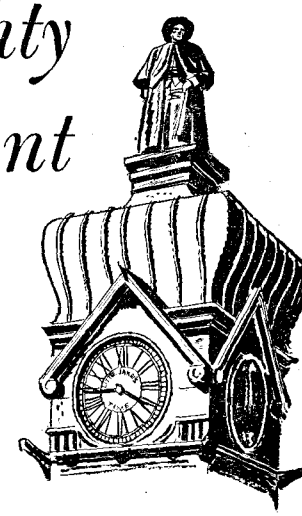
Saginaw's *Mighty Midget Merchant*



How a pint-sized tradesman with a flair for publicity left his mark on a frontier town and became a Michigan legend

by JAMES JOHNSON

LITTLE JAKE SELIGMAN, the frontier merchant, was too busy making his fortune and helping a pioneer city grow to bemoan the fact that he was a midget. When he drifted into Saginaw, Michigan, in 1872, people thought General Tom Thumb had turned lumberjack. Broad-shouldered loggers gathered 'round to have a look, and Jake, not being a man to pass up a crowd, took the peddler's pack off his back and made a few sales.

Business was booming in the pioneer town, 15 miles down the Saginaw from Lake Huron. Logs were jammed in the river, new buildings were going up, mill hands were moving in from exhausted Eastern forests. The pint-sized, wandering tradesman decided to settle down. Two decades later he moved on again, a wealthy man and a beloved legend.

Jake was a go-getter with a friendly personality. Lumberjacks liked him and the clothes he sold, because the colors were bright and the prices right. Soon a couple of them nailed a sign high up on a new plank building. In big letters it said: "Little Jake's Clothing Store." The proud proprietor wanted to hang the sign himself, but he needed his customers' help. Jake stood only four feet four inches tall.

After he had hired a clerk and stocked his shelves with wool shirts, heavy work clothes, brogans and delicate gifts for the ladies, Jake left the store and got busy with municipal projects.

In a checked suit, loud tie, yellow shoes and flowing black moustache, he roamed the streets of Saginaw, half-running to keep step with his strapping friends or sitting in the hotel lobby with legs dangling from a leather chair. He knew everybody, liked everybody, and had a hand in everything.

Saturday nights, hobnailed lum-

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berjacks came out of the woods for a he-man spree. Saginaw's timid merchants locked their shops at sunset, but not Little Jake. He lit more lights, put breakables under the counter and welcomed the terrors from the timber.

Small boys passed handbills reading: "FOLLOW THE CROWD TO LITTLE JAKE'S! THE GREAT CLOTHIER WHO BROKE DOWN PRICES OF CLOTHING IN SAGINAW." A brass band in red uniform marched through the streets, gathering several hundred rugged men in its wake. The parade ended in front of Jake's store.

Onto the second-floor balcony strolled the emporium's owner. "I will now throw this vest into the crowd," he shouted. "The man who can bring it through the front door is entitled to a fine suit free."

The mob cheered and each man braced himself. As drums rolled, Jake heaved the vest. Men rolled, twisted, kicked and chewed. The battle royal was on.

Finally, one lumberjack would charge into the store, his clothes in shreds. Breathless and bruised, he waved a fragment of vest in his bloody fist. Little Jake personally gave him a new suit and a matching vest. Then Jake rushed to help his clerks ring up sales of new shirts, coats and trousers to replace those ravaged in the street brawl.

As SAGINAW CONTINUED to boom, lumbermen and merchants needed a safe place for their money, so Seligman's Bank of Commerce appeared. As president, Little Jake had a unique privilege which he demonstrated for John L. Sullivan.

The world's champion swaggered up to the bar of the old Russell Hotel in Detroit and hit the mahogany with a $50 bill.

"Everybody step up and have a drink!" he bellowed. "And, bartender, you can keep the change."

John L. was in a warm, friendly mood. Every man there toasted him with lavish praise. Then suddenly a strange voice shrilled: "Now, everybody have a drink on me!"

When the startled mob parted, they saw overdressed, undersized Jake, who pulled out a sheet of four $100 national bank notes. He asked for a pen, signed one of the bills, passed it up to the bartender and said: "Keep the change."

John L. scowled menacingly. Then he slipped giant hands under the tiny gentleman's armpits and sat him down on the bar. "Who are you, and how do you make money that way?" he asked with a grin.

For years afterward, the spectators liked to recall how Jake told Sullivan about a type of money in circulation at that time. The bills came from Washington, and the only thing required to make them legal was the signature of the cashier and president of a bank—a bank president like Seligman.

Everything Jake touched turned to money and advertising. In 1880, he decided Saginaw was big enough for a transportation system. He ordered horse-drawn streetcars, and for weeks buggy traffic was disrupted while track was laid.

On dedication day, people lining the streets cheered as a black mare plodded along the shiny tracks, pulling the first brightly painted car. On its sides, in bold letters, was the name, "LITTLE JAKE."

Real estate was another of Jake's interests. He bought in early, and

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so did his shrewd rival, Col. Michael Jeffers. Each noon over a restaurant table, they argued, bickered and insulted each other's property. Finally a note and deed were exchanged, and the big businessmen proceeded with their meal.

Later, Little Jake persuaded the colonel to sell him a building on Saginaw's most prominent corner.

"What are you going to do with it?" Jeffers asked.

"I'm going to build a clock on top," Little Jake replied.

Next day workmen appeared high above Genesee Street. They built a belfry and above that a bulbous platform topped with a huge pedestal. Four giant dials bearing the advertising legend, "LITTLE JAKE'S TIME," were mounted, hands attached and the clock began to chime the hours.

The pedestal remained empty, but not for long. One day, people glanced at the clock, noted the time, turned away, then snapped around again for a puzzled look.

Something new had been added. A statue! A giant man of shining bronze, wearing a floppy Pilgrim hat and a long flowing coat, stood glowering across the countryside.

Lest Saginaw forget who was in the clothing, banking, streetcar and real-estate business, Jake had erected a monstrous monument to himself. Some said Jake had posed for hours while a sculptor worked. Others whispered that it was really an obscure Civil War general that Seligman had picked up at auction. But Jake insisted that the statue was the speaking image of himself in solid bronze.

In 1892, ill health forced Jake to sell all his enterprises except the clock and move from Saginaw to Detroit and, in 1894, to Colorado. Wealthy Jacob Seligman had gone West to die, but "Little Jake," the statue, and the legend remained.

Now the statue is gone. In the spring of 1940, "Little Jake" toppled from his pedestal during a storm and hit the pavement six stories below. City officials stored the remains for a while. Then, during World War II, "Little Jake" made news again. All 500 pounds of him, plus the clock, were donated to the nation's scrap drive.

Jacob Seligman would have liked that final touch. It was the public-spirited thing to do—and it was also whopping good publicity.

Dinner à la Carte

AN EXPLORER WAS CAUGHT by a band of cannibals who carted him back to camp and popped him into a giant stew-pot. As he was sitting there trying to find a way out of his dilemma, a young cannibal maiden came up to him.

"Please, sir," she said shyly, "can you give me your name? We're making up the menu for tonight." —HAL MCINTYRE

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Slavery's Grandchildren

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

The story of the Julians is a fresh affirmation of the great American legend

WHENEVER I THINK of the Julians, my mind reverts to *Old Man River*. In spite of whirlpools and rapids, snags and obstructions, the Julians just keep "rolling along."

The second generation out of slavery of this incredible Negro family numbers six children, all born in Montgomery, Alabama, where the Confederacy was launched and where, in their time, the eighth grade was the limit of public-school education for Negro youngsters. Yet today they have 14 academic degrees to their name, including several from Harvard and Columbia.

One Julian is among the top chemists of America; two are prominent surgeons, one of whom served as a Naval officer during the war; one is a college instructor in French, and two are Y.W.C.A. welfare leaders in New York.

I discovered how a U.S. mail clerk and his wife had managed to bring up such an extraordinary flock of children on $125 a month when I visited their neat white cottage at Greencastle, Indiana, where they live in retirement.

I found that "Mother" Julian had churned the butter, raised the vegetables and canned the peaches that comprised our dinner. During the war she worked three days a week for the Red Cross, at the same time rearing her *twelfth* child—six of her own, four younger brothers and sisters, and two grandchildren.

"Father" Julian, now 79, had just come in from the 270-acre place he manages for his chemist son and was ready to talk politics, evolution or higher mathematics. His library overflows the living room, basement and attic.

"Father" Julian's father was a slave before the Civil War. At night

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the cabin door was shut, and by the light of the fireplace his father exhorted the children to learn all they could, telling them: "Some day we'll be free." His white master was a kind man who kept his head turned when his more ambitious slaves learned to read.

At the start of the Civil War, the plantation owner's son took his horse and rifle and rode away to the conflict. The youthful slave, who was devoted to him, accompanied his young master. When the lad was wounded at the battle of Stone River, Julian staunched his wounds with his shirt and worked for weeks to restore him to health.

When the Civil War ended, the freed Negro took his bride and went into the hills of Alabama to start a new life. Of the 12 children born to the ex-slaves, seven survived, and in them the parents implanted a deep sense of honesty, plus a determination to win an education. One of them was "Father" Julian, he who has six distinguished children of his own today.

"In the '70s, our school was an old log cabin," he recalls. "The Negro children gathered moss to seal the cracks and keep out the cold winds. There were 75 pupils, many walking five miles daily each way. Some had to stand all day to study and recite, for there wasn't enough room on the log benches.

"Groups took turns standing in front of the fireplace to keep warm. School was in session three months each winter, and the teacher was paid $15 a month."

Finally the parents arranged for one son to attend a mission school in Montgomery, exchanging farm produce for board and tuition. When time came for school to open, "Father" Julian's things (for he was that boy) were packed and he and his mother started the night before to drive the mule and wagon, loaded with provisions, over the rocky trail to Montgomery.

At dawn, the mother delivered her son and the produce before the school people were awake. And for five years she made that same trip each Sunday night with a load of vegetables and poultry to pay for his education.

The young Negro not only worked over his school books; he haunted jury trials, free lectures, debates, memorial meetings—wherever public speeches were made. His goal was a mastery of English. Later in life, he took each of his own children, assigned him or her topics for essays or books for review, and had them deliver talks before the family. Today all six are ready speakers as well as clear thinkers, and two are noted for their platform ability.

MARRIAGE CAME early to "Father" Julian. He found in his 19-year-old bride—now "Mother" Julian—a character as sturdy and idealistic as his own. At 18, her mother had died, and she had taken over the support of four younger brothers and sisters. Now her own family started coming.

By toiling and scheming, the Julians got their children through grade school. But always before them was the lure of higher education. There was no high school in those days for the black folk of Montgomery. One day, Percy, the oldest, climbed the fence around a high school and watched through

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the window as white boys experimented in a chemical laboratory.

"Some day I'll be a chemist," he promised himself. Just then he felt a tug at his coat.

"Come on down, kid," a policeman said. "That's not for you. Get on home to your mother."

He did go home to his mother, who assured the youngster that some day he would indeed be a chemist. And today he is.

At the Glidden Company's huge soy-bean plant in Chicago, you will find the laboratories directed by this one-time knowledge-hungry colored lad. He has 32 graduate chemists working under him—most of them white. With a number of patents to his credit, he is today considered the leading Negro chemist in the United States.

But I am ahead of my story. The boy's determination set a pattern for the other children. By making use of tutors and by sending the youngsters to the mission school the father had attended—now a State Normal—the high-school hurdle was taken. It meant that the children worked as newspaper carriers, bellhops, bus boys, nursemaids that the father went without lunches and the mother took in washing; it meant the tending of a large garden to raise food for winter months. But it also meant success.

Looking northward for a college where Negro children might get an education on equal terms with others, they chose DePauw University at Greencastle, Indiana, because it welcomed all races and creeds. Percy was the first to go—at 16. He stoked the furnace at a fraternity house for his room, waited on table for his board. In the evening he played the piano while his "brothers" sang.

To earn extra money, Percy worked as a porter in a basement barbershop and cleaned the jewelry store above. The head barber obligingly dropped a curtain across a corner; behind the curtain the youth could study in "quiet and privacy" between shines.

The early training in speech given Percy by his father served him well. Repeatedly he addressed the student body at chapel, and won the oratorical contest one year. Upon graduation he was valedictorian and Phi Beta Kappa orator of his class, and finished with the highest scholastic average among its 160 members.

Before Percy left college, the march of the younger Julians on DePauw had begun. It was decided to split the family, the mother moving to Greencastle to make a home for the collegiate offspring and the father remaining on the job in the South in order to keep funds coming North.

All six children were graduated with honors, but the Bachelor of Arts degree was only a teaser to them. Here is a thumbnail sketch of the five younger Julians:

James S., or "Doctor Jim," who got his M.A. in bacteriology at the University of Chicago, worked as a meat inspector in the stockyards to help pay his way. Then he was graduated from Howard University Medical School, spending his summers as pastry cook at a country club. One season he and Percy were cook and head waiter, running the golf course and swimming pool concessions on the side. Soon they paid off $1,000 in

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indebtedness on their parents' cottage at Greencastle. Now Dr. "Jim" is a surgeon and X-ray specialist in Baltimore, with white patients as well as colored.

Mattie Pearl became a mission schoolteacher in Texas after leaving DePauw, then turned up as a social worker in St. Louis, finally migrating to New York, where she took her M.A. in sociology at Columbia. Now supervisor of the Vocational School for Colored Girls maintained by the New York Y.W.C.A. in Harlem, she trains hundreds of girls as secretaries, saleswomen and professional assistants. She is the wife of Dr. Warren Brown, sociologist associated with the National Urban League.

Assisting her is Irma, who also has a Master's degree from Columbia. She has published a work on chemistry, has taught French, and now heads the employment office of the Harlem Y.W.C.A., placing the girls whom Mattie Pearl trains in the Vocational School.

A third sister is Elizabeth, who taught French in Wiley College, a Methodist institution for Negroes at Marshall, Texas. She got her M.A. in that language at Indiana State Teachers' College and now is a faculty member at Morgan State College in Baltimore.

Emerson, the youngest, was graduated in medicine from Howard University and became a medical officer with the Armed Forces. He is now a successful practicing physician in Baltimore.

Percy won his M.A. at Harvard and his Ph.D. at the University of Vienna. He has evolved a new process for preparing soy-bean protein, widely used in paper, paint and textile manufacture. Dr. Percy Julian has also perfected a new method for the production from soy-beans of progesterone, a female sex hormone which in many cases prevents miscarriage, especially in young mothers.

THE MOST DRAMATIC incident in Dr. Percy Julian's career occurred while he was carrying on experiments at DePauw, after returning to that university to head its research department. He clashed with Prof. Robert Robinson, celebrated head of the chemistry department of Oxford University, concerning the chemical composition of physostigmine, a drug widely used in correcting intestinal disorders and in eye examinations.

It was originally a German discovery, and Julian and his assistants labored diligently to synthesize it in this country. In three years Julian published five papers on his evidence. Then Professor Robinson came out with an entirely different analysis which seemingly doomed Julian's findings.

Scientific friends warned the Negro researcher not to dispute the Oxford celebrity: it might ruin him. Instead, he challenged the Briton to prove his point by actually synthesizing the drug. Then Julian decided to accept his own challenge and his staff went to work again.

One night an epochal scene was staged in the DePauw laboratory. Percy Julian and his assistant were locked in an embrace, while half a dozen student helpers became as delirious as football fans. The critical test had been carried out successfully, the mystery chemical had been synthesized in America;

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the famed Oxonian was wrong. Congratulations came from scientists the world over.

With equal ease, Dr. Julian can lecture to a chemical society, deliver a sermon, plow a field, direct scientists in research or tend his baby. I watched him received with courtesy into the membership of a large white church on a Good Friday night. I noted his happiness in playing with his children, and his love and respect for his wife, a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania and formerly a child-research specialist for the public schools in Washington, D. C.

When you come to know the Julians, you realize that their greatness is a combination of idealism, courage and humility. They see opportunities, not obstacles. As you learn to appreciate them, you comprehend what the powerfully minded slave-founder of the clan poured out to his children in the plantation cabin as a creed for attaining greatness:

"Never pretend to be something you aren't. Make yourself something to be proud of, and then you don't have to pretend."

American Vignette

TODAY I SAW America pass by.

I sat in my car and smiled as I watched a youngster ambling down the middle of the road.

School was just out. The boy wore an old stocking cap, mackinaw, and heavy overshoes. His face was as clean as one could expect from a sturdy nine-year-old.

In one hand he carried his lunch pail, which he swung back and forth, first in front, then in back of him. With a long stick he rattled the fences as he passed, or dragged the stick behind him in the road. Now he rode it, and it became a bucking bronco. The lunch pail swung over his head now as he whooped to his horse.

Next the stick became a gun. Bang! Bang! Bang! Twenty Indians bit the dust.

Ah! Someone approaches. What's this? An argument. They tug at the stick. It now becomes a weapon of defense. No; he doesn't need to use it; the other child has gone.

There's a rabbit hole. The lad explores it with the stick. Shucks! No rabbit!

Oh, well, how about that hole in the tree trunk up there? Hmm; squirrel cache, perhaps.

Above his head on a branch of the tree dangles a deserted hornet's nest. Again the stick explores. A prize at last. It tumbles to his feet.

Happy, the boy walks along down the road, an average American boy singing as he goes. He is way off key, but he sings from his heart, the little boy, roaring forth *My Country 'Tis of Thee.*

Today I saw America pass by.

—EVELYN MCLEAN in DALE HARRISON'S *All About The Town,* in THE CHICAGO *Sun*

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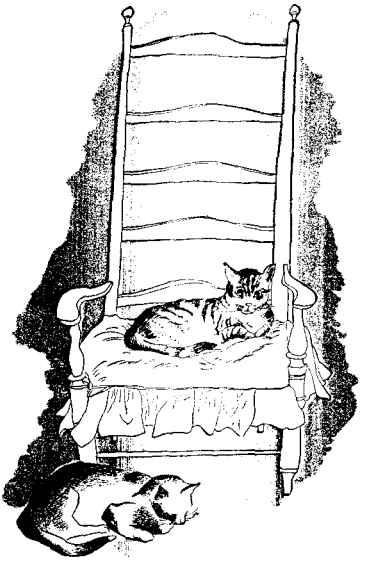
A trail-blazing scientist is finding that their behavior problems are remarkably like our own



What We Can Learn from CATS

by EDITH M. STERN

CAT LOVERS might say that Dr. Jules Masserman is heartless and cruel. For the past 13 years, this assistant professor of nervous and mental diseases at Northwestern University Medical School has been heckling his feline pets into nervous breakdowns and driving them to drink. But there's method in this madness that Dr. Masserman induces and cures in cats.

In his laboratory, while testing the truth of various psychiatric theories, he has made fascinating discoveries about the cause and cure of behavior disorders—in cats. And it is quite probable that his findings will be effectively applicable in the treatment of maladjusted human beings.

When speaking of his cats, Dr. Masserman says, with tongue in cheek: "Any resemblance to the behavior of human beings is purely coincidental." Yet among his laboratory pets are drinkers who lie stupefied or stagger about under the influence of alcohol. Some, even as you and I, work hard for their food; some blandly stand by and reap all the benefits of others' labors. Members of a privileged class of pusses scrap with one another when competing for their daily rations, while under-cats in the same circumstances meekly let themselves be put upon.

Especially strange is the behavior of cats with nervous breakdowns. Some starve with food beside them, some dash about in aimless panic, some stay rigid in one position for

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hours, some endlessly lick and preen themselves. Among these neurotic animals, certain ones never again behave rationally. Others, with treatment, recover sufficiently to go about their feline business.

The apparatus used for Masserman's experiments is simple, consisting of a glass cage with an interior movable glass barrier. At one end is a feeding box into which food drops automatically when a switch inside the cage is pressed.

Cats are trained first to lift the lid of a food box, then to wait to do so until a bell is rung or a signal given. Next an animal learns to press the switch itself and get the food in the box. Some cats master complicated maneuvers, such as going around the glass barrier or recognizing a light or bell as a signal that food is in the box.

With gentle treatment from the experimenter, and with conditions in the cage unchanged, normal cats go through the daily routines as equably as normal men and women go through office and factory routines. But when a cat is put into a seemingly hopeless predicament, gradually its behavior changes.

Just when an animal trained to press the switch is about to take its reward, a blast of air is shot across the box. The cat recoils, but tries again, at the signal, to feed. Then comes another air blast. The hungry cat is now in an emotional jam. What seems an insurmountable obstacle stands between it and its food. Torn between hunger and terror, the cat sooner or later has a nervous breakdown!

Like neurotic and psychotic (insane) humans, the worried cat is no longer able to act purposefully. Some cats in this condition refuse to eat, even though food is proffered. Some tremble or claw or mew if they see the light or hear the bell once happily accepted as the signal to "come and get it." Some develop physical ailments, such as diarrhea or asthma. Some become wild-eyed, lose interest in their appearance, let their fur become lusterless.

All these unusual behaviors tally with those that can be observed in any mental hospital. But Dr. Masserman does not make animals neurotic only to note such similarities. His primary interest is to discover which of the generally used treatments for nervous breakdowns are most effective. So he experiments with remedies as well as causes.

There is, for instance, that long-standing panacea: "a change and a rest." It doesn't work too well with cats. True, given a vacation away from the scene of their troubles, sometimes the animals temporarily look and act normal again. But if they are re-exposed to the air blast, they go to pieces.

Nor does compulsion seem to be as successful as "make-a-man-of-him" disciplinarians think. When cats were compelled to eat despite their terror, the behavior of seriously neurotic animals worsened.

Before a tough swimming instructor pushes a small boy into the water because he thinks that is the way to cure an unreasonable fear, he ought to look at some of Dr. Masserman's frenzied cats. Maybe the boy will learn to swim. But then, the chances are he may develop a lifelong terror.

The most lasting recoveries from nervous breakdowns, Masserman has found, occur when cats work

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things through for themselves. For instance, an experimental neurotic cat is allowed to become hungrier every day. In time, hunger begins to overcome fear. The cat hesitatingly responds to feeding signals, gingerly presses the switch. Little by little, its former habits of food-getting are re-established; and once an animal is fully back in its old swing, it is relatively immune to further upsets of a similar nature.

Fortunately, in the same way the great majority of men and women manage to work through nearly all the frustrations and conflicts of life. When the causes of a conflict are extremely complicated, psychoanalysis may help the patient to help himself on the same principle of "working through."

After his research into behavior disorders, Dr. Masserman decided to study inter-cat behavior. He knew that in regard to man, some people think there is an "inborn instinct of aggression" that makes war inevitable; some people think that privileged classes result from economic or governmental systems, not out of human nature and individual differences. He did not theorize about his cats or their rights: he observed what they did.

When two cats were placed in the cage, the more alert invariably got the food first. With four cats together, again one go-getter invariably got the food; when his appetite was satisfied, Number Two took his place. Three and Four waited their turns quietly.

With normal animals free to follow their impulse, the fur flew only when two cats accustomed to being Number One were placed in the same cage. The one relegated to being Number Two would attack his successful competitor.

In other experiments, two normal cats were put in a box with a single food switch, placed behind a semi-partition around which the worker of the switch had to go to get the food. One cat would remain near the food and grab it, while the one who pressed the switch would work without reward.

"There was one solution I didn't think of, and the cats did," Dr. Masserman recalls. Two "genius" animals found that if they jammed the switch against the wall, food would constantly drop into the box and neither would have to work. Usually, however, the worker would discover that by working hard, pressing the switch a dozen times, he would find a little food left in the box, and accepted this disproportionate reward for his labors while another cat profited by them.

All of which convinces Dr. Masserman that a man may look at a cat—and learn much about the so-called complexities of modern life.

Irony in Everyday Life

A hearse in Norwich, Connecticut, has this gentle reminder as a license number: U-2.—Carol V. Reiss

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CROWDS ARRIVING AT FIRST MODERN OLYMPICS—ATHENS, 1896

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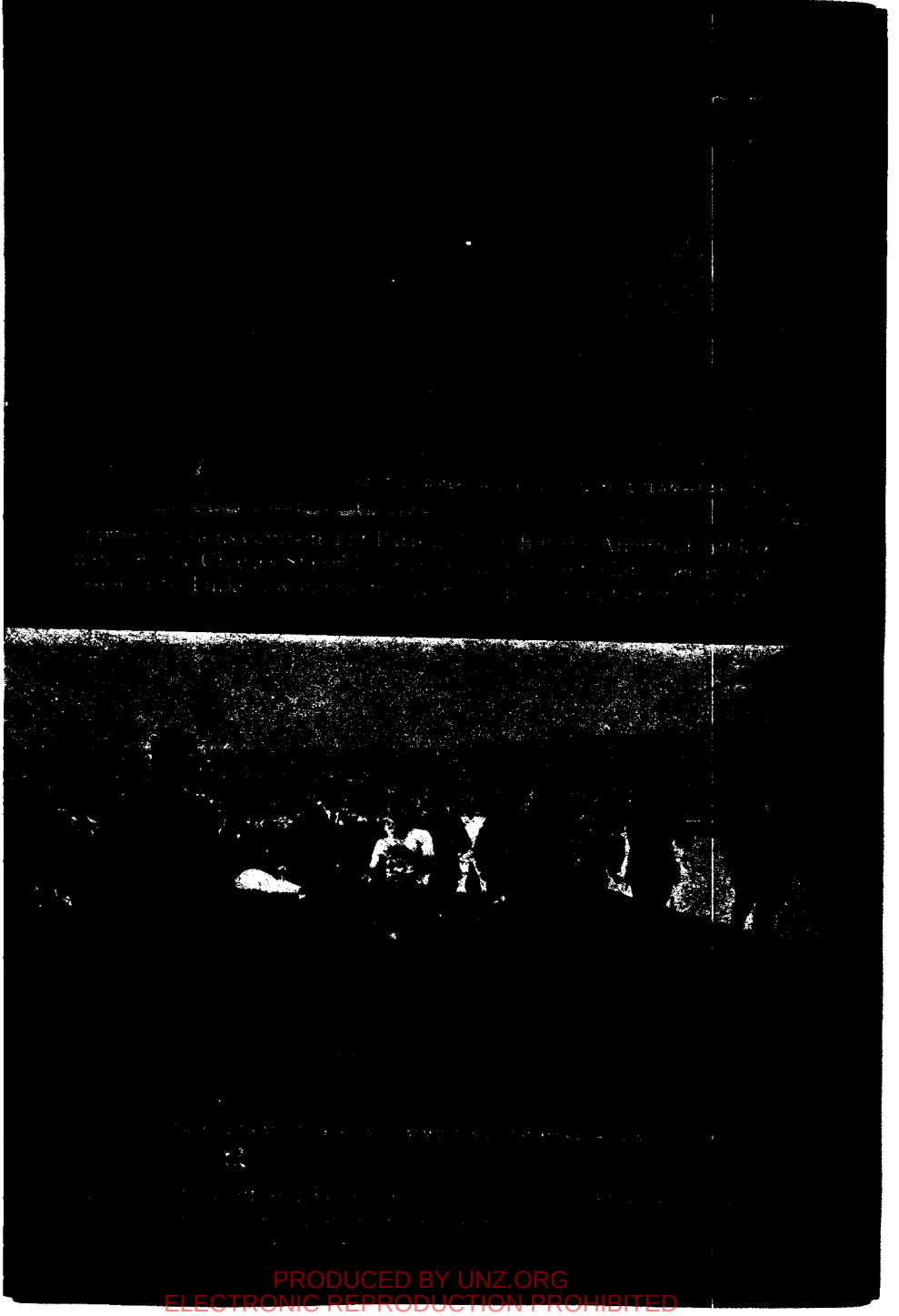

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THORPE, THE AMERICAN INDIAN STAR, HURLING JAVELIN—STOCKHOLM, 1912

Stockholm was host to 26 nations in the first really big Olympics. Jim Thorpe (*above*), who won two events, was the only casualty. He gave back his medals when it was found he had formerly been a professional.

CHARLIE PADDOCK (*SECOND FROM RIGHT*) WINNING 100-METRE RUN—ANTWERP, 1920

United States athletes did badly in the first Games after World War I.

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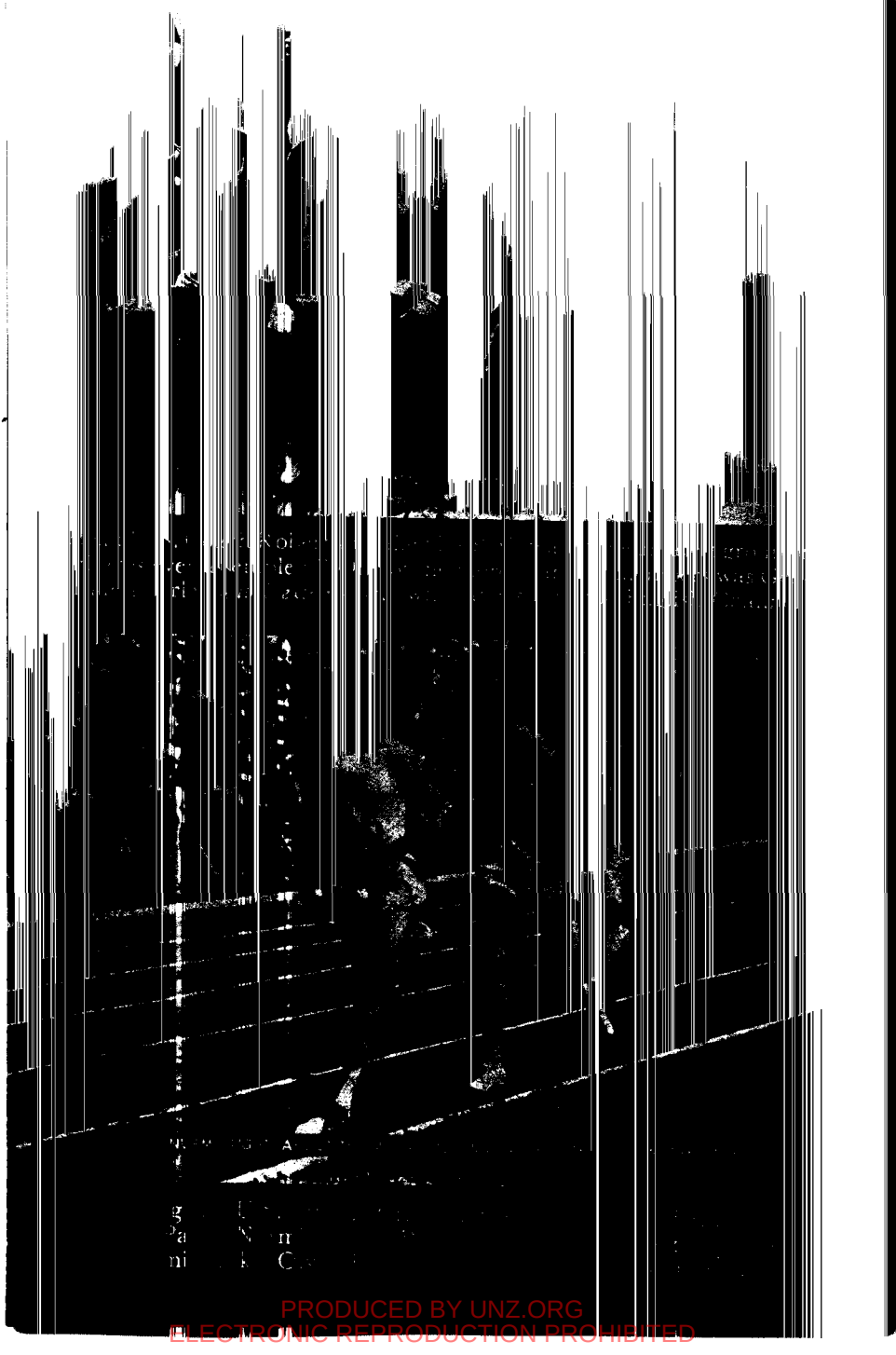

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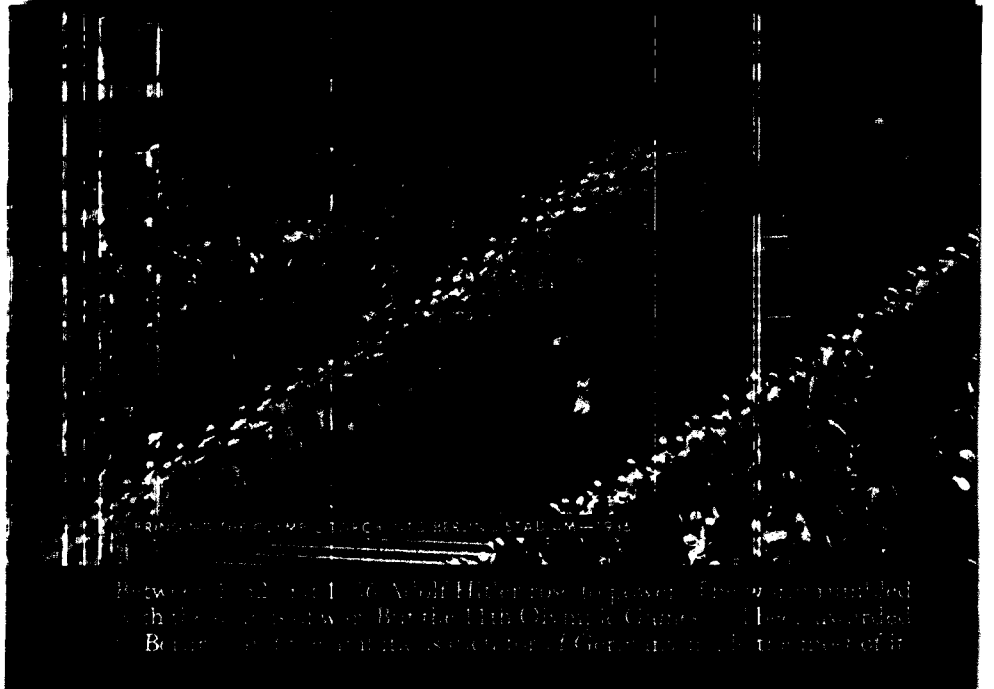

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The Marathon, which to spectators is the main event of any Olympiad, was won by Kitei Son, a Japanese, *second*. The race, 26 miles and 2 yards long, took Son 2 hours and 29 minutes and 19 seconds to complete. It was the fastest time in the 26-mile run—a new world's record.

A NAZI OFFICIAL WATCHES AMERICA'S [illegible] IN THE PENTATHLON—1936

Modern Pentathlon which [illegible]

[illegible] Germany [illegible]

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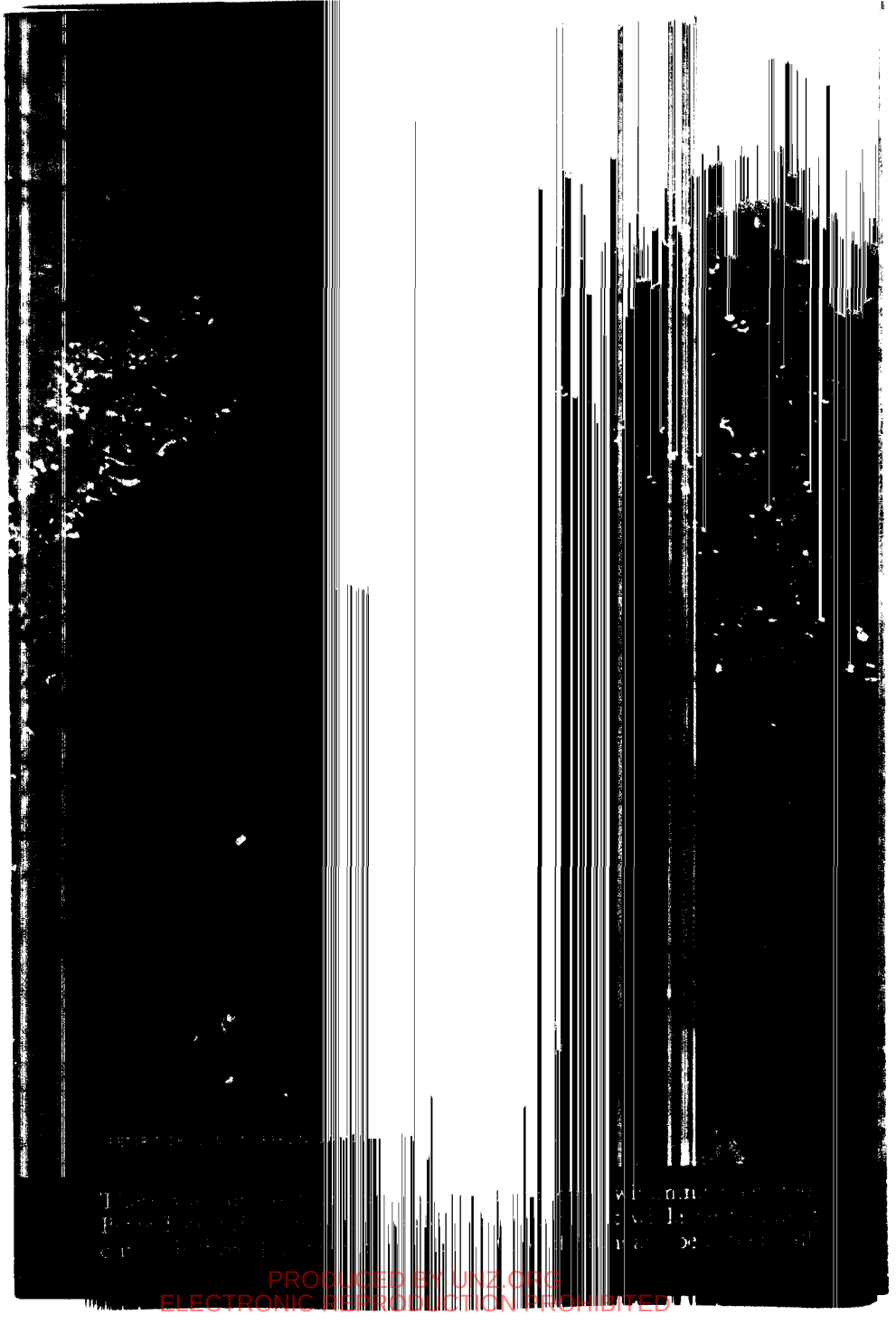

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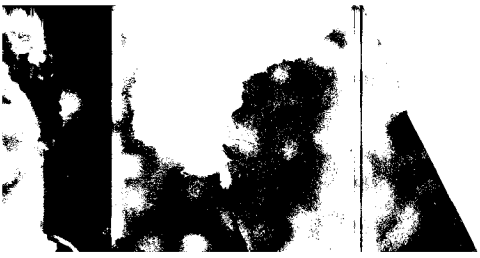

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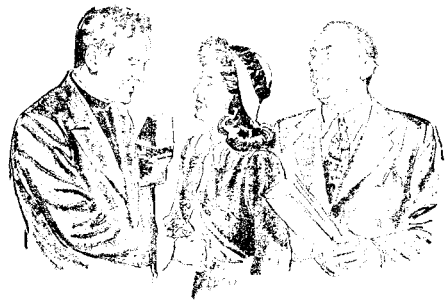
He got the brightest Hollywood and Broadway stars to "sell" family prayer over the air



Father Peyton's
RADIO MIRACLE

by JOSEPH A. BREIG

WHAT IS PROBABLY the most expensive assortment of stage, screen and radio stars in the history of the three industries is at the beck and call today of a 38-year-old Irish-born priest with a brogue as broad as Killarney, a man who has never had a dime to his name and never will have, because he has taken the religious vow of poverty.

His name (and what else could it be?) is Patrick—Patrick Peyton; and he is founder of Family Theater, a weekly (10 P.M. Thursdays, EST) program on the Mutual network which commands a great deal of the talent, free of charge, of at least 70 of the brightest-light stars of Broadway and Hollywood.

No one has attempted to estimate the value of the time they donate to Family Theater. Not for anything short of astronomical dollars would an impresario (unless he were Father Peyton) hope to enlist the services of John Charles Thomas, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Bing Crosby, Loretta Young, James Stewart, Irene Dunne, Edward G. Robinson, Don Ameche, Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer, Rosalind Russell, Margaret Sullavan and Charles Ruggles—to name just a few of them.

Yet the majority of them work for nothing for Father Peyton, because he has persuaded them that the world must be brought back to its knees if it is not to fall flat on its face. "The family that prays together, stays together," is their slogan; and it is on that simple basis that Father Peyton sold Hollywood the idea of advertising not tooth paste or automobiles but prayer—family prayer. It was also on that

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simple basis that he persuaded Mutual to donate radio time valued at $10,000 a week.

Today his program, with music by Meredith Willson, a short "plug for prayer" by some world-famous spokesman, and a new play each week starring the biggest names in entertainment, is a sensation in the broadcasting world. That it has come to stay is Father Peyton's vow; and the radio executives do not dispute him. In fact, the president of Mutual became a financial contributor after listening to the program for a couple of weeks.

In the whole thing, there is an other-world element which would be difficult to deny or explain away. For instance, the matter of Father Peyton's first trip to Hollywood from Albany, New York. A year earlier, someone had said to him that the "way to remind Americans to say their prayers is to enlist Hollywood, Broadway and the broadcasting studios."

Father Peyton thought about that, but he didn't know which way to turn. After all, he was a simple priest and he was busy with the Family Rosary crusade which he had initiated to persuade Catholics to return to the old family practice of saying the beads together in their homes after dinner.

Nevertheless, Father Peyton went to New York, seeking a free half-hour of the best evening radio time. Soon he found himself in the office of a woman executive at Mutual, who opened the conversation with a flat refusal.

When she had finished giving her reasons, he started talking about prayer. For the brotherhood of man, he said, you need the fatherhood of God. For the dignity of man, you must remember that "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights . . ." And if you take away the Creator, what becomes of the rights?

When he had finished, the woman executive stood up. "I only wish that what you've said could have been heard on the radio," she said.

If Father Peyton could interest the Hollywood stars in his program, he was told, the station would reconsider his proposal.

BACK IN ALBANY, A NUN came into Father Peyton's Family Rosary headquarters and said, "Father, we have your reservations to Los Angeles." (This was during the war, when trains were jammed.)

Father Peyton said gently that he hadn't asked for reservations to Los Angeles or anywhere else. The sister said that somebody had telephoned to her Mother Superior, requesting the train tickets for him.

Father Peyton took the hint. But once arrived in Los Angeles, he looked helplessly about him: he knew no one, he had no plans. Then, at St. Vibiana Cathedral, he met the vicar general of the diocese. Next Sunday, Father Peyton found himself delivering sermons at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills.

After each Mass, he talked with movie stars who had heard his appeal for help in spreading the Family Rosary devotion. Before nightfall, 14 had signed contracts donating their talents to a network program—if Father Peyton could get the network. And the number

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of contracts grew rapidly as word spread through Hollywood.

Ruth Hussey, Barry Fitzgerald, Maureen O'Hara, Maureen O'Sullivan, James Gleason, Van Heflin, Donald Crisp, Sara Allgood, Pedro de Cordoba, Fay Bainter, Charles Bickford, William Bendix, Joe E. Brown, Walter Brennan, June Haver, Susan Peters, Gregory Peck, Jack Haley, Joan Leslie, Roddy McDowall, Frank McHugh — so grew the list. Not all of them were Catholics, but all agreed that the world was in need of prayer.

There followed endless conferences with endless executives, and Father Peyton had to make a crucial decision. The radio people told him that they couldn't beam a program exclusively into Catholic homes. Instead, would he make it a program promoting family prayer in all homes?

After much soul-searching, Father Peyton said yes; and thus the Family Theater was launched, with probably the greatest big-name roster in American entertainment.

BEHIND ALL THIS there is the deeply moving story of Patrick Peyton, one of nine children in a poor cottage in County Mayo. A little village in the county boasted that it had sent forth into the world 4,000 priests and sisters. It is no wonder, then, that Patrick felt inclined to the priesthood when he was in his teens. But about this time, his father was stricken with illness, and Patrick, at 19, decided he must go to America and somehow earn money.

In Scranton, Pennsylvania (to which three of his sisters had already emigrated) Patrick became a janitor in the cathedral. One day, while painting behind the altar, he threw down his brush and went in search of the pastor. He had decided to be a priest.

After high school, Pat went to Moreau Seminary at Notre Dame, then to the Foreign Missionary Seminary in Washington, an institution of the Holy Cross Fathers. He was within two years of priesthood when tuberculosis struck him down. Pat tried to keep the illness secret, but before very long he had to be rushed to a hospital, where for 13 weeks the doctors tried vainly to collapse a lung.

Finally, Patrick was sent back to Notre Dame and put to bed. He placed a picture of the Virgin Mary on the wall, and asked Her to intercede with God for his recovery.

Father Peyton tells the rest of the story: "About two weeks later, I felt a new hope, a new lightness. Soon afterward, two doctors examined me. They were excited. They told me the fluid was going. Soon I was able to return to Washington and resume my studies."

Patrick began casting about for a method of thanking his Lady Mary. On retreat in 1942, just after his ordination, he made a resolution that has ruled his life ever since—that he would spend himself until death to restore the practice of the Family Rosary in 10,000,000 American homes.

He began his crusade with a letter to a bishop; and borrowed the three-cent stamp to mail it. The bishop's reply was enthusiastic; the crusade was launched. And as it grew with bewildering speed, Father Peyton almost lived in railroad trains crisscrossing America, making

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as many as a dozen speeches a day.

During these travels, he conceived the idea of a nation-wide radio broadcast to unite millions of families in one great prayer for the end of the war. In 1945, radio executives donated time on May 13, Mother's Day. And Father Peyton emphasizes that the two radio people who made it possible were a Protestant and a Jew.

But that particular Mother's Day was something more. A few days before the program was to go on the air, Germany surrendered; and that Sunday was proclaimed a day of thanksgiving for victory.

Father Peyton is a born dramatist. Seeking someone to lead the recitation of his radio Rosary, he thought of two of America's bravest parents—the father of the five Sullivan boys of Iowa who had gone down with their battleship, and their indomitable mother who, when told of her catastrophe, said to newspapermen: "Our Lord had five wounds, hadn't He?"

Father Peyton called the Sullivans. Then he phoned Bing Crosby and said, "I'm a priest in Albany. I want you to do something for the Blessed Virgin Mary." Crosby agreed to appear on the program.

The success of the radio Rosary had much to do with the determination with which Father Peyton went to Hollywood when those reservations fell into his hands.

EACH WEEK, FAMILY THEATER presents a 25-minute radio play, using those much-neglected theatrical materials: the home, the family and clean love.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of!" That line, read by a different star each week, raises the curtain on Family Theater. The impact upon listeners can be imagined as they hear their screen favorites recommending, of all things—prayer. In fact, so novel was the whole concept of Family Theater that there was a note almost of apology in the first few programs.

"Good evening," said Dana Andrews on one broadcast. "You heard me say, 'More things are wrought by prayer.' And I'll bet that some of you said, 'What a strange way to begin a radio program! What are those people in Hollywood thinking about, anyway?'

"You see, we think the same way you do. We think that a happy family is the greatest gift a guy can have. We want to remind you that prayer—that's right, family prayer—can keep your family happy, and—together. That's all."

And it's enough. Nothing is more eloquent of the effect of the program than the fact that the note of explanation has vanished. The stars in Family Theater today talk as casually about prayer as they might about Bing Crosby's horses or Bob Hope's nose. And the public acceptance has been astonishing.

Scripts for Family Theater come from all over the country, many unsolicited. Most of those accepted by Father Peyton's editorial board are the product of top professional writers in Hollywood and New York, yet perhaps the best was turned out by a priest, Father Timothy J. Mulvey. Called "God and a Red Scooter," it achieved the very difficult trick of presenting the voice of God without bombast or irreverence. The voice of God, by

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the way, was Rod O'Conner, tobacco-show announcer.

Family Theater casts, American-like, are religiously diverse. On one show there were two Jews, a Catholic, two Presbyterians, a Congregationalist, a Unitarian and a Christian Scientist. Whatever else they might differ about, they were agreed on one thing—that things are wrought by prayer. And they don't escape the influence of the program themselves.

"This show," said Nelson Eddy, "is doing a lot for homes and families—but it's also doing a lot for us who appear on it."

To keep everything regular, the stars receive payment at union rates. Most of them endorse the checks and hand them back. For scripts, technicians, music, supporting players and the like, Father Peyton must dig up $2,500 a week. Ask him where he gets it, and he'll tell you from everybody—from bishops, butchers, bakers.

To Family Theater headquarters at 5515 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, have come donations from big corporations, from newspapers that have sponsored the show, and from men and women of all faiths who have given their mite.

The girls of a college graduating class donated their graduation gifts, including two automobiles; housewives have sent Father Peyton their penny-hoards; a Boston working girl religiously contributes a part of her savings each month. And every time Father Peyton goes into a church or hall to tell his simple and touching story, contributors open their purse strings.

"When you parents pick up the newspaper," said John Charles Thomas the night he was master of ceremonies, "and learn that almost one of every two marriages nowadays seems headed for divorce, you get scared. Keeping a family together and happy is one of the hardest jobs in the world—particularly today. But you can always get help—the most wonderful help a man could wish for—God's help. Say a prayer. Pray with your family, and the job will be easier."

"Our Lady's Salesman," a radio executive has called Father Peyton; but perhaps the best name for him today, as he supervises the countless details of the Family Theater program, is "Our Lady's Showman." Yet if you asked him, you would get a different answer.

He would tell you simply, with many "Thanks be to God," that he is simply Her servant to command in the race between prayer and the atom bomb.

One Shortage Corrected

A PASSENGER BOARDED a crowded streetcar and handed the conductor a $5 bill, saying apologetically, "I'm afraid I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry," the conductor assured him grimly, "in a minute you'll have 99."

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SECRETS OF SUCCESS AFTER 60

by PAULA PHILIPS

In old-age centers throughout the U.S., men and women in the twilight of life are exploring new interests and acquiring many new skills

MRS. SNYDER sat alone in the guest room, rocking slowly in the big chair, back and forth, back and forth. Her bony fingers plucked a gray hair from the comforter on her knees.

From the kitchen came the voices of her children. She tried not to listen, but the shrill words fell relentlessly on her ears.

"It's your turn to take Mother," Lillian was telling her sister. "I've had her for six months and it's not easy to care for a woman who's close to 70. After all, I think you might at least do your share."

"I love Mother too," Jean answered. "But I have two young sons to think of—and a husband. They don't like having an old woman in the house."

Mrs. Snyder got up and quietly closed the door. She was used to this. There were always discussions when it was time to move from Lillian's house to Jean's, from Jean's back to Lillian's. She knew the girls didn't mean to be cruel, and surely it must be hard on them. Still, it wasn't her fault.

She had not wanted to become a burden and in the beginning she had tried to help. But her daughters were afraid to trust her with even the smallest tasks. So now she sat alone, in one guest room or another, bitter in the knowledge that she was unneeded and unwanted.

For Mrs. Snyder and countless others in the same predicament, life itself holds little value. Medicine with its miracle drugs has given them added years—but what do these years mean? All too often, old age turns out to be a sad and useless time.

"What tragic nonsense!" says the modern scientist. "You can't demobilize old age. You can't turn people out to pasture and expect them to endure life."

Thus, up-to-date research is ex-

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ploding the notion that o'd age must be a do-nothing stage, an empty interval between today and imminent death. Physicians assure us that the fear of aging, more than the aging process itself, causes old people to lose first their confidence and then their ability.

Actually, the mental standard of the man of 80 may be equal to that of his 35-year-old grandson. His physical strength has diminished, but his years of experience have brought him other qualities—patience, tolerance, wisdom.

"Add life to their years, not merely years to their life."

That is more than a slogan. It represents a totally new approach to the problems of old age. Today, medical and social scientists are working to make old age an active and productive period, full of exciting opportunity. Their immediate goal is to help the man or woman over 60 to explore new interests, learn new skills, try new jobs.

Statistics add a note of urgency to this startling program, for they show that our population is growing progressively older. This year, there are 16,000,000 Americans who have passed 60. In 1950, the number will be crowding 17,250,000. By 1980, one of every seven Americans will fall into the old-age category!

Staggering figures like these have stirred a nation-wide reaction. In New York City a consulting psychologist gives courses on how to age successfully. In Florida and California, groups like the Three-Quarter-of-a-Century Club are forming. At the University of Chicago, a long-range project has been started in which scientists will spend 30 years studying 2,000 individuals who range in age from 50 to 80. But the most significant development is the old-age center.

One of the prominent people to foster this idea of a community club for 60-plussers was the late Dr. Lillien Martin, who retired at 65 from the Stanford University faculty. But she did not retire from life. She began to study—first Spanish, then typing. On her 78th birthday she decided to travel and in the next few months learned to drive a car. With an eagerness usually attributed to youth, she drove across the country six times.

Still Dr. Martin was not content. "If I can enjoy life," she asked, "why can't others?" Translating her thought into action, she founded the Old-age Counseling Center in California.

Fortunately, others thought along the same lines, and Dr. Martin's center now has dozens of counterparts—the William Hodson Community Center in New York, the Benjamin Rose Institute in Cleveland and the Gordon House in Vancouver, to name only a few. Equipped with workshops, game rooms, lecture rooms and social halls, these centers are attacking the chief dangers of old age—idleness, boredom and stagnation.

Take the case of Henry B——, a dancer and musical-comedy star who had traveled everywhere, meeting new people, seeing new things. Somehow he had never married.

When Henry reached his sixties he found himself alone. Many of his friends were no longer living and he had lost track of others. He spent his time walking in the park or sitting idly in his furnished room.

"It would be nice to work

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again," he thought, "but there's no place in the theater for me."

Then one day Henry met an elderly man in the park and heard about one of the old-age centers.

"I remember you. I used to see all your shows," his new friend told him. "Why don't you come to the center and give the boys a treat?"

Henry went to the center and discovered that any talent could be put to work. He saw a former pastry chef teaching members how to bake; a singer leading a glee club; an ex-teacher translating Spanish novels for literary enthusiasts. And some of these people were older than he!

Now, once a week in the center's recreation hall, Henry goes behind the footlights as star of the Saturday night entertainment. And he gives dancing lessons to men and women who will laughingly tell you that "old dogs *can* learn new tricks."

Center members are showing remarkable readiness to exchange the rocking chair for more streamlined equipment. One man of 80 organized a baseball team for men who had passed the 75th milestone. Another, aged 77, took up flying and is still a licensed pilot at 82. A 68-year-old dressmaker came out of retirement to start a sewing class for mothers. The written instructions she prepared for each lesson brought such favorable comment that she decided to embark on a writing career. Her first book, *How to Make Children's Clothes*, was the successful result.

Sometimes there is even a note of romance. At a New York center, a wedding party recently packed the clubroom. The 72-year-old groom was a musician, and his bride, described as "spry, sociable and 66," said she fell in love with her husband's violin playing. He used to play nightly at the center while fellow members danced.

These success-after-60 stories are a tribute to the amazing accomplishments of old-age centers. As one director says: "These men and women were not always as you see them now. When they first came they were sullen and disgusted with life. But the spirit of our work was so contagious that, within no time at all, they seemed re-created."

DURING THE WAR the new concept of old age found a nation-wide testing ground. When the government sent out an SOS for manpower, millions of patriotic workers answered — among them 700,000 old-agers entitled to retire on insurance. We know of contributions they made—but few know of their equally priceless reward.

Jonathan Brown's story is typical. He had retired from his job as a mechanic at 55. Then for eight unhappy years he puttered around the house. But most of the time he would just complain.

When the war came, Jonathan took a job in a war plant. Though he put in eight hours a day, six days a week, he thrived. No longer did he nag his children with trivial complaints. His desperate search for a way to keep busy had ended.

Men and women like Jonathan Brown did not go back to the shelf when the war ended. They had recaptured the active life and would not give it up again. They knew they could keep step with the working world and academic evidence backed them up. Studies conducted

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at Harvard and other universities gave proof that the accident rate of young workers was no lower than that of their older colleagues.

Employers were happy to retain the older help they had learned to respect. Dodge Motor Company officials, for example, point proudly to the excellent record of the famous old men's section. And in another field, the president of a New York towing company testifies to the ability and efficiency of his employees, most of them over 70.

Recent longevity predictions are not based on wishful thinking. Life expectancy today is close to 65 years, double the figure of a century ago. The future, according to a Duke University report, will bring even more sweeping changes.

"Man is built to live 100 years," says one medical authority. And the American Chemical Society goes even further. "Man can look forward to a life span of 130 years."

We can no longer consider the years past 60 as borrowed time to be lived in exile. More and more of us shall spend that time, and it is only practical that we prepare for it. By so doing, we shall all benefit in the long run. As one social scientist puts it: "In serving the old, in enriching their lives, we make it possible to enrich our own. Otherwise, we shall find ourselves among them before we are ready."

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The Grim Face of Peace: In this stirring 40-page picture story, one of the most important ever to appear in Coronet, you will see what the peace—in a world weakened by war and hunger—means to you as an American. Here is a feature you can't afford to miss.

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The Unbeatable Babe

Her fighting spirit and cocky confidence have made her the athletic phenomenon of the age, but Babe Didrikson Zaharias is almost as misunderstood as she is admired

by LAWRENCE LADER

MRS. BABE DIDRIKSON ZAHARIAS, who in the last 17 years has won more championships and broken more world's records than any other man or woman in history, is not only the athletic phenomenon of the age but the leading exponent of the chest-thumping oratory which almost died out with Tony Galento's famous pre-fight phrase: "I'll murder da bum!"

"The Babe," as she is universally known, is loquacious and confident. She likes nothing better than talking about her prowess. She gets her biggest kick out of facing her opponent before an important golf match and announcing:

"You betta be good, honey, or I'm gonna lick you awful."

Standing on the first tee, she often rubs her hands together and chortles: "I'm right in there today. I've never been better." After a particularly good shot, she will say: "I really killed it." When an opponent smacks a long drive, she is apt to look at her consolingly and say: "That's good, honey, but it just ain't good enough." Then she will step up and smack her ball at least 20 yards farther.

The Babe has never made a proclamation that she couldn't carry out since she was a kid of 15 at high school in Beaumont, Texas. At a boys' boxing class in the gym one day, she walked up to the halfback of the football team, promising to knock him cold.

"You couldn't even hurt me," the halfback, a burly redhead, retorted. The Babe swung, and he went flat on his back, unconscious.

At the National Track and Field Championships in 1932, some 250 of the country's outstanding runners and jumpers were entered against her. "Ah'm gonna lick you singlehanded," she announced. This she

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promptly did by winning five events and placing fourth in a sixth.

During the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles, she visited an amusement park with teammates. They stopped at a shooting gallery. After the girls had tried unsuccessfully to knock over the moving ducks, the Babe grabbed the rifle and announced: "Ah'll show you some shooting." Then she proceeded to knock over 24 out of 24.

The Babe's proclamations are not based on an overinflated ego. If anyone accuses her of boasting, she looks amazed, for she is simply stating facts, based on a bubbling and exuberant confidence.

Now 34, the Babe has been beating the greatest women athletes in the world since she was 16. She is an expert at swimming, diving, tennis, skating, billiards, pool, skeet-shooting, trap-shooting and wrestling. But her most spectacular records have been made in basketball, baseball, track and golf.

As a member of the Golden Cyclones, a Dallas basketball team that won the national title in 1931, she established herself as the greatest woman player the game has ever known. As pitcher and shortstop of the Cyclones baseball team, she outplayed every other woman in the country. At the 1932 Olympics, she turned out to be the track and field sensation.

After winning 17 straight major tournaments, the Babe is easily the greatest woman golfer alive, the only one of her sex ever to win both the U.S. and British amateur titles. So overwhelming is her superiority that one British sports writer cracked: "It's a crime to send our girls out against a game like that."

To describe the Babe's stature in the world of sports is like trying to describe the Empire State Building to a South Pacific aborigine. "She is beyond belief till you see her perform," Grantland Rice once said. "Then you finally understand that you are looking at the most flawless example of complete mental and physical coordination that sport has ever known."

The Babe picks up a new sport as if she had been playing it all her life. Five minutes after stepping onto a bowling alley, she was scoring 170. In her first golf lesson, she slammed her drive 265 yards. Before turning professional for the first time in 1933, she was well on her way toward becoming women's tennis champion.

"There's only one way to describe her," a sports writer has written. "She's a phenomenon of nature."

But the Babe is almost as misunderstood as she is admired. Only now, after 17 record-breaking years, is the public accepting her as a heroine. Until she came along, there were just the glamour girls and the Amazons. The former specialized in the "polite sports"—swimming, golf, figure skating, tennis—which, according to society's conventions, were ladylike enough for daughters of even the best families.

The Amazons were the muscle molls who invaded new fields like baseball, basketball, track and even wrestling, which previously had been considered solely men's territory. They shocked some people, caused others to laugh.

As Paul Gallico put it, "They made possible deliciously frank and biological discussions in the newspapers as to whether this or that

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woman athlete should be addressed as 'Miss, Mrs., Mr. or It.' "

The Babe baffled people because she not only mastered the "polite" sports, but also any bruising event she chose to enter. When people saw pictures of her boxing or slinging a football they concluded that she was an Amazon, all right. With her boyish bob and freakish clothes, what else could she be?

In fact, the Babe's dislike of femininity made things even worse. It had started as soon as she joined her brothers at their games in Beaumont. "When I was a kid, all I wanted was to play the boys' games," she recalls. "I grew up wrestling, jumping and roughhousing with them. We slugged and no holds barred."

She hated make-up, jewelry, silk stockings. As soon as she got home from school each day, she switched from dresses to overalls. Once, when Babe was invited to a party, her mother made her a fancy dress with lace and frills. The Babe looked at herself in the mirror, tore off the dress and set out for the party in her favorite overall costume.

WHEN SHE WENT to the 1932 Olympics at 18, the Babe still scorned femininity. She wore ridiculous clothes, she was brash, she roughhoused in the dining room, spilling trays over the girls.

When athletic beauties like Eleanor Holm and Georgia Coleman were dined and wined by Hollywood, naturally the Babe felt left out. So, to win the spotlight, the Babe overplayed her anti-femininity. When newspaper men interviewed her, she clowned, cursed, acted the Texas toughie. Today, when she is reminded of those early antics, she groans unhappily.

"I was just a wild kid. I hadn't grown up yet," she explains.

Few people who criticized the Babe realized that at the height of her Olympic fame she was only 18. But after her marriage to George Zaharias, a former professional wrestler, the kid became a woman. She started to visit beauty parlors, she bought lipstick, painted her nails. In Denver, where the Zahariases made their home, she cooked, sewed, even had neighbors in occasionally for tea. Her clothes soon rivaled those of the best-dressed women in town.

"I wish those people who always wanted to make a tough mug out of me could just get a look at me now," she snapped.

The Babe stands five feet seven and weighs 145 pounds. Her motions have the liquid ease of a young colt. Her legs would do justice to a nylon advertisement. She dresses well. By wearing her brown hair in a loose, flowing bob that fills out her sharply featured face, she has learned to soften the image. Her eyes are gray-blue and always excitingly alive.

The Babe's personality is magnetic. Wherever she plays, crowds pack the fairways so deeply that she often has trouble getting off her drives. She is probably the first great woman athlete to bring to the golf course the flamboyant tradition of the prima donna.

If she makes a good shot and the applause is scant, she is likely to turn to the gallery in mock anger and demand: "How about giving the little girl a big hand?" On rare occasions when she makes a bad

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shot, she grimaces, dances on one foot, or shakes her club.

The larger the crowd, the happier the Babe. "I like big cities best," she says, "because there are more people to please."

LOOKING BACK TO THE Babe's childhood in Beaumont, it is often claimed that she won her nickname during a baseball game when she slammed four home runs and was immediately dubbed "The Babe" in honor of the great Ruth.

In reality, she received her name shortly after her birth in 1913, when her five older brothers and sisters began to call her "The Baby." Two years later, when brother Arthur was born, he had such difficulty pronouncing the phrase that it was shortened to "Babe." In subsequent years, her affection for the nickname became so fervent that she would lick any boy or girl who dared to call her Mildred, her given name.

It is probably fortunate for the history of American sport that Ole and Hanna Didrikson, emigrants from Norway, decided to rear their family in the refinery district of Beaumont, where the law of survival of the fittest prevailed. The Babe learned to use her fists early. One friend remembers the time she showed up late for school with skinned knuckles. "I passed a bunch of kids, and one of 'em cussed me," the Babe reported. "So I had to clean up the whole gang."

This fierce spirit later helped her to fight her way to the top of every sport she played. Girls offered the Babe no competition, so she practically ignored them. The boys she made respect her.

"If we didn't do as she wanted," recalls a former classmate, "she'd chase us down and sit on us until we promised to play by her rules."

Although many neighbors remember the Babe as the worst kid on the street, her family scoffs at the idea. "It wasn't a mean sort of badness," says Mrs. O. B. Grimes, one of her sisters. "She got the blame for a lot she didn't do."

The Babe's first official championship is still recorded in the annals of Magnolia Elementary School. Although only a second-grader competing against older boys and girls, she won the marble tournament. From then on, her ascendancy was spectacular.

At Beaumont High, she made the baseball, basketball, volleyball, tennis and swimming teams, and captured the junior girls' diving and swimming championships of the city for three straight years.

The Babe considers a February night in 1930, when Col. M. J. McCombs came to watch the Beaumont basketball team play Houston High, one of the turning points of her life. The Colonel, coach of the Golden Cyclones, a Dallas insurance company team, was scouting a Houston player. But he admitted later that he never took his eyes off the Babe. She was a wild colt on the court, fast and unstoppable. At the half, the Colonel rushed to her dressing room and offered her a job at the insurance company and a place on the Cyclones.

With the Babe leading them on, the Cyclones began a winning streak that finally carried them to national supremacy in 1931. Then Colonel McCombs decided to train the Babe in track and field. In the

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Southern AAU championships, she broke three American records. Next year, she swept into Dyche Stadium at Evanston, Illinois, for the Olympic tryouts like a 200-mile gale. Neither the Babe's opponents nor the stadium crowds will ever forget that meet. She won five first places and tied for a sixth.

THE BABE CAME TO the 1932 Olympics overflowing with confidence. "I'm gonna bust 'em wide open," she predicted. And so she did, winning the hurdles and the javelin throw. In the high jump, she leaped 5 feet, 5 inches, placing second. She was the sensation of the Olympics.

A few months later, her meteoric career in amateur athletics came to earth with a dull thud. In a foolish misunderstanding over the use of her name in an auto advertisement, the Amateur Athletic Union suspended her. The case became a public issue from coast to coast. The advertising agency claimed she had never received a penny for her endorsement, but the case clearly had deeper implications.

In retrospect, it seems clear that the AAU was determined to eliminate "muscle molls" from its ranks. No official ever put it that bluntly, of course, but the decision was called "for the best interest of the game." The Babe herself was more frank. Asked by a reporter why she had been barred from an amateur golf tournament, she snapped: "Because they didn't want me to beat the rich dames."

Now a professional, the Babe became a headliner on the RKO vaudeville circuit, hurdling, running on a treadmill and even playing a harmonica. "I hated every minute of it," she later confessed.

That summer, she pitched for the House of David baseball team until, as she admitted, she couldn't stand looking at another beard. She organized her own touring basketball team, tried selling golf equipment, gave exhibitions of golf, pool, bowling. Actually she never made much money, and most of it went to her family.

In 1933, the Babe strolled up to Stanley Kertes, a young golf instructor at Pico, California, and stated: "I want to be the greatest woman golfer in the world."

Less than a week after they started playing together, he banged out an especially long drive. The Babe stepped up and slammed her ball 30 yards farther.

"Right then," Kertes recalls, "I knew that she had the makings of a champion."

Soon she was known as the hardest hitter in women's golf.

In 1938, while playing in an exhibition match at Brentwood, California, the Babe was introduced to Zaharias, a 300-pound ex-professional wrestler, once known as the "Crying Greek from Cripple Creek." As a gag, a local golf promoter paired them with a minister. "But it was no gag," the Babe recalls. "It was love at first sight."

Zaharias was also a golf addict. They played together every day. In December, they were married. Zaharias gave up the grunt-and-groan business to become a fight promoter in Denver. The Babe gave up professional barnstorming to concentrate on golf.

Both knew that her weakness was approach shots and putting. So the

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Babe practiced, hour after hour, until she could chip to the pin and sink 20-foot putts as easily as she could slam the ball 275 yards. By 1946, the Babe, now back in the good graces of the AAU, was ready. "I want to establish the longest winning streak in the history of women's golf," she said.

It started in August. For 17 straight major tournaments, the Babe ran roughshod over the world's greatest women golfers. After a series of smashing victories, the Babe was ready for the two big tournaments of her life. She won the U. S. Amateur, 11 up, 9 to play. Then last June, she sailed for Scotland and the British Amateur.

No American woman had ever won both tournaments. But nothing could stop the Babe. In the finals, she met Miss Jacqueline Gordon, defeating her 5 and 4. Even the reserved British press exploded with such adjectives as "spectacular" and "phenomenal."

There was nothing more for the Babe to win now. Returning from Britain, hailed as the greatest woman golfer in history, it was no surprise when she decided to turn professional for the second time and make a series of movie shorts for $300,000. With publishing and radio contracts also awaiting her signature, the Babe would now become not only the greatest, but the richest, woman athlete in the world.

PEOPLE NEVER GET TIRED of asking what makes a champion tick. In the case of the Babe, this is a complicated matter. First and foremost, she has a tremendous inner energy, driving her towards success. Her husband once remarked that the Babe cannot stand being second-best to any woman. This is no idle statement. It is a psychological drive which has sparked the Babe from the time she was a kid in Beaumont.

In addition to this urge, she has inexhaustible determination. Kertes says that when she started golf, she stayed on the practice tee, hitting up to 1,500 balls a day. "She'd get out there at 9 in the morning," he recalls, "and often stay there till the place closed at midnight.

"For eight months, she hit ball after ball until her hands began to bleed, and I had to make her wear gloves and finally beg her to stop and rest."

Every coach who has known the Babe considers her the possessor of a perfect temperament. In practice, she may look sloppy, even listless, but when she starts to play she is like Joe Louis, stalking her prey. She may allow a golf opponent to stay even during the first round. Then she turns on the heat.

The Babe is at her best with her back to the wall. At Ormond Beach, Florida, last spring, she and Margaret Gunther were all square on the 18th hole. With a drive and an approach, Miss Gunther came within an inch of the cup. The Babe's drive lay at the edge of the green. The safest alternative was to take two putts and halve the hole. But lining up her ball with the cup, 50 feet away, she knocked it in to take the hole and the tournament.

The Babe's poise is unshakeable. She has the cold indifference to what people think or say about her that is essential to a champion. Even on the links, no heckler can disturb her. The only time she

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ever lost her temper was during a basketball game between her Golden Cyclones and the Oklahoma Presbyterian College.

With the Oklahoma girls ahead by two points in the closing minutes, the Babe shot a field goal that would have tied the score if the referee, "Runt" Ramsay, had counted it two points. Instead, according to the rules of girls' basketball which then existed, he awarded only one point. Like a flash, the Babe turned on Ramsay, swung and landed. A second later, she was crying and apologizing.

Ramsay laughed it off. But all winter long she wrote him, repeating that it was the only incident she would always regret.

At 34, the Babe is as physically fit as when she led the Cyclones at 16. Training for her is a religious ritual. As a kid, she did "bicycles" on her back by the hour, studying her form in the mirror. Today, she still does calisthenics and flip-flops every morning. She sleeps at least eight hours a night, doesn't drink and smokes only in moderation.

At first glance, the Babe's 145 pounds do not qualify her as a feminine Atlas, but her strength is fabulous. Once, at a party, a man who weighed 250 and stood six feet four, boasted that no woman could throw him. Laughing, the Babe reached out and a second later he was sprawled on the floor.

The Babe herself is unconcerned about her miraculous abilities. She treats admirers with the same contemplative calm that the Atlantic Ocean might assume if it were suddenly told it was wet. "Of course I'm great," she says. She has accepted the fact since she was a kid, and cannot understand why anyone should think it extraordinary.

When a spectator at the British Amateur, dazzled by her booming drives, asked her how she did it, she gave him the best recipe for athletic supremacy that she knew: "Why, I just loosen my girdle and let the ball have it!"

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ALTHOUGH CORONET WAS first made available for classroom use only a few years ago, in that short time the magazine has won recognition from teachers everywhere as unexcelled supplementary reading for students.

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Unfurled from the how World

Cellulines

A Hollywood movie executive ventured the opinion that the best picture he had ever seen was *David Copperfield*. "You know," he said decisively, "it would have made a wonderful book." —Joe C. Donohue

Samuel Goldwyn once asked a writer, "Will you give me your word of honor that you will work for me when you finish your present picture?"

"I can't," the writer replied.

"Well, then," Goldwyn demanded, "if you can't give me your word of honor, will you give me your promise?"

Comic Section

Parkyakarkus: Today, if you want for to see a dentist in March you got to get a toothache in September.

—Eddie Cantor Show, NBC

Rochester, in discussing the life spans of famous people, said he didn't think Jack Benny would ever pass into the great beyond. "How come," he was asked. To which he replied, "Well they say you can't take it with you. And if Mr. Benny can't take it with him, he ain't goin'!" *—Jack Benny Show, NBC*

I'd like to buy him for what I think of him, and sell him for what he thinks of himself.

—Fibber McGee and Molly Program, NBC

Air Lines

Jane Adams (to emcee Orville Anderson): "Is it true, Orville, that you won a car recently in a radio contest?"

Orville: "That's right. I saved box tops from corn flakes and submitted jingles with them. It's a swell car, too. Very comfortable to sleep in."

Jane: "To sleep in? Why don't you sleep in your house?"

Orville: "I can't. The house is full of corn flakes!"

—Darts for Dough Show, ABC

1948 bathing suit: two bandannas and a worried look. *—Judy Canova Show, NBC*

Radio actor Paul Barnes got his story of the week while waiting in the NBC reception room between shows. The receptionist was helping an aspiring actress fill out an audition blank, and when the actress was asked her age she hesitated. The receptionist waited patiently while seconds ticked by, then she quipped, "Better hurry up; every minute makes it worse!"

—Dutton-Lippold

The other day at the movies an usher saw smoke coming from an orchestra seat. He rushed up to a

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woman and said, "Madam, don't you know there's no smoking permitted in the orchestra?" She replied, "Who's *smoking*? I'm *cooking* my husband's dinner!"

—*Eddie Cantor Show, NBC*

Maid: "Tell me, Miss Judy, in Los Angeles when does a pedestrian have the right of way?"

Judy Canova: "Why, when he's in an ambulance. Course you gotta have the siren going. . . ."

—*Judy Canova Show, NBC*

Announcer: "Tell me, Miss La Tour, don't you find Beaudent Tooth Paste refreshing and pleasant to the taste?"

Girl: "I certainly do."

"Doesn't its snow-white foam reach to the farthest corners of your mouth?"

"It sure does."

"Don't you find that Beaudent makes your teeth sparkle like precious gems?"

"Yes, sir!"

"It is your opinion that Beaudent is by far the most popular tooth paste in the world?"

"Definitely."

"Well, Miss La Tour, you certainly have convinced me." —*Punch*

When a man is burning with love he often makes a fuel of himself.

—*Cass Daley Show, NBC*

Star Grazing

Temporarily—and mind you I say temporarily — I'm through with love. —Ava Gardner

I have gained a great deal from this business. I have learned how to walk gracefully, how to talk expressively, how to dress tastefully, and how to minimize my defects. I have been beautified, slenderized, emotionalized and vitalized, and I have had a practical course in the management of business affairs. If I left Hollywood tomorrow, penniless, I would still count myself a lucky person. —Olivia de Havilland

Discussing motion picture acting as a career: "I see 'em get the big car and the big house and the big head. Then they lose the big car and the big house and all they've got left is the big head."

—Walter Brennan

Columns Write

Sounds in the night. "She gabs so much, you couldn't even get a word in if you folded it in two."

—Walter Winchell

Myrna Loy's new French poodle will occupy the fanciest doghouse in Hollywood. It has two rooms, an awning, and an electric fan in the roof for air conditioning.

—Jimmy Starr

Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage or screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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by GEORGE W. KISKER

Take Your Medicine — in Classes

Busy doctors throughout the country are finding the answer to their problem—and a short cut to health—in group therapy

WHEN THE DOCTOR entered his office, it was already crowded. He nodded a friendly greeting, then a hush fell over the room as he made his way to his desk. At last the patients were going to learn the meaning of his mysterious calls.

"I phoned you to meet me here tonight," he began, "because the medical problem in this town is serious. Something's got to be done about it. There aren't enough doctors and I've got more patients than I can handle. That is, more patients than I can handle in the *ordinary* way. But by treating you in groups of eight or ten, we could solve the problem."

The doctor could see that his idea was not very popular, but he continued: "You can think of these groups as 'treatment classes' if you like. The heart patients would meet with me at one time, the ulcer cases at another, the lung cases at still another, and so on. By treating you together, everyone would get some good out of the classes. What do you say?"

For a moment, no one spoke. Then an old lady arose. "*I'll* certainly not do it," she snapped. "If you can't give me personal attention, I'll find a doctor who can!"

Several others nodded in agreement. But a young man with a serious heart disorder spoke up. "If you think it's the thing to do, Doc, you can count me in."

The doctor smiled his thanks and turned to the others. "How about the rest of you? Naturally there are cases that require individual consultation. When you need it, you will get it. But most of you would be better-off in a group."

One by one they agreed to give the plan a trial. Even the old lady

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finally gave in. By next morning, everyone in town knew about the doctor's new idea. Some shook their heads, some were shocked, some were indignant. Only a few insisted that he should be given a chance.

Fortunately, it didn't take him long to prove that he knew what he was doing. By the end of a week the treatment classes were the most popular thing in town. Everyone who needed treatment was getting it now—promptly and inexpensively.

Many people thought the doctor had invented a revolutionary new method of medical treatment. But they were wrong. He got the idea back in 1905 when he was a young physician practicing in Boston. At that time, one of the local medical men, Dr. Joseph H. Pratt, was trying to reach as many tuberculosis patients as possible in the poorer districts of Boston.

With the help of the Rev. Elwood Worcester, rector of Emmanuel Church, and the Massachusetts General Hospital, a small group of patients was brought together in what was called the Emmanuel Church Tuberculosis Class.

Dr. Pratt explained the nature of the disease to his patients and told them how to care for themselves. They were allowed to keep their own records of weight, pulse and temperature. To encourage them still further, those who showed the greatest gains in weight from week to week were listed on a special honor roll.

The next few years saw classes organized for other patients. In 1915, the first group for diabetics was organized at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, and a year later Dr. G. P. Denny established a class for heart disorders. These early groups were so successful that they have been continued, in one form or another, for 40 years.

Today, in various parts of the country, classes are held for the treatment of asthma, colitis, arthritis, high blood pressure, allergy, cancer, malnutrition, mental disorder and even venereal disease. Medical men now realize that the classes are an important phase of treatment. As one patient put it: "There seems to be something about seeing other people just as badly off as yourself that helps you along the road to recovery."

Patients get an emotional lift out of attending the classes. They are encouraged when they note the progress made by other patients. Before long they find themselves competing with one another to see who can improve most rapidly. Thus the class becomes an effective short cut to recovery.

ONE OF THE BEST-known groups in the country today is the "Thought-Control Clinic" at Boston Dispensary. Two classes meet once a week, with 20 to 35 patients generally present at each meeting. Those who are attending for the first time are seated in front of patients who have been there before. Other than this, the meetings are entirely informal.

Each patient hands in a "progress slip" on which he writes of his present condition and how he has mastered his problems during the past week. The slips are read to the class in order to show what can be accomplished if a person really makes an effort to get better. Next the patients are told to relax as

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much as possible to get rid of muscle tension. To help them relax, they are encouraged to concentrate on some pleasant scene that they remember. Then the doctor talks briefly on some simple medical or psychological problem.

Sometimes bits of inspirational poetry are read, and it is not unusual to see patients busily writing in their notebooks. After the doctor's talk, patients who have made progress give brief testimony for the benefit of the others in the group. The older patients are good "salesmen" for the Clinic, convincing the new patient of the value of coming back again.

At one large hospital, a different method is used. The doctor opens the meeting by reading a case history without naming the patient. "Mrs. X has been suffering severe headaches for five years. And yet there doesn't seem to be any organic reason for it. The headaches started following the death of her son. Now she has them four or five times a year."

Before the doctor proceeds much further, the patients begin to fire questions. "How long do the headaches last?" "Where is the pain? At the back of the head or in front?" "Could her diet have anything to do with it?"

The doctor answers the questions as best he can and the class then discusses the case. "My mother had headaches like that," volunteers one patient. "She would get them whenever she worried about my sister, who wasn't very well. When my sister got better, my mother's headaches went away."

Before the meeting is over, everyone in class has had a chance to talk about headaches. In this way many patients come to understand their own symptoms. And once the symptoms are understood, the chances that they will disappear are increased.

At a mental hospital, group treatment consists of a course of 12 talks given in a room specially decorated for the occasion. There are 15 large pictures on the walls, each portraying a scene in the life of a patient who is being treated for some mental disorder. The doctor bases his talk on the pictures, and the patients understand and enjoy it.

At the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York City, the medical staff has found that class patients learn to walk and take care of themselves more rapidly than those given individual treatment. A young man with paralysis of the legs was recently brought to the Institute.

"I've been to specialists all over the country," he said, "but none has been able to teach me to walk. Can you help me?"

He had his answer a few days later when he managed to get out of a wheel chair for the first time without help. At the end of two weeks he was able to walk across a room by himself.

What was the secret of his improvement? Not special medicine or expensive treatment. The doctors simply placed the young man with a group of patients who were more severely paralyzed than he was. When he saw they were learning to walk, his confidence received a great boost. And that proved to be all he needed.

Treatment classes are taking place every day in hospitals

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throughout the world. Some patients are cool to the idea at first because they fear they won't get enough individual attention. But after the second or third meeting, most of them become wholehearted supporters. Several hospitals send questionnaires to former patients, asking for their frank opinions on group sessions.

One patient wrote: "I felt all alone before I attended the classes. Now I feel that I have found people who are fighting the same thing I am fighting. They helped me to realize that my case is not hopeless. I'm sure that I will get completely well again."

Most patients say they are helped when they see how many other "normal looking" people are suffering from the same disease. Being in a group seems to give them added confidence and hope. Then, too, "health" is a fascinating topic for people who are sick, or even those who merely think they are sick. As one woman said:

"I could never get anyone interested in my symptoms until I joined the class. Now I can talk all I want, and I've got someone willing to listen to me."

Another woman liked the class for an entirely different reason. "It isn't so hard to stay on my diet when I know that others are doing it, too," she said.

Many large hospitals are planning to make classes available to people with all kinds of physical and psychological disorders. Even your own family doctor may have new ideas about treating his patients. So when you next visit him to complain about your headaches or your ulcers, or your particular ailment, don't be surprised if he asks you to attend a class. This unusual treatment will do you good. And what is equally important, you'll quickly learn to like it.

Taking No Chances

An American war correspondent was riding on a London bus during the last months of the war. Suddenly a buzz bomb could be seen and heard heading straight for the busy intersection the bus was approaching. But the bus driver, instead of speeding on past the intersection to safety, brought the bus to a full stop.

Frightened passengers hurled themselves to the floor of the bus automatically. Then, fortunately, the bomb went on its way. The driver shifted gears and drove on.

The other passengers, unprotesting, got up and took their seats. But not the American correspondent. Alarmed and angry, he rushed down the aisle and addressed the British driver.

"For God's sake," he cried, "what did you stop for? Didn't you see that bomb coming?"

The driver was politeness itself.

"Oh, indeed I did, sir," he replied. "But by any chawnce did you happen to see the red light?"

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You've probably never heard of Mrs. Marcet, yet her book revolutionized our lives

THE OLD LADY WHO CHANGED THE WORLD

by JEROME S. MEYER

IF YOU WERE ASKED to list the ten books that have had the greatest influence in shaping our civilization, you would undoubtedly mention, among others, the Bible, *Das Kapital* and Newton's *Principia*. But not one person in a thousand would include Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations on Chemistry*, published back in 1806. Yet that book helped to give us almost every modern convenience we enjoy today.

It is a little book about Emily and Caroline, two girls who chat with their teacher, a Mrs. Bryan, about chemistry. Through this imaginary conversation, Mrs. Marcet discusses the discoveries of such scientists as Galvani, Cavendish, Lavoisier and Davy.

So charming and understandable was *Conversations on Chemistry* that it soon became a best-seller in England, and a few years later appeared in America. By 1853, more than 140,000 "young democrats of the new republic" had read it.

Meantime, two apparently unimportant events had occurred—one in the physics laboratory of the University of Copenhagen and the other in Riebau's tiny bookshop on Blandford Street, London.

In Copenhagen a professor of physics, Hans Christian Oersted, while lecturing on batteries, noticed that a compass lying on his desk did *not* point to magnetic north. Investigating, he found the compass was resting on one of the wires connected to the batteries. As soon as he moved the compass, the needle swung back to magnetic north.

After class, Oersted made notes of this phenomenon and, in a paper published later, he proved there was some connection between electricity and magnetism.

In Riebau's shop lay a pile of books to be rebound. The alert and

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intelligent binder's apprentice, still in his teens, came across an old copy of *Conversations on Chemistry*. At home, he performed most of the experiments discussed by Emily and Caroline, and found that *everything checked perfectly!* The more he studied the book the more enthralled he became, and it was then that young Michael Faraday decided to give up bookbinding and devote his life to science.

Today, Faraday's name is known around the world, for in those early years of the 19th century, modern electricity was born. Its father, one might say, was Oersted, while its mother was Faraday.

Faraday found, after experiments based on Oersted's discoveries, that moving a metal rod up and down between opposite poles of an ordinary magnet created current in the rod. He reasoned that if metal rods could be moved between these poles rapidly enough, a steady flow of electricity would result. So he put the rods on a wheel and turned the wheel between the poles, thus producing the very first dynamo—the great-great-grandfather of our modern generator! And from this principle the electric motor, in turn, was developed.

While Faraday did not actually invent the electromagnet (this being achieved by two men simultaneously, Sturgeon in England and Henry in the United States), he paved the way for remarkable applications of the priceless invention.

So the next time you pick up a telephone, go to the movies, listen to the radio, read by electric light, ride in an elevator or do almost any of the many routine things you do every day, give a thought to the little old lady in London whose remarkable book was responsible for changing our world.

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Condensed Book

LOS ANGELES

WILD, WACKY—BUT WONDERFUL

by MATT WEINSTOCK

Here is the condensation of an uproarious new book that catches all the glamour, the color and the peculiarities of a great American city that is as fascinating as it is fantastic.

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

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by MATT WEINSTOCK

LOS ANGELES

WILD, WACKY, BUT WONDERFUL

LOS ANGELES HAS been described as a glorious climate completely wasted on an undeserving, vulgar and boorish people. It has been compared to a freak exhibit at a third-rate circus side show, the one where the barker shouts: "It walks, it talks, but is it human?"

Paul Schrecker, the European philosopher, said: "Even its bad taste seems to be fake bad taste." And George Sessions Perry termed it "New York in purple shorts with its brains knocked out."

Los Angeles, in fact, is the most insulted city in the world. Its climate, its architecture, its people are worth a rib any time. The magazines knock off an article a year about the city, all emphasizing the crackpot phases.

The legend is that Los Angeles is a hastily thrown together smear of pink and blue stucco dollhouses inhabited by long-haired men and short-haired women, clairvoyants, swamis, herb doctors, chiropractors, nature lovers, depraved motion-picture actors, psychopathic murderers, painless dentists, bond salesmen, gunmen, drunks, radio announcers and people who invariably open every conversation with "What's doin'?"

These people, so goes the tale, are vulgar beyond belief. They put ketchup on their doughnuts. They can't even engage in business without erecting their shops in the form of ice-cream freezers, crouched frogs, huge hats, blimps, sphinxes and windmills.

Their manners are atrocious. They drive their cars wildly, notching their steering wheels for each pedestrian killed. When they murder each other, the trials are fantastic spectacles. They wear the most fantastic clothes at the most fantastic times: open-throated polo

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shirts to opera first-nights, gaudy slacks to funerals.

Furthermore, the streetcar service is terrible, everybody is always trying to chisel everybody else, the streets are overrun with bums, a girl isn't safe out at night, and there are awful earthquakes and floods.

This is the picture painted time and again. But the people of Los Angeles don't care; they laugh, too, at each newly discovered instance of their eccentricity. If the article writers only knew it, they haven't even begun to tap the surface on irregular behavior.

No, Los Angeles is certainly no prosaic mosaic. There's no question, however, about L.A. being the country's largest city in area. Its meandering city limits include 452 square miles, or at least they did when we went to press.

Within the city limits are scores of miles of sun-baked wasteland, bosky dells, a reckless splash of neon, the Pacific Ocean, too many automobiles, and a few tired little rivers which work only a few months of the year, then go underground. All these are good reasons why magazine writers have no trouble whatever depicting L.A. as a crazy hodge-podge, planned and populated by daft folk.

But actually, Los Angeles is conservative, although this characteristic has been obscured by the volcanic whims of a few exhibitionists. There is nothing newsworthy about a million people quietly trying to figure out how to double their leisure by working as little as possible —and, of course, eating regularly.

There's a temptation to get fancy, trying to describe what living in Los Angeles is like, because of the glib manner in which superlatives are thrown around. Put it this way: you simply do what you want to do regardless of convention, tradition and taboos.

NEWCOMERS USUALLY have a difficult time getting used to Los Angeles. They are awed by the miles and miles of miles, and troubled by the fact that, as cities go, it doesn't seem to make sense.

The hard losers suffer most grievously. They set out, guidebook in hand, determined that no bit of atmosphere shall escape them. Only a brief safari through the environs is necessary to set them gibbering plaintively: "But which, or rather where, or rather what, is Los Angeles?" A good question!

My advice to the newly arrived is simply to stipulate that L.A is a big place and to reconcile yourself to the fact that it starts and stops, fuses, disappears, disintegrates: it consists of dozens of seemingly unrelated but nevertheless amazing communities.

For sanity's sake, consider the downtown section the head of an octopus, linked to its outposts by tentacle-like highways. In between are bulging, independent cities which have resisted annexation and retain their own jails, courts, cops and councilmen.

Beverly Hills, self-styled wealthiest city in America, is the prime example. Located ten miles west of the downtown section, it fiercely preserves its autonomy. Los Angeles traffic flows through and around it, but motorists know they better be-

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have. Police relentlessly track down speeders and signal jumpers. A nonresident with a patch on his pants better not enter Beverly Hills either: he'll be invited to remove himself from the city limits.

More and more, Los Angeles is considered a metropolitan area rather than a city, the area including some 45 cities and twice that many unincorporated areas. They're known, for one thing, by their Chambers of Commerce. Relatively close in are Angelus Mesa, Crenshaw-Vernon, Eastside, Firestone Park, George Washington, Greater East Los Angeles, Highland Park, Lincoln Heights, Ninth District, Pico Boulevard, Southside, University, Westlake, Wilshire and the Miracle Mile Association.

In the outlying sections are Bel-Air, Canoga Park, Eagle Rock, Encino, Hollywood, North Hollywood, Northridge, Pacific Palisades, Pacoima, Reseda, Roscoe, San Fernando Valley, San Pedro, Sawtelle, Sunland-Tujunga, Tarzana, Van Nuys, Venice, Watts, West Division, Westwood Village, Willowbrook and Wilmington.

The last time Uncle Sam took a census, in April 1940, Los Angeles County was given a nose count of 2,785,643. By January 1, 1947, the Regional Planning Commission estimated the figure was 3,703,903, and still rising steadily.

Somehow the idea has been conveyed, possibly by movie columnists, that Hollywood is set apart from L.A. and, for that matter, from the rest of the so-called civilized world. The legend prevails that the studios are identified by a glamorous Technicolor aura which hangs over them daily except Sunday, that pictures are shot regularly at Hollywood Boulevard and Vine, that Hollywood is the center of beauty and culture, marred only by the fact that it is surrounded by vulgar, dirty old L.A.

Let's get it over quickly. The contrary is true. Hollywood is not the octopus that wags Los Angeles. It wags only itself—very expressively, of course, but it is only a flicker of one of Los Angeles' tentacles.

Up to a point, Hollywood is the place where movies are made and celebrities hang out, but only Columbia, Paramount and R.K.O., of the big film factories, are in the movie capital. M.G.M. is in Culver City, Warner Brothers is in Burbank, Universal is in Universal City, Republic is in Studio City, Fox is on the fringe of Beverly Hills, Selznick is in Culver City, Disney's is in Burbank. And the stars? They live in San Fernando Valley, Coldwater Canyon, Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills, Brentwood, Bel-Air.

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, naturally, wants you to believe Hollywood is in itself an ecstatic entity forming a rectangle 25 miles square. Post-office officials downtown in the Federal Building insist with more firmness that Hollywood has no identity, it is merely a post-office station.

Well, if Hollywood doesn't exist except inside a post-office branch, it doesn't exist. It does, of course, but on different terms.

Hollywood is a bustling business community alive with neon-lighted shoe stores, drugstores, department stores, dress shops, millinery shops, curio shops, hotels, restaurants, the-

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by Matt Weinstock

Much Ado About Nothing

A WOMAN FAINTED at Seventh and Grand and was carried into a drugstore. The inevitable crowd formed and latecomers asked, "What happened?" In some mysterious manner, word got started that the bank across the street was being robbed.

In a few minutes, an ambulance summoned for the lady came up, and officers shouldered their way through the mob into the bank. Eventually the people began wondering why they were standing there. No one knew.

By this time the lady who had fainted walked out of the drugstore under her own power. Seeing the crowd, she asked what was going on. "Something over at the bank," a bystander said.

aters and bars. They are the type of commercial enterprise to be found everywhere.

There is something else, though. Undeniably, Hollywood is a magic word. Stroll the boulevard and you are conscious of an eager, almost feverish quality. Gossip columnists and publicity boys have done their work well. Everyone looks at everyone else. Who knows but what the laughing girl in slacks may be next year's screen discovery, or that the solemn, pipe-smoking man in the sports coat may be this year's Academy Award screen writer?

It's just as likely, of course, that she may be an unemployed waitress or somebody's fifth wife. And he could be a curbstone bookie or a fourth-rate agent wondering where his next meal is coming from. But they have acquired, by careful study, the informal, slouchy look characteristic of celebrities.

The witching hour in Hollywood is noon. Film stars and writers, ad-agency men and publicity men, radio producers and announcers swarm out of their offices to the Brown Derby. There, under the caricatures of celebrities which fill all available wall space, they make their big deals. The stampede has become so great that the Derby has inaugurated the policy of refusing admittance to just ordinary people who come to gawk.

But the gawkers and autograph seekers are not to be denied. They line up outside the Derby and the radio stations for a glimpse of a "name." As for the broadcasts, no tourist considers his stay in Los Angeles complete without crashing a few of them. As a result, tickets to top shows and those on which refrigerators, radios, silverware and kitchen utensils are given away are always in great demand.

RAIN IS TAKEN for granted elsewhere, but not in L.A. Except for a little wintry cold, it's the only real change in the weather there is. That's why, at the slightest patter of rain on the roof, ordinarily complacent citizens become soothsayers and witch doctors, loaded to the nostrils with the right answers. At

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a flash of lightning and a roll of thunder, every able-bodied man considers it his civic duty to deplore: "Never used to have that kind of stuff out here, the climate's sure changing."

When a real rainstorm hits, it's an A production. Streets are flooded and lazy little streams become raging torrents, ripping out bridges and cutting gorges. Houses built on the banks occasionally topple into the drink. Such deluges have one saving grace: they recede as rapidly as they come.

After a particularly violent rainstorm, which was described in the papers as having originated in the Northwest, a Seattle paper retaliated beautifully. It told of the arrest of an itinerant who had fled there to escape the Los Angeles rains and who had a strange thermometer in his pocket.

Police were baffled by the instrument. Put on a radiator, the mercury went up only a few degrees. Dipped into ice water, it fell only two or three. Finally the itinerant confessed. According to the newspapers, it was a Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce thermometer. The temperature was fixed to register a low of 76, a high of 80.

No two winters are alike in L.A., and occasionally it gets darn cold. But there are, as advertised, 300 beautiful, sunshiny days each year. There are blue skies and gentle breezes and little or no humidity in summer. It's no wonder that people from everywhere, once bitten by the sunshine bug, never want to go back where they came from.

PERHAPS THE greatest misapprehension about the city has to do with cults. Because of visiting writers, the notion has spread that turbaned swamis sit on street corners and suave crystal-ball gazers lure frustrated old maids into bosky dells and separate them from their money and other possessions. The fact is that, except for an occasional upsurge of the Holy Roller spirit, Los Angeles is very, very pagan. There are too many other things to do on Sunday.

All discussions of cults and evangelists, of course, begin and end with Aimee Semple McPherson. She was quite a gal. Unquestionably she cast a spell over those who heard her. She thoroughly understood showmanship; she had daring and imagination.

One time the marquee on her Angelus Temple listed "The House of Uncle Sam. Vividly Illustrated." Once she put on her own version of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. A favorite number of her tambourine

Matt Weinstock is probably the ideal author for a book about Los Angeles. A well-known columnist for the Los Angeles *Daily News*, he knows his city from way back to the day before yesterday. Although he was born in Pittsburgh, he is one of L.A.'s most permanent citizens, having lived there for the past 35 years. He attended U.C.L.A. for three years, and then, because he ran out of money, went into newspaper work. He states that he is still on leave of absence from U.C.L.A., but probably won't get back, as two of his three children now are students there.

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band used to be *Cheer, Cheer, for Old Notre Dame*. She toyed with her audience like a magician. Even scoffing tourists who visited Angelus Temple for the sight-seeing value were impressed. Aimee brought down the house any time she wanted.

When Aimee died in 1944, the papers naturally reviewed her spectacular career. Some of her followers resented this. Telephone calls flooded my paper. Her flock always felt that the papers misused her. In a sense they were right.

But these followers never appreciated how the exploitation that built Mrs. McPherson's power and fortune later helped to tear them down. She couldn't understand that after her disappearance, with the accompanying rumors of illicit romance, she had a standard thrill value. She pleaded for the papers to give space to the good work done at the Temple, but in vain.

Part of the Aimee story came during the Depression. Families were being evicted; jobless men walked the streets; children were found destitute. Desperate men and women came into the newspaper offices, begging for help in obtaining a job or food. A call to Angelus Temple by any newsman, even by those who wrote bad things about Mrs. McPherson, was always good for food, clothing or a helping hand.

But Sister Aimee belonged to a time that is gone, or rather to a time that never existed except as a headline frenzy. She rests today in a $10,000 bronze casket at Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Meanwhile Angelus Temple, led by her son Rolf, carries on quietly, its flamboyant days gone.

Evangelists still pitch their tents in L.A., hoping to do an Aimee, but they attract only a few hundred of the eager in outlying sections. The most recent was Rosa Mae, a pretty teen-age girl. When she appeared in Long Beach, a large newspaper ad warned "Last Chance to Hear the Texas Cyclone, Child Evangelist, in Long Beach, Before Leaving for Great Revival in San Diego."

Describing Rosa Mae as "stupendous, astounding, convincing," the ad invited the public to "Bring the sick and afflicted to be prayed for. Come and hear the secret of divine healing explained. Broken Bones, Cancer, Blind Eyes, Deaf Ears, Tumors, and other afflictions healed in answer to this child's prayers." But Rosa Maes are a rarity.

More numerous are the psychics of one sort and another who advertise in newspapers. One regular gives as her qualifications that she is the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and was born with a veil. As a result, she unhesitatingly gives "Egyptian egg readings."

APPROXIMATELY 500 persons are killed and 15,000 injured each year on Los Angeles streets. Considering that one person of each 2.6 has an automobile, which means that something like a million cars rove the avenues, the miracle is that the figure isn't twice as large. For motor traffic in L.A. is more inconsiderate, more vicious, than anywhere in the world.

Out-of-city drivers are terrified by the motorized rodeo they en-

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counter. They have three choices. They can continue to drive slowly and carefully, in which event they must submit to snarls of "Is that the way they drive in Kansas?" They can throw caution to the winds and join in the jolly game of Wrinkle Fender. Or they can become pedestrians, the category most likely to meet sudden death.

An example of motorist's inhumanity to motorist took place at a shopping center where cars park at a 45-degree angle. A driver backed out suddenly, ramming a streetcar. The impact knocked him back into his parking place, over the curb and onto the sidewalk.

He was unhurt and had presence of mind to turn his wheels so he didn't strike a building. But before he could back off, another auto swiped the parking place out of which he had been bumped.

One time I was riding with a publicity man who drove boldly through a stop signal. I called his attention to the red light.

"Oh, I never pay attention to that signal," he said, "I'm mad at it. I never come past this corner but what it says stop."

A visitor from Colorado stopped for a signal on Wilshire Boulevard and when he failed to take off rocket-like at the green light, the driver behind gave him the horn. The Coloradan got out of his car and asked: "Did you want me?"

"No," said the honker mildly, "I just wanted to get going."

The Coloradan put his foot on the running board. "Well, a fellow never knows when he'll run into some people he knows," he said slowly. "I'm from Colorado. Lots of people here are from Colorado. I thought when you blew your horn that maybe you wanted to see me. Large world, isn't it?"

He made his nonsensical garrulity last for three signal changes, by which time, he figured, he had got over his point.

IT IS SAID THAT citizens get the kind of government they deserve. There's some question that the population of Los Angeles is so undeserving.

Municipal affairs seem always to be run by willful amateurs. The men who get elected seem uninspired, defensive and generally mediocre. For years, the racket men in charge of gambling, brothels, bookmaking and slot machines operated cozily on a pleasant profit-sharing basis with law authorities.

These bad boys were known as the Combination or Syndicate. In return for their largesse, they received the usual "protection" and an assurance that no Eastern or Midwest racketeers would be permitted to muscle in. Many a big-name outsider was met at the train and told to take the next train bound for the East.

In 1927, Al Capone* and his entourage came to town, allegedly to sniff out prospects. After a nervous week, the Chief of Detectives told the press: "Eastern gangsters will not be tolerated in Los Angeles." Then he sent two detectives to call on Capone.

Capone greeted them cordially

*See *Twilight of a Gangster*, Coronet, Nov. 1947

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No Cause for Excitement

A CAR DROVE into a service station at Washington and LaBrea in mid-morning for gas. The attendant noticed the driver was nude—at least from the waist up, which was as far as he could see—and figured he was heading for the beach.

While airing the tires he looked up in amazement to see the driver, his companion in the front seat, and three women from the back seat walking to the rest rooms 75 feet away, all naked.

Passing traffic was demoralized momentarily, but when the driver returned, noting the attendant's consternation, he said: "Don't worry about it, buddy, we're nudists," and they drove away.

in his hotel suite, and assured them he was merely vacationing. The cops said his visit had started speculation and he better cut it short.

Capone eyed them tranquilly. "O.K.," he said, "I intended to leave for Chicago tomorrow anyway. Is that all right?"

The cops said that would be fine.

"Now that we've finished with business," smiled Al, "suppose we have a drink."

Next day, Capone took the train for Chicago. The newspapers made much of the Police Department's prompt action in ridding L.A. of the nation's top menace. One headline read: "Capone Told to Blow; Gang Chief Rousted." With sighs of relief, the gamblers went back to their card and dice games.

Along with lack of real leadership, Los Angeles has a sad political heritage. A tight, conservative little group seems to hold the copyright on progress. It's in favor of progress if it's the right kind of progress, what is known as good business.

As a result, traffic is out of hand, the sewer system is a public disgrace, transportation is outmoded, parking is hopelessly inadequate, the stalling on smog control has become a scandal, the crime and juvenile-delinquency curves are getting steeper. In short, Los Angeles is years behind in its planning.

Dr. C. E. Hawley of the University of Southern California told the Kiwanis Club at a meeting last March that "from the point of view of the political scientist, the city charter is an inequitable monstrosity, an impediment to getting things done, a conspiracy against good government, something that should never have happened."

IF, AS HINTED in All-Year Club folders, life in Los Angeles can be beautiful, death in L.A. is an exquisite, almost unbearable delight. As nowhere else in the world, newspaper, radio, billboard and streetcar ads exhort people to take advantage of the opportunity to die gloriously, luxuriously and cheaply, with special emphasis placed on the package deal.

"Why live," they seem to state,

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"when we can bury you for practically nothing?"

More than 100 firms are listed in the classified telephone directory under "Funeral Directors." Most of these are small and appeal to their clientele on the basis of a quiet, dignified chapel service, with burial elsewhere. But two concerns, Pierce Brothers and Utter-McKinley, have engaged in a fantastic scramble for corpses.

Pierce Brothers has 11 branches, Utter-McKinley 12. The Pierce Brothers advertise they "conduct more funerals than any other firm west of New York." Utter-McKinley advertise "A fine funeral, $68, $165, $225, $365," with a drawing of a handsome opened casket captioned, "You would expect to pay at least $250 for a complete funeral with this richly finished round-end half-couch casket. At Utter-McKinley's, only $165."

The titan among dealers in death, of course, is Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale. It advertises "Everything at the time of sorrow, in one sacred place, under one friendly management, with one convenient credit arrangement and a year to pay." Its 87-foot carved cement Tower of Legends, which actually houses a 165,000-gallon water tank, stands at the crest of its 303 acres, a landmark against the sky, visible for miles.

The entrance is distinguished by wrought-iron gates, larger than those at Buckingham Palace. To the left, inside, there is a beautiful lake, where white ducks and swans glide and a fountain splashes. To the right, there is a picturesque cottage with a large sign, "Forest Lawn Life Insurance Co." Polite attendants freely give information on the three methods of burial: entombment in the mausoleum, inurnment in the columbarium, interment in one of the cemetery sections with such names as Dawn of Tomorrow, Sweet Memories and Resurrection Slope.

Forest Lawn ranks among Southern California's top tourist attractions. It has been widely publicized in the magazines and newspapers, and some 1,600,000 persons visit it each year. Therein lie the remains of Jean Harlow, whose funeral and mortuary chamber cost $60,000; also Will Rogers, Carole Lombard, Irving Thalberg, Tom Mix, John Gilbert, Florenz Ziegfeld, Joe Penner, Aimee McPherson and nearly 100,000 other persons.

Under the Tower of Legends, Easter sunrise services have become a tradition. Twenty-five thousand persons congregate on a hillside to await the sometimes foggy dawn, the arrival of which is usually accompanied by the Philharmonic Orchestra, a singer from a movie studio and a spiritual message.

Cynical newspaper reporters and photographers unlucky enough to draw the assignment, which means awakening at 3 A.M., see only a tremendous exploitation idea grown into a nasty habit and a surging mass of people trampling the graves of the paying customers.

The feud between Forest Lawn and other Southern California undertakers began in 1933. The Memorial Park contended that it was not receiving its fair share of interments, that rival firms were granting commissions and other in-

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ducements which it would not duplicate. In its own defense, Forest Lawn established its own mortuary within its sacred grounds.

The case was fought through the State Supreme Court before Forest Lawn could operate its own undertaking plant. The package deal it is now able to offer—"One telephone call in time of need"—is a deadly advantage over rivals, an unbeatable exploitation point.

FOR A PLACE where the sun shines 300 days a year, Los Angeles can be awfully cold. Lack of neighborliness seems, at times, almost the rule. Personally, I attribute it to "The Apathy."

Six months' residence is sufficient to give a person the Apathy. He feels all right; he is keen, alert and civil to his mother-in-law. Suddenly he just doesn't give a damn. He doesn't care particularly whether he ever votes or whether he ever washes his car or what time it is.

This indifference grows, and in about a year he sinks from the Apathy to the Anonymity and becomes part of the city's aimlessness. He carries on in his immediate circle of friends, of course, but strangers, big and little shots alike, mean nothing to him. They're just more of the faceless, nameless people the town is full of and whose numbers, without realizing it, he has joined.

As a consequence, L.A. is an anonymous city. Under the spell of the Apathy, a man knows who Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman are, but he doesn't know the name of his councilman or his next-door neighbor. And he doesn't care. All he wants is for people not to bother him. For his part, he remains aloof —asking nothing, giving nothing, not even common courtesy.

Another thing, the town seems always full of strangers. Visitors ask bus drivers how to get places and bus drivers say they never heard of the places, they're newly arrived. The champion was a man who wearily asked a newsboy: "Do you hold an opinion on how I can get to Union Station?"

Los Angeles also abounds in "characters." They are the innocents and the eccentrics, daft or uninhibited folk who do what they do because they feel like it.

There is no pattern to their conduct, only a sense of utter freedom. Some are fugitives from men in white coats who carry straitjackets; some are ordinary citizens in protest against what is normal; others are simply part elf.

There's John the Baptist, as he is called. Huge and sturdy, with a long white beard and wearing a rough shirt and white overalls, he tramps barefooted through downtown streets. Though the living image of a Biblical prophet, he is to passersby a nut, a religious fanatic.

To John the Baptist, passersby are lost souls, caught in the false values of a degenerate civilization. He stares at them pushing and fighting in the shopping or traffic rush. Then he throws back his magnificent head and roars with laughter. After enjoying his joke, he shoulders his bundle and disappears in the crowd.

Then there is the woman who

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came into the main post office to cash a money order. The clerk asked her to endorse it. She returned in a moment. On the back she had written, "I heartily endorse this money order. Mary Jones." The clerk explained he didn't mean it that way. "Sign it as you would a letter," he said. So she wrote, "Yours very truly, Mary Jones."

Don Roberts and George Glass, two newsmen turned publicists, got themselves space in the papers as founders of a new organization, "Society against the Steamed Frankfurter." Glass was president or Big Mustard; Roberts was vice-president or Little Mustard. The society's crest: crossed frankfurters on a field of buns, with the motto "To a Dog It Shouldn't Happen."

Occasionally, the exquisite joy of living in Los Angeles is too much for someone. There was the man who suddenly, in the downtown section, began screaming, "Everybody's crazy, everybody's crazy!"

A policeman came over to investigate. The screamer pointed at him and yelled: "You've got Chinese blood! That's what's wrong, people don't know where they stand any more. Everybody's fighting everyone else. They're all crazy."

"How about *you?*" asked the officer. "Are you crazy?"

"No, not me," said the fellow.

But without warning, he got down on his hands and knees, barked like a dog and crawled between the officer's legs.

Once, an apartment house caught fire and as the firemen rushed inside, the landlady gasped: "Old Mr. Smith in the back, third floor—he must be asleep."

The firemen plunged through the smoke, beat on Smith's door. They got no response, so pushed it in. "Get up," a fireman shouted, "the place is on fire!"

"Oh no, you don't," said Mr. Smith. "You fellows get out of here. My rent's paid up!"

They finally convinced him.

UNTIL THE '30s, Los Angeles had an air of impermanence. It gave the feeling that a hard enough puff of wind might blow the whole thing away. Many persons, in fact, had an expression: "Don't buy anything you can't put on the Santa Fe Chief."

They weren't transients, but something about the city seemed psychologically unsound, even impossible. They liked the place well enough, but in the ephemeral sense that they liked a circus or a Fourth of July fireworks display. Nothing about it gave any confidence that it was there to stay.

The Depression, paradoxically enough, changed their minds. It hit hard in Los Angeles. During these bad years, while things were at half speed, people rediscovered the city. They couldn't afford night clubs or the fancy places, so they went to the zoo at Griffith Park. They ducked Palm Springs and the High Sierras in favor of a picnic in Mint or Bouquet Canyon, or their back yards. The economic pressure taught them a great lesson: a person couldn't have malnutrition in a nicer place than Los Angeles.

The war was the clincher. While

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by Matt Weinstock

Dress Rehearsal

A FASHIONABLY DRESSED woman, shopping in a big department store, fell in love with a street dress, had it fitted, and paid $125 for it. She told the saleslady she would return in a few days for the final fitting. That was 25 years ago.

The store heard no more from her until four years later when she appeared for her final fitting. This time, she asked that the dress be held at the store until she called next time. Once a year since, she has revisited the store to try on the dress. The clerks indulge her whim as if it were not unusual. They know now she's a mental case.

the All-Year Club wisely advised outlanders to stay away but to buy and save bonds for a postwar trip, Los Angeles' biggest if inadvertent public-relations job was on. The thousands who came Westward to work in plane factories and shipyards for the most part decided to stay. Not only that, they spread word to the folks back home that life in Los Angeles could be beautiful.

Additional thousands of soldiers, sailors and marines trained in California long enough to be exposed to the sunshine and pretty girls, and made a mental note: "This I got to see more of." But the big job was done by the Southern Californians sweating out the war in camps and in Leyte, New Delhi, Italy and Iceland. They dripped nostalgia so effectively their friends promised to visit the place.

By the middle of 1946, the mass migration was being felt. In October, Mayor Bowron appealed to the National Association of Secretaries of State to discourage their residents from coming to Los Angeles. The city could not accommodate any more new residents, he said. But the flow continued. Around 30,000 newcomers continued to crash the city monthly.

The result was a rental and real-estate inflation more fantastic than in the early boom days. The city was short 162,000 family housing units and desperation set in, with evicted families sleeping in cars and couples paying $3 a day for single rooms without baths or cooking facilities. Real-estate men besieged home owners to sell at three times what they had paid.

The housing squeeze was only one of the city's irritations. First there was smog, so heavy it literally brought tears to people's eyes. When it first appeared in 1941, it was attributed to mammoth new war plants. Everyone anticipated that when the war ended and the plants eased up or shut down, it would be turned off. The obnoxious stuff, however, wouldn't go away.

It was traced to the plants, to unusual atmospheric conditions, to fleets of Diesel trucks, to back-yard incinerators, and almost to chain

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smokers. Some plants spent thousands cleaning up their portion of sky. Others, for reasons best understood by politicians, didn't lift a lever. Until eliminated, smog will remain a sensitive issue to those whose work includes selling L.A. as a sunshine city.

Anyone who puts his mind to it can pin down any number of other problems. Traffic has reached a point of hopelessness. Marauding gangs of delinquent juveniles lead police an unmerry chase. Downtown parking is a fantastic *snafu*. Overcrowding in schools and universities is desperate. The drunk-disposal program is a disgrace.

More serious menace lurks in the wings. Los Angeles has serious racial tensions and little inclination to face them. Mobsters from the East and Midwest have settled here and with the right political climate might attempt to wrest control of the rackets, now relatively dormant, from the local underworld. Traditionally an open-shop town, Los Angeles has not come of age in its concept of the workingman. In fact, it has shown itself susceptible to dangerous demagoguery.

With all these, one thing is certain. Since the war, Los Angeles has permanence aplenty. It is no longer a hamburger town, as it used to be called derisively. Oh, you can get a hamburger at almost every corner, but you can also buy a *filet mignon*. In short, the notion that the city is a brash real-estate development no longer is valid. On the contrary, the city has become conscious of a vague, glamorous destiny, to a point that is boring.

The boosters conjure a magnificent picture. Out of the present flux, they say, the most gigantic community in the world is likely to emerge. They visualize one vast populated area, from San Diego to Santa Barbara, 230 miles, and from

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, of CORONET Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1947. State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of CORONET, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, Oscar Dystel; Managing Editor, Harris Shevelson, Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. Stockholders: City National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, T/A with David A. Smart dated 10/6/1942, known as Trust No. 22335; Trust Department, 208 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Joan Elden Trust, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Elden Trust, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, U/T/A dated 8/30/1945 with Arnold Gingrich "T," 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, U/T/A dated 8/30/1945 with Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich "T," 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Alfred Smart, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Louis Smart, 179 E. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois; Sue Smart Trust, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Edgar G. Richards, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Florence Richards, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Alfred Smart, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1947. (SEAL) Helen W. Harrington. (My commission expires May 25, 1948.)

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the ocean to the San Bernardino Mountains, 60 miles.

Perhaps this is a pipe dream, but consider San Fernando Valley, five minutes from Hollywood. It now has 248,779 residents, more than three times the number recorded in the 1930 census. It is probably the most amazing residential and small-farm development in the nation. And it is but one of many.

All the seeds are present in L.A. for a golden era of economic and cultural greatness. Big business and industry, attracted by a burgeoning market, have moved in, erecting modernistic castles that house garment shops, restaurants or perfume showrooms. The movie and radio industries are continually enlarging their horizons.

In Los Angeles, culture thrives quietly among modest but celebrated people who think that publicity and organized culture-groups destroy it. They constitute, in their retiring way, a crossroads of the world in literature, art, music, the dance and education.

The seeds are also present, however, for a future of arrogant, militant mediocrity. It takes all kinds of people to make a world —and L.A. has them all. They come in the usual assorted sizes and shapes and from the familiar big cities and wide places in the road. A few, surprisingly enough, are born right in Los Angeles.

At a certain indefinite age, due perhaps to an elusive vitamin in the air, the sap within them effervesces. For some, this is bad. They turn out to be heels, enhancing Los Angeles' already oversold reputation as a city of chiselers, phonies and something-for-nothing boys. Just as many turn mellow and become do-gooders, but you never hear of them. Most of them, I like to repeat, are just like people anywhere else.

However these people act and whatever they do, L.A. is changing. The landmarks are disappearing and with them the Spanish heritage of friendliness and hospitality. Increased leisure is the great goading incentive, but today you have to travel farther to find it, or learn to manufacture your own.

There is no immediate hope that Los Angeles will work itself out of its chaos. There is merely the possibility that, with a little luck, it will make a pattern of the chaos.

Meanwhile, it's nice watching. In no other city is the simple business of living an occupational disease, from which recovery is practically unheard of.

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This Month's Cover: Artist Sheilah Beckett, whose work has appeared in Coronet many times, used imagination as her model in painting the traditional January snowman which decorates this month's cover. A native of Vancouver, British Columbia, Miss Beckett has also lived in Oregon and in Ireland. Now, with her artist husband, J. Frederick Smith, and their year-and-a-half-old son, Ian, she lives in Rockland County, New York. Young Ian, incidentally, was a most enthusiastic observer while his mother painted the snowman. And his grin of delight furnished a model for the frolicsome, impish expressions worn by the family of snowball-throwers.

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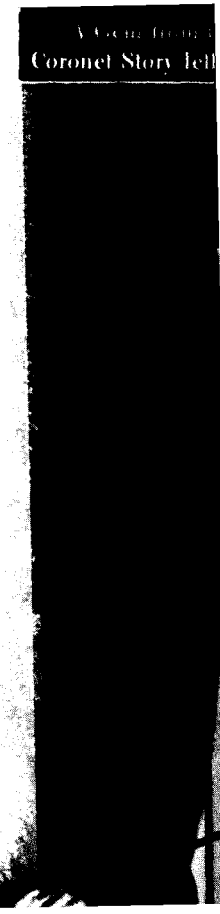
The Strange Case of Charles Perrault



At one time during the reign of Louis XIV, Charles Perrault had been considered a leading intellectual of France. Now, living in retirement in the country, he was a tired old man of 70.

The few friends who visited him returned to the gay Parisian court to whisper that poor old Perrault was "a little off." Sadly they reported that this talented man, who had helped design the Louvre, who had been a brilliant debater and poet, who had been the King's spokesman in the Académie Française, the nation's elite society of learned men, was not quite right any more.

One day as Perrault sat at his desk, scribbling, a knock at the study door interrupted him. He stuffed his manuscript into a drawer and opened the door to greet an old friend from Paris.

The visitor noticed Perrault's vague, preoccupied air. These stories he had heard must be true—stories of how Perrault spent his time listening to foolish tales told by peasants or secreted in his study, writing gibberish. It was sad how feeble the great mind had become. Ah well, when he got back to Paris he would suggest building a monument to Perrault's earlier greatness.

Such a monument was never built. But there *is* an enduring monument to Charles Perrault—a monument he built himself with paper and ink. Those bits of "nonsense" he wrote were to win him a place among the immortals. For Perrault recorded for the first time the age-old folk tales of the French peasants—the children's stories still told throughout the world today.

The moment his visitor left, that day so long ago, Perrault took from his desk a stack of manuscripts and thumbed through them, looking for the story he had been writing when interrupted. No, it wasn't *Cinderella*, or *Bluebeard*, or *Puss in Boots*—those were all completed. Oh yes, here it was:

"Once upon a time there lived a little girl, and everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood . . ."—Geraldine Shavelson

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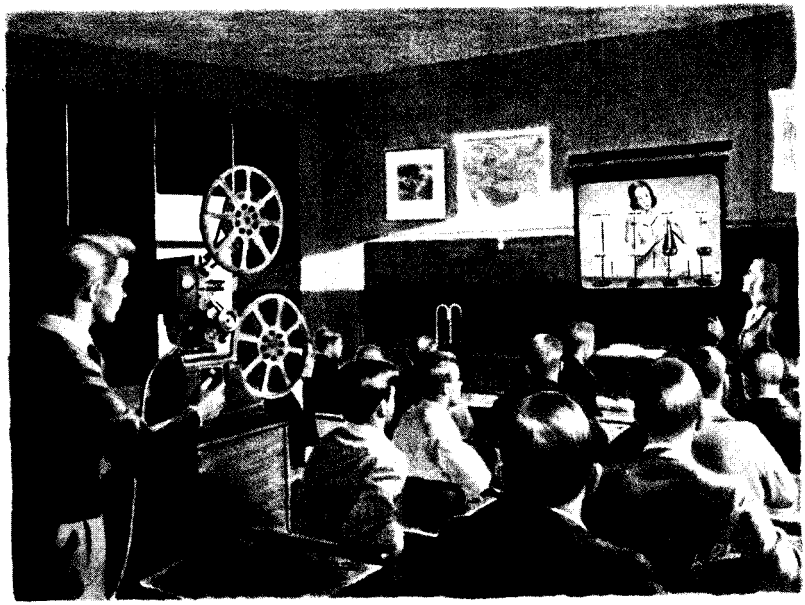

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